Saturday Review

APRIL 13, 1963 / 25¢

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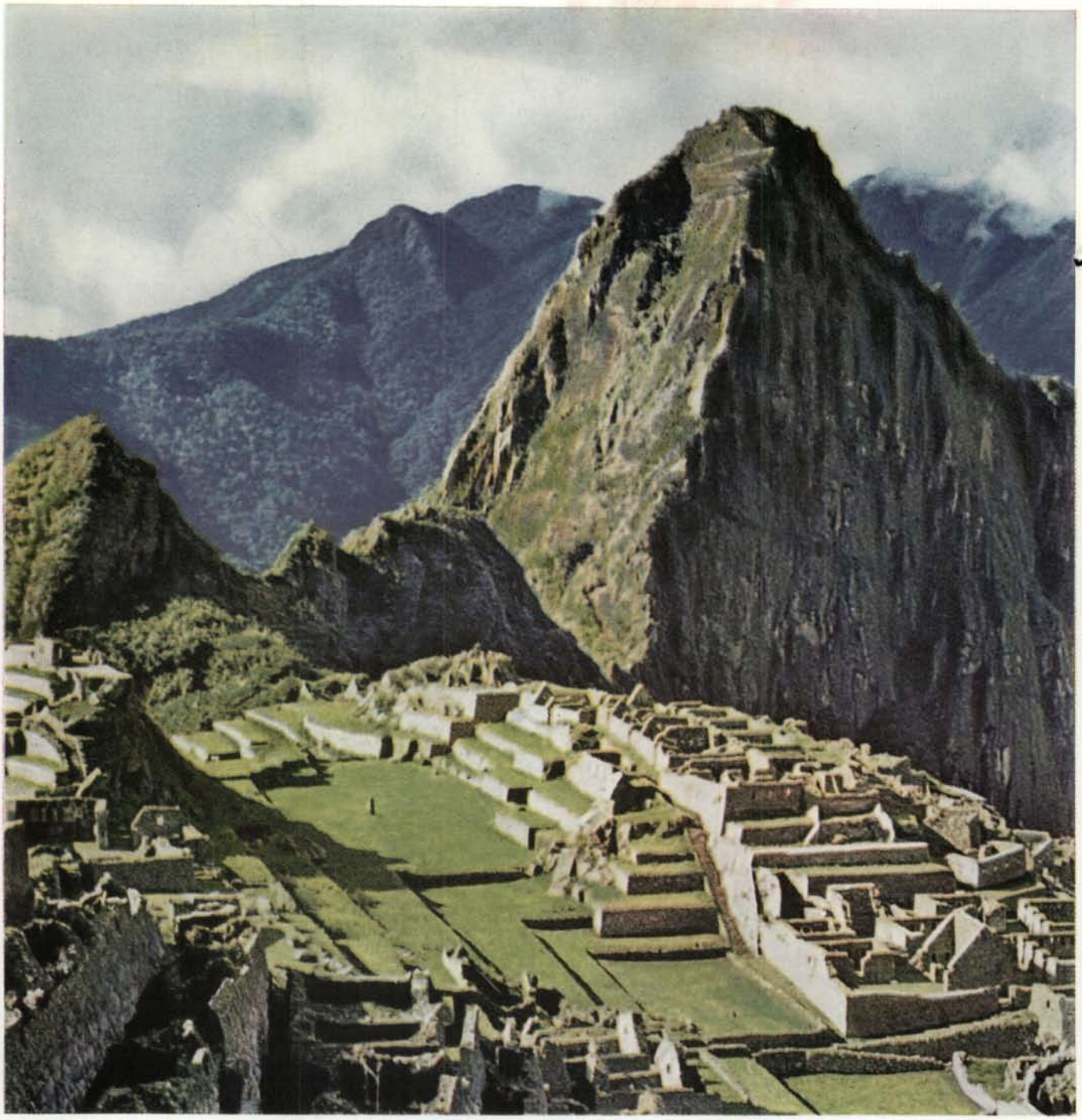

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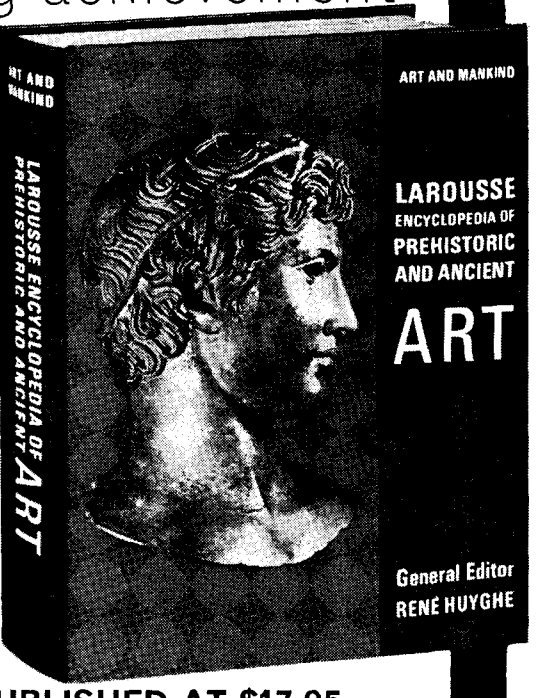

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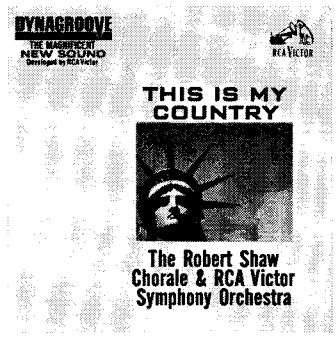
18 CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE!

In Russia last October, the Robert Shaw Chorale opened its concert tour with a program which included music of American origin—spirituals and jazz. Soviet officials told conductor Shaw: "You have exceeded all our expectations."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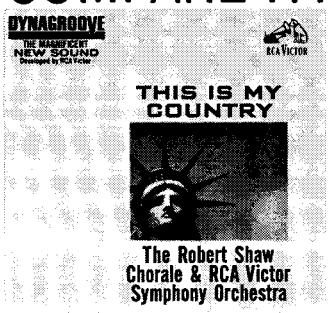
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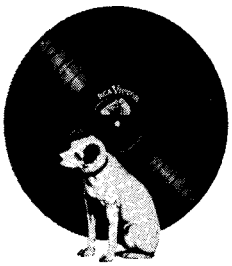

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Saturday Review

April 13, 1963

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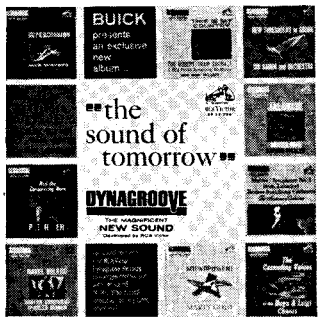

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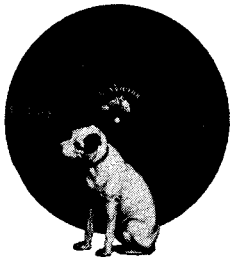

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TAX DEDUCTIBLE

A yacht as a useful business maker
Is not a novelty in selling science,
But this belonged to an undertaker
Who used it to cultivate future clients.

—Earnest Elmo Calkins.

• • •

PEEP SHOW

IF you are sick in bed, or just don't feel like going to the office, you might want to try making a Peep Show. It will take you about an hour, depending on how good you are with scissors and library paste, and on whether you can follow a few simple directions. The directions follow:

Tell someone to go get you a shoebox. When you get it, remove the lid and put it aside somewhere or throw it across the room, since you won't be needing it. Then ask your wife (or husband or friend) to bring you some scissors and some different things to cut out. These may be little cartoon figures—people, animals, houses, cars—almost anything so long as it is basically cute. Cut out a whole lot of them. As you go around and around the figures, keep remembering to make a base for each one; that is, say you are cutting out the figure of a man, don't cut straight across along the soles of his shoes! Cut some *extra* paper down there, to make a flap, or base. You will see why in a minute. Catching on to making flaps is the hardest part. If you ever forget to make a base you might just as well dispose of the figure because you can't use it.

When you have all the different things cut out, ask for library paste, Scotch tape, and a piece of colored cellophane the size of the shoebox. Now you're ready to put the figures into your Peep Show. Spread your library paste on the base of each figure and paste it to the bottom of the inside of the shoe box wherever you think it would look nice. Next, fold the figure back so that it stands erect. (See the value of the flaps now?) Arrange your figures just as attractively as you know how to until you have the entire floor of the box covered with them.

The next step is to cut out a rectangle four inches long and two or three inches high from one end of the box. Then take your cellophane and tape it over the box to form a new, "false" top. Stretch it tight or it will sag, and reflect adversely on your craftsmanship.

That's all there is to it. If you hold the shoe box up now so that light shines through the cellophane, you can peep through the rectangle and see all your little figures inside. And that's a Peep Show.

Precisely what you will do with a Peep Show, now that you have one, is more than I can say. (I can't predict your behavior any more than you can predict mine. We are none of us oracles, after all.) But I suppose that on days when you have nothing else to do you can bring out your Peep Show from wherever you have decided to store it, and peep at it.

—Hayes B. Jacobs.

• • •

PERSON-TO-PERSON IN MOROCCO

IT started simply enough. My husband is an amateur musicologist. During a brief visit in Tetuan, Morocco, we wanted to hear as much Arab music as possible. Lacking letters of introduction to knowledgeable local inhabitants, we did the next best thing—or so we thought at the time. We dropped in at the government tourist office. Our conversation with the clerk on duty ran as follows:

We: We would like to learn something about Moroccan music and songs.

He: Yes, I think that might be possible, but of course you will not be able to see any women dancing.

We: That's all right. We're primarily interested in the music and singing

He: Ah so. Yes, I think it can be arranged, but I must mention that I could not possibly manage to have women dancing for you.

We: We understand. Now, about the music—

He: Let me say again, I can do nothing about dancing women. The only women who are dancing are the not-nice ladies. It is strictly forbidden, and we are not to mention it.

(*Continued on page* 8)

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Shedding those excess pounds is never easy, but you'll enjoy a longer life if you succeed

OBESITY HAS BECOME a major health problem in the United States. It is estimated that more than 20 per cent of the adults over 30 years of age in this country are obese, with a much higher percentage being classified as overweight. The mortality rate increases as excess pounds accumulate. Among people who are 25 per cent or more overweight, the mortality rate is 50 per cent higher than for people of normal weight.

How people become overweight is a matter of simple mathematics. If a person consumes 500 calories more per day than needed for energy expended, at the end of the week there is another pound of fat tucked away in those embarrassingly conspicuous rolls around the mid-section of the body. And it isn't difficult to toss those 500 unneeded calories down the hatch. Three martinis at a businessman's luncheon will do the job, or, if your taste runs to things sweet, a quarter pound of fudge serves the same purpose.

We know *how* we get fat, but many times we really don't know *why*. Some of us develop childhood eating habits that can only result in obesity if we don't change them. The old tale that a fat child is a happy child should be forgotten, and parents should consider one of their primary obligations to be to teach their children to consume diets that are well balanced in both quality and quantity.

Many of us overeat to satisfy psychological needs that we may not understand and which we have not learned to handle in more satisfactory ways. Eating is seldom simply a matter of stoking the furnace to keep the fires burning. We attach much psychological value to food and to the process of eating the food.

Obesity is a National Health Problem

Obesity is a major health problem and must be attacked energetically if millions of Americans are not to cut their lives short and to live out those shorter lives less happily than their less weighty fellows. Today it is increasingly embarrassing to be a "fatty." The age when "everyone loves a fat man" is dead and gone, and we'll all be healthier for it—*if* we learn to keep weight under control.

Speaking purely from the mechanics involved, there are two ways to lose weight. You can reduce total food intake to the point where the body fat is called upon to supply calories. The other way to shed pounds is to increase physical activity enough so that the calories expended daily exceed the calories consumed in the food. It now appears that, for most people, a combination of these two methods—less food intake and increased physical activity—works best.

Plan Sensible Weight Control Programs

There are several very important points to keep in mind if someone in your family is concerned about weight reduction or weight control:

1. *Motivation:* Assuming that the overweight person does not have psychological problems which may require treatment first, everyone in the family can be important in providing the motivation needed to change eating habits to lose weight. There are many positive goals toward which the weight reducer should move. He can concentrate on reducing the risks of early death or serious illness arising from overweight. He should be encouraged to consider his personal appearance and how it might be improved. Weight controllers need help and encouragement, and much of this can be furnished by the family. A start might be to list all the reasons in favor of losing weight.

2. *Medical Supervision:* Weight can be controlled without the help of the family physician, but there are many good reasons why medical supervision of the weight control program is the wise way. Your physician knows you best, from the health point of view, and can help you set a reasonable goal for your weight. He can check your general health and make sure that you are losing weight without damage to your general health.

3. *Exercise:* Any person not physically handicapped, and whether worried about weight or not, should have a regular program of daily physical exercise. The human body functions better if the muscles are used regularly.

4. *Well Balanced Diet:* Avoid the crash and fad diets for losing weight, for they seldom succeed in keeping weight down. Often they are dangerous because they do not provide necessary food nutrients. A well balanced diet is one that provides all the different food nutrients—protein, minerals, vitamins, fat, etc.—needed for good health, but *balance also means quantity as well as quality*. You don't need special foods on most weight control diets. You should eat every day from the four basic food groups: (1) milk and milk products; (2) meat, fish, poultry; (3) fruits and vegetables; (4) breads and cereals. Select from all these groups, adjusting total food intake to the number of calories necessary to maintain or to reduce weight, depending upon your goal.

Dairy Foods Fit Well In Weight Control Diets

Some people think they must reduce or eliminate milk and other dairy foods to lose weight. If you are interested in losing weight *healthfully*, keep this in mind: *two 8-ounce glasses of milk per day provide for an adult man 25% of the protein he needs, and this is very high quality protein; 71% of the calcium—adults, like children, need calcium to maintain good health; 46% of the riboflavin; 15% of the vitamin A; 10-12% of the thiamine;* plus other nutrients in less important quantities. (These are among the essential food nutrients listed as recommended daily dietary allowances by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council.)

Milk provides all these *essential adult nutrients* at a calorie cost that is low when compared with other foods that would supply equivalent amounts of these nutrients. Two 8-ounce glasses of whole milk supply about 320 calories. If your doctor has recommended an extremely low calorie diet for you, skim milk, which has about 90 calories per 8-ounce glass, may be substituted. Ordinarily this is not necessary in the weight control diet designed to establish a new eating pattern.

Reprints of this statement and a booklet, *Family Feeding for Fitness and Fun*, are available at no charge. Write to American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.

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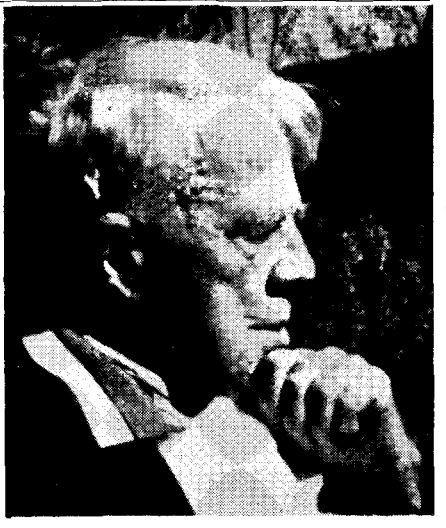

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WE: Quite so, but you were saying about the music—

HE: Well, dancing *might* be possible for an extra fee, but even then I am not sure I can arrange it absolutely.

WE: It's really the music we are interested in.

HE: They would only dance for five minutes, if at all. I make no promises.

We went around several more times and then we finally managed to obtain from him the names of several establishments where we could hear Arab music. But as we were leaving, he called, "Remember now, you will not find any dancing ladies there."

We assured him we had just the information we were looking for.

"Oh, I know you foreigners all want the same thing," he laughed. "But I could not in good conscience manage it. It is against the rules."

We commended his fortitude, and with fast footwork made it as far as the street. But he was right behind us.

"One minute," he shouted, looking guiltily around him. "I will give you the name of one place where you might see the not-nice ladies dance. Do not press me for other names. It might cost me my job. Oh, the risks I take for you tourists! Sometimes I think it is madness to be so tenderhearted!"

We jotted down the address that he guardedly handed us, but we never did see the not-nice ladies dancing. A change in plane schedules resulted in an earlier departure than we had planned.

Whenever I read about General Eisenhower in connection with the People-to-People program, I can't help wondering whether he has any better success than we did. But maybe he isn't interested in ethnic music. I find myself speculating on what would happen if he entered the same tourist office in Tetuan and tried to line up a foursome for golf.

—PATRICIA K. BROOKS.

• • •

GO FOR BAROQUE

Rococo in our modern flat
these curlicues of gilded sound
(some duke no doubt commissioned *that*)
to our great luck resound, resound.

These dissonant, non-ducal days,
what *are* composers getting at?
They miss the patronage of praise—
(what fat foundation fathered *that*?)

—EDWARD WATKINS.

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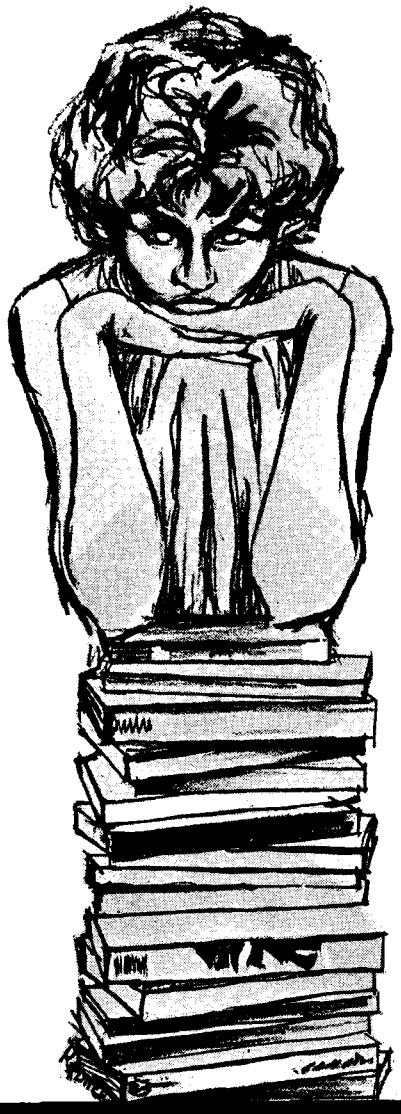

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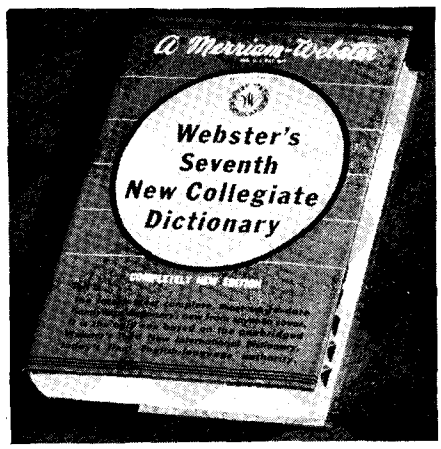

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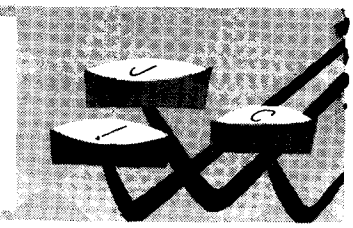

TO BE SURE: These are confusing times and in them nothing seems to be as universally manifest as the desire to be sure. Americans seem to live in a rage for the downright certainty. Never mind the eggheaded doubletalk, no ifts, ands, or buts, answer yes or no.

Is it our frontier legend, our formerly traditional isolationism, and our self-claimed championship in nuts-and-bolts that has made us so passionate for the downright and so certain that we know what it is? I shall not pretend to know. I am left with the impression, however, that "Let's give him a fair trial before we hang him" is a more native sound from the American mind than, say, "Perhaps, but on the other hand." Americans still tend to believe that it takes a hard-driving, square-shooting, downright, no-frills, dead-certain man to make the wheels turn, and since, by God, this is a no-fooling wheel-turning country, let's get to it with no highbrow, foreign nonsense about it.

One such champion of no-nonsense turns up in the mailbag on a letterhead that reads "Counsellor at Law"—a suspiciously fancy import for good old American "Lawyer," I should think. Public-relations window-dressing aside, however, he leaves no doubt that he is a man for no frills. "Now," he writes, "who is our greatest living poet? We hope you give a (single) name—not a debate." (Is an answer called for? I doubt it.)

Another main-line express highballing it all out for Downright Junction is Dr. Max Rafferty, newly elected philosopher in charge of California's public education, and hard at the job with nothing like a body of knowledge to encumber his philosophizing. Here are some of the sounds of the Raffertian mind on various subjects covered in a Los Angeles *Times* report for February 14:

> POETRY—"One poet won a Nobel Prize for writing without punctuation or capital letters. Another was put in the booby hatch."
>
> SCULPTURE — "Virtually all modern sculpture looks like [sic] it was left on the stove too long and melted out of shape."
>
> ARCHITECTURE — "When I look at a new church these days, I often wonder if it was designed as a house of worship or for a takeoff from Cape Canaveral."
>
> DRAMA AND THE NOVEL — "This is the first generation that has allowed its writers and actors to wallow in filth."

Given these specimen sounds from the Raffertian mind, no reader is likely to be surprised by Dr. Rafferty's conclusions, for they are simply an extension of the same noise. "I think it is time," he concludes, "to blow the whistle on this sickening philosophy. It's not going to be the philosophy of California education for the next four years."

One might add that the sound Dr. Rafferty makes is not likely to provide a "philosophy" for education, anywhere, at any time. But why argue with the doctor? He is not the disease, but only a symptom. He campaigned for his office by offering the people of California exactly this sort of sound, and they have chosen it as the sound they think the American mind should make. How can one fail to suspect that their endorsement of such jingoism is part of their rage to be sure? Truth, after all, is simple enough, if you do not confuse it by letting in either information or reflection: just stand up and say it four-square and that's all there is to it—to be sure.

Nor is California alone in this. Almost any daily newspaper will report on some citizen's group that has been making the same sounds, usually in an effort to keep education "in the good, God-fearing, decent American way." Several Wisconsin papers (I am indebted to a reader for a fat file of clippings on the matter) have recently reported a typical action in Edgerton, Wisconsin, in which a telephone campaign by unidentified parents drew 500 people to a meeting called to protest the reading lists and the discussion topics in use in the public schools. Whereupon the school board, all but inevitably, instructed school administrators to "avoid discussion of objectionable material."

But objectionable to whom and on what grounds? Springfield, New Jersey (Newark *Evening News* report, January 27), has just organized a three-member committee to halt the distribution of "smut" among juve-

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niles. Is there any need to give examples of how the committee's statements sound? Any newspaperman could improvise them, all but word for word, from the last story on the same sort of thing. But the three-member committee knows exactly what smut is and what its effect on any given psyche will be—you may be sure.

There may even be a case to be made for these assured persons, or for some of them. Yet there is an appalling sort of mindlessness about their public declarations—the sort of mindlessness one must suspect will be with us for as long as children grow up ignorant, stay ignorant, and beget in their own image and ignorance. Even when there is something to be said for the positions they assume, there is a dead sound to what they say. Nor do I know of any way to discuss with them the deadness and wrongness of that sound.

Let me offer instead, and only to such as can hear the difference, a few examples of the sound a mind may make in the resonance of ponderable idea. Let me assume in this that the specific issue has been put aside. The one point of these samplings is to explore what sort of sounds a mind does give off, and to compare these sounds with the sounds of the Raffertian certainties.

> The laws of conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom. —Montaigne.

> I have labored carefully not to mock, lament, or execrate, but to understand human actions; and to this end I have looked upon passions . . . not as vices of human nature but as properties just as pertinent to it as are heat, cold, storm, thunder and the like to the nature of the atmosphere.
>
> —Spinoza (with my thanks to Harrison M. Schlee of Carnegie Tech for sending me this quotation).

> In most of the world it is much easier to come by sexual experience than to gain accurate information about sex.
>
> —Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, "Sex Education," *Phi Delta Kappan*, December, 1961.

> The honest man must be a perpetual renegade, the life of an honest man a perpetual infidelity. For the man who wishes to remain faithful to truth must make himself perpetually unfaithful to all the continual, successive, indefatigable, renascent errors. —Charles Pierre Péguy.

> The artist's contribution to religion must in the nature of things be heretical. —Karl Shapiro.

—John Ciardi.

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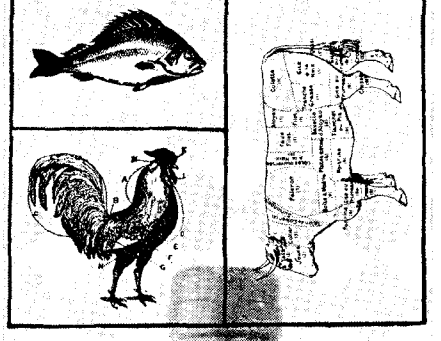

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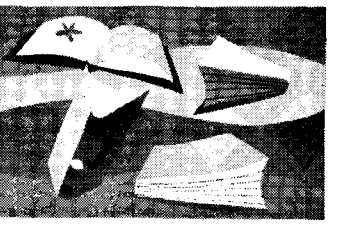
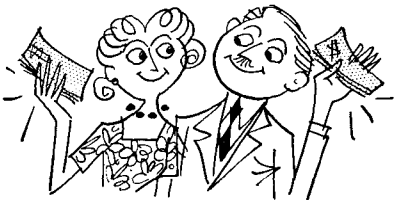


ONE OF THE REASONS I still use a two-year-old income tax guide is that I am intrigued by the names the late J. K. Lasser invented for this edition of his book. He offers many samples of how to fill out various forms; he gives not only names, but also addresses. That takes guts.



There's Phillip and Susan Shelley of 85 Harvest Place, New Rochelle, New York. Their income *tax* is $3,000 a year! Then there are Richard and Adele Norris, 105 Manor Lane, Portland, Oregon. Dick makes $36,400 as an executive of Fall Electronics, and his wife grosses $23,760 in her real estate business. Why Adele has to work isn't explained by Lasser, but I have a feeling it's another one of those situations where the more you have the more you want, etc.

I thumbed through a 1963 guide without buying it and I couldn't find the Shelleys or the Norrises. I think they are all divorced or something. Maybe they get along with the short form now.

A CLASS IN A Norwalk, Connecticut, high school was given a reading list recently. From it some picked *To Kill a Mockingbird* and others *Lord of the Flies*. Then word came down from above that these two books could not be included in the assignment because of their content.

The result was that the particular students switched to some other book, but they went home and read at least one of the banned books in addition, as did a lot more of their classmates who hadn't had any interest in either of them until they were told to leave them alone.

Maybe if we can keep the book-banners stirred up, it will be very good for the reading habits of the nation. It may even be good for the reading habits of the book-banners.

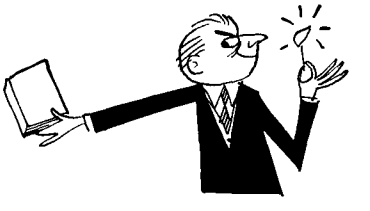
BANNING IS EFFECTIVE, but burning is best. This has been proven conclusively by the actions of a lawyer from New City, New York, named Gerard E. Molony. He has been the center of the hottest controversy that community has seen in years. As a trustee of the New City Free Library, he took it upon himself, he said, to *burn* a shelf copy of a children's book entitled *My Mother Is the Most Beautiful Woman in the World*.

Very briefly, his complaint was that this little volume contains propaganda: the locale is Russia, the mother is a Russian, and there is a passage which states: "The Russian sun shines with a warm glow that makes Russia's wheat the most nourishing in the world and her fruits and vegetables the most delicious that ever grew."

There is more praise of Ukrainian produce in the book. The fact that the book was a translation of a 100-year-old folk tale, reflecting credit on the Czarist regime if anything, didn't make any difference to Mr. Molony.

You may find it hard to believe that he would burn this or any book. It will be harder to believe that he had to obtain it through a neighbor, because Trustee Molony *doesn't have a library card*.

The result of his confession was that he paid for the book and was suspended from the Board of Trustees. A public squabble followed. Mr. Molony then said he hadn't burned the book, only torn it in pieces. But he charged the library with acquiring subversive books and he resigned from the board. He said he would be backing a slate of more cautious citizens for election to trusteeships.



Ordinarily about eight people show up at the annual meeting of the New City Free Library Association. This year there were about 1,000 and they had to meet in the high school auditorium. They voted overwhelmingly to defeat the Molonyites. Mr. Molony himself showed up with a copy of *My Mother Is the Most Beautiful Woman in the World* and said he hadn't burned

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or torn it, after all. He offered it to the librarian but she declined it, on the grounds that the missing copy had long since been replaced.

Results of the affair: widespread interest in the New City Library's need for more space; discrediting of the notion of book censorship; extra sales for *My Mother*, and a demand by the author, Rebecca Reyher, that Molony apologize for smearing her.

When last heard from, Molony was on television blasting the works of the late C. Wright Mills. Mills's publishers are just hoping he'll take a copy off the shelves and burn it. Of course, he'll have to acquire a library card first.

SHARPS AND FLATS: There's plenty of good advice and easy reading on the subject in *Common Sense in Poker* (Cornerstone). The author, Irwin Steig, has dealt a good hand here.

► Young Bets Mudge of Delton, Michigan, got the message the other day. A lot of thought and careful planning had been put into an enticing new television commercial by a Kalamazoo bank. As it concluded Bets turned to her mother and said, "See, Mom, even the banks want us to feel loved!"

► Barnett Beckerman points out that for those who would get rid of the top brass there is in Miami Beach a firm named the General Exterminating Company.

► Ralph Bean gives the definition for a situation where a guy tries to avoid paying the check: shell-out falter.

► A fellow who knew John Birch in China before his death tells me that he was a real nice guy and that he would probably be disturbed at the use of his name. I suggested that he form an organization to clear the man's name. He could call it the Friends of John Birch Society.

► A girl in our town really impresses me. There's a certain *je n'ai pas* about her. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1513)

V. C. Hudson:
O YE JIGS AND JULEPS

Miss Lulu Johnson comes to the library looking for her ancestor. I wonder just* who she thinks she is fooling. Miss Lulu knows ancestors are up* on walls and in coffins. I bet if she ever finds him in that book he will be mashed flatter than my cabbage rose.

*Two words inserted to get the second J and a P.

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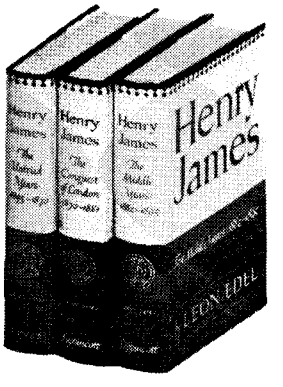

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A CENTURY LATER:

By CHESTER BOWLES, *President Kennedy's Special Representative and author of the recently published book, The Conscience of a Liberal.*

LAST autumn I made a month-long trip through thirteen African countries. At each stop one question was inevitable, urgent, and recurrent: What about James Meredith at the University of Mississippi?

Time and again, at press conferences, official dinners, and meetings with students, I was asked to explain events in Mississippi, their meaning for the future, and the views of the United States Government.

I soon found that the most effective means of extricating myself from a difficult tactical position was to take the offensive. Where else, I would ask, have you heard of a government with such strong convictions about racial equality and such respect for law that it was willing to muster 16,000 soldiers to enforce the right of one Negro student to an integrated education?

Fortunately, my African questioners were too polite to ask what surely must have occurred to them: Why, 100 years after our Emancipation Proclamation, was it necessary to call up an Army division to secure a basic human right established under the 14th Amendment to the United States Constitution?

The answer to that central, unasked question is clear to all of us: The process of fully integrating the 10 per cent of our nation which is Negro into our American society has been painfully slow—tragically and outrageously slow.

We have lived for nearly a century in a condition of moral sickness—*relieved* to have ended slavery, but largely indifferent to the *child* of slavery.

We have refused to face up to the implications of our faith and our democracy; we have postponed the action that our national conscience demands of us.

And so a substantial majority of Americans have continued to conform, to procrastinate, and to refuse to become personally involved, sometimes out of malice or fear, much more often because their attitudes have become insulated by custom.

Yet the pace of change is increasing. In the last decade we made more progress toward true emancipation than in the preceding nine decades. Moreover, the struggle for equal dignity and opportunity is beginning to assume promising new forms and new vigor that reflect a dramatic change in the attitude of Negroes themselves.

THIS may be illustrated by a personal experience in 1954, the year of the Supreme Court decision. In the spring of that year I was invited to speak at a distinguished Negro institution in the Deep South. I had recently returned from service in India, very conscious of the influence of Gandhi and especially of the moral power of passive resistance.

In my talk to the students I said that I knew of no case in history where one race or people had been able to deliver both freedom and dignity to another. Freedom, I said, was something that had to be fought for and won by those who were to enjoy it; regardless of the rights and wrongs, it could never come without struggle.

I then described how Gandhi and his followers, through a peaceful but militant program of action, had triumphed over the vastly superior military and economic power of the British Raj to win freedom.

I concluded my talk with an appeal to the Negro students to hold up their own heads with pride and confidence and to develop a comparable program of cooperative action directed at achieving the equal opportunities guaranteed under our Constitution and reaffirmed by the Supreme Court.

To my surprise, I found that what I had regarded as a logical, temperate appeal had left many in my audience in a state of shock. Later at luncheon a student leader explained that very few of my hearers had ever felt a *personal* responsibility for group action designed to establish their rights as citizens and were hesitant to accept such responsibility now.

In the following months Dr. Martin Luther King, a man deeply influenced by Gandhi, organized a historic first step toward vigorous but peaceful action on the Gandhian model: the Montgomery bus boycott.

Yet old fears and habits of mind were hard to uproot. As late as 1958, when I wrote an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* entitled "What Negroes Can Learn from Gandhi," I received many letters from thoughtful Negroes who, although sympathetic with my objectives, questioned my central thesis. American Negroes, they argued, could not be expected to solve the problem; responsibility belonged to the courts, to the government, to the white man.

In the last five years the atmosphere has changed drastically. Today it is evident that Negroes with a new vision and a new commitment to results are moving into positions of leadership. This is true not only among student groups—although many of them have led the way—but among the older and more established elements as well. What draws them together is a new dynamism, a new sense of moral com-

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THE NEW COMMITMENT

mitment, with its explicit charge of inaction against many leaders of previous generations.

Impatience is the watchword—and high time it is for such impatience. Yet impatience is a quality of mind, not a program. What lies ahead? And —most important of all—what are the implications of the Negro's struggle for the future of American society?

In the last ten years the principal focus of the continuing battle for equal rights has been twofold: 1) in the area of school integration, of equal educational opportunities, and of peaceful human relations inside and outside the school building; and 2) in the area of voting rights, so essential to political influence and responsibility.

LET us consider in some detail the first of these two basic areas: What has been accomplished in education and human relations, and what have we learned for the future?

Much has been said about progress toward school desegregation, and we should be grateful to the skilled lawyers, courageous judges, and dedicated local leaders who have broken so many of the old barriers. Yet nine years after the Supreme Court's historic decision, out of 3,200,000 Negro children attending schools in the seventeen Southern states and the District of Columbia that formerly practiced segregation, only 200,000 are in fact now attending integrated schools. And of these 200,000 the vast majority are in schools that are either 95 per cent Negro or 95 per cent white.

In other words, the record still shows that in spite of much dedicated effort, old patterns of segregation remain largely unchanged for the vast majority of Negro students. And because of the complexities of our laws, the opportunities for delay, and court acquiescence in so-called token integration as evidence of compliance, improvement will come slowly.

In 1954, I for one assumed that "all deliberate speed" meant something more than the token integration that we have witnessed in most areas so far. Yet even the most conscientious Americans find it easier to deplore the slow pace of desegregation and to rationalize away their own failures than to provide effective answers. Many Northerners, for instance, are content to castigate the South for the snail's pace of integration in that area while ignoring the equally slow rate of change in many parts of the North.

Nor can we escape personal responsibility for our national dilemma by thinking of integration as purely a *legal* question that divides those who believe in upholding the law from those who seek to circumvent it. This turns the problem inside out. The Supreme Court acted because the Consitutional guarantee of equality involves the deepest political principles of this nation; on the basis of these principles, segregation poses a *moral* issue that goes to the heart of our society.

IN short, the primary reason racial discrimination in America must ultimately be ended is not because of a clause in our Constitution, nor, as we sometimes hear, because of the Communist challenge, nor because of the need to curry favor with the new African states that now account for nearly one-third of the United Nations.

The reason is purely and simply because racial discrimination is fundamentally wrong. It flies in the face of our Judeo-Christian heritage, our democratic ethics, our sense of how man should treat his brother.

Moreover, it is every bit as wrong in the North, where economics serves unwittingly as the major enforcement agency, as it is in the South, where we often see the local police and the

FROM THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT (1865): . . . Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction. . . .

FROM THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT (1868): . . . All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. . . .

FROM THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT (1870): The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. . . .

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school boards themselves dramatically striving to stop the clock.

Although the facts in this regard are unpleasant, they must be squarely faced: In many Northern cities that boast of their liberal mayors, liberal city councilmen, and liberal Congressmen, the professed equal protection under law still hides extensive segregation in *fact*—by residential exclusion and by the natural selection of poverty. As a result, in only a handful of Northern cities do more than 20 per cent of the Negro students now attend school with white children.

If we are to be honest, therefore, the conclusion is inescapable that an immediate and perfectly executed legal application of the Supreme Court's order—welcome though it would be—would not by itself eliminate the present pattern of segregation; it would only establish it along new lines.

What then can we conclude from recent years of struggle toward full equality for the Negro student? The primary lesson can be simply stated: what has to be changed is not simply the school districting and admission process, but the attitude of the whole community—white and Negro alike. Since court orders in themselves cannot transform the hearts and minds of people, a reluctant and grudging acceptance of the inevitable force of the law will prove inadequate.

This means that those of us who are determined to establish equal rights, opportunities, and responsibilties for all Americans must look beyond victorious court decisions to the task of convincing people that these decisions are right. In other words, the white man who wouldn't mind a Ralph Bunche as a next-door neighbor must also be persuaded to accept a Ralph Brown.

If we fail in this regard, white neighborhoods will remain white, Negro will remain Negro, and all the laws, court orders, and federal directives in the world will not produce a fundamental change in the present ugly, persistent pattern of segregation.

What I am saying is that school integration is not itself an end but one means among many of reaching the fundamental objective of our democratic society—which is nothing less than complete equality of social, economic, and political opportunity for all Americans.

In regard to the second means to full democracy—the right to vote—progress, although encouraging, is still grossly inadequate. The present Administration, which is making an honest, vigorous effort to enfranchise the Negroes in the Southern states, faces a tangle of legal obstacles that must be overcome, county by county, state by state. It needs and deserves the support of every citizen who believes that a fundamental right in a democratic society is the right to vote.

So much for the lessons of the past decade. What are our responsibilities for the future? Let us first consider the task facing Negroes.

The basic question that confronts the Negro community today is essentially a *tactical* one of how our democratic objectives can best be achieved. Three courses of action are available:

At one extreme is a limited legalistic approach through continued court action and patient efforts at public education. At the other extreme is the approach of such groups as the Black Muslims, who assert that the ultimate answer lies in violence and separation.

Between these two extremes is a third course that calls for legal action backed by a persuasive militancy among *all* Americans—white and Negro—directed toward the conscience of the white man. It is this combination approach that offers us our greatest hope of creating a truly democratic society based on equal rights, opportunities, and responsibilities under law.

James Baldwin recently wrote, in *The Fire Next Time*, of his immense respect for generations of Negro Americans who patiently accepted the hard fact that "the country was in no hurry to educate Negroes" and who "put their pride in their pockets in order to do it."

He spoke of "that unsung army of black men and women who trudged down back lanes and entered back doors saying 'Yes, Sir' and 'No, Ma'am' in order to acquire a new roof for the schoolhouse, new books, a new chemistry lab, more beds for the dormitories, more dormitories."

AFTER 100 years of penitent "Yes Sirs" and "No Ma'ams," it is extraordinary indeed that the Negroes' patience has not long since erupted into violence. However, after a century of waiting for the courts and the government fully to implement the 14th Amendment, it is not surprising that many Negro leaders are becoming persuaded that "trickledown democracy" is much too slow a process.

What they are demanding—and are now determined to get—is not just equal rights in law but equal skills in fact, leading to equal opportunities. This means that the quality of Negro education must be greatly improved. It also calls for a vastly expanded effort to strengthen and to assist Negro youngsters who are now handicapped by inadequate housing, education, and cultural opportunities.

Can this be done by whites working in behalf of Negroes? Can it be done by legal recourse to the courts, the Federal Government, and state legislatures? To some degree—perhaps to a large degree—it can.

But the major progress in the last few years has been due not to the historic and magnificent Supreme Court decision of 1954, which acted essentially as a trigger, nor to meager and long overdue legislative handouts, but to a new militancy, a new unity of purpose, and above all to a new willingness to make sacrifices.

What is needed now is an effective balance—an approach that is vigorous enough to increase the pace of change, and yet not so provocative as to close

Notes on a Blast

By Claire Burch

MY lucky son. Christmas Island can't touch you.
You passed Christmas. It's always the morning before New Year's Eve where you are.
I don't have to worry about your milk.

My lucky young cousin.
The metastases have already overtaken you.
You can't turn your head any longer
or finish the letter you began.

Sensible woman that I am, I abdicate you.
I abdicate you, my darlings.
I busy myself with booklets telling me which
powdered milk dated when
might give round eyed Elizabeth another six minutes
after the Fall of Man.

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doors that have already been opened or are in the process of opening.

Although our government—federal, state, and local—should be prodded and pressured to help where it can, the unavoidable limitations of government must be recognized.

What we need now is a new climate of urgency that looks beyond the federal courts, the Congress, and the Department of Justice to the basic decency and conscience of our own people. Since we must start where we are, some kind of inventory on a community-by-community basis seems indicated.

I am not suggesting a critical exercise by unfriendly snoopers armed with slide rules and IBM cards. What I have in mind is a responsible national movement to organize local fact-finding studies conducted by committees of public-spirited citizens of *both races*, working through their own religious and civic groups.

The reports of these local committees would become vehicles for local, state, and national discussion. We could expect disagreement, of course, as in any situation where varying perspectives and values are focused on a difficult social and economic problem. Yet in many thousands of communities I believe we would see an evolving consensus about what can and should be done about this essential item of unfinished democratic business.

A citizen's "check list" for a community-by-community inventory of this kind both North and South of the Mason-Dixon line might include the following questions:

How many Negroes are members of the police force? The fire department? City Hall? The school system?

Do Negroes have a full opportunity to get such jobs? And if so, are they promoted solely on merit and performance?

What kind of housing, both public and private, is available to Negroes? What kind of medical and hospital care?

Is there direct or indirect discrimination in public housing and entertainment facilities? What about the local barbershops and restaurants?

What about private enterprise jobs? Are Negro workers given jobs which use their skills to the fullest?

Is vocational and professional training freely available to qualified Negroes?

Are the police and the courts as fair to them as to other sections of the population?

Once the answers to such questions are agreed upon, responsible Negroes and whites will find it easier to develop effective action programs in the democratic traditions of our country.

And the urgency of this task is suggested by the important and conceivably decisive role of the Negro in contemporary American history.

Thoughtful observers recognize the new Negro movement toward full equality and first-class citizenship as a unique phenomenon in American society. No other cause is compelling the allegiance of so many young Americans of both races with such intensity and fervor.

THIS fact has deep significance in the present condition of American society. For the Negro's struggle for true emancipation is taking place within a nation that often appears to have forgotten its own moral values, and to have lost its sense of positive purpose. Indeed, many foreign visitors are persuaded that as a group American Negroes have a clearer idea of what they want than most other Americans.

The truth of the matter is that in our efforts to deal pragmatically with a vast agenda of new and unfamiliar problems at home and abroad, we Americans have been losing something of the moral direction that has always given our society meaning and purpose.

We have not only come to condone the slick operator and cynical manipulator; in a backhanded sort of way, we have glorified them. And in the process we have adopted the semantics of materialism and manipulation to explain some of our most admirable actions. It is as though we felt it necessary to justify decency by proving that the real reasons for our actions are not so decent as they might seem.

Therefore, at the very moment in history when the ideological contest with Communism is coming into clear focus, we find ourselves faced with a crisis in our own values. The moral standards in which we profess to believe are marred by our immoral tolerance of tax evasion and false expense accounts, of fake advertisements, the thumb on the scale, the adulterated product, and the exploitation of violence as entertainment.

In our national effort not to seem gullible, not to seem vulnerable to criticism from any quarter, to avoid controversy, and to prove that we are "realists" who do not "go off half-cocked," we have developed an appalling gap between the moral beliefs to which we subscribe and our day-to-day performance. This moral gap can become an increasing danger to our survival as a free society.

It is in this context that I see a special responsibility and opportunity for American Negroes. For in the course of removing our national curse of racial discrimination, the Negro can force every American of good conscience to re-examine his own sense of values.

And so the leaders in the civil rights struggle can help to bridge the chasm that increasingly exists between beliefs and actions. They can reawaken in their fellow Americans a commitment to the moral objectives on which our society was founded; and this reawakening can give a new tone, a new vigor, and a new honesty to the American nation.

Regardless of color, most Americans now know in their hearts that the time for explanations is over and that the time for action is here.

"O.K.—You can get started on that new aircraft carrier."

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The Right to Choose

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial, written for this special Advertising Awards Issue, is by Luther H. Hodges, U.S. Secretary of Commerce.*

IF THERE is any truth in the old saw that familiarity breeds contempt, then we have a possible explanation why advertising has more critics than perhaps any other industry.

Advertising is more visible in our daily lives than any other single phenomenon of our society. We wake up to a radio commercial, read a newspaper ad on the way to work, glance at a billboard as we go to lunch, look at an ad-laced magazine on our way home, check the ads that came in the day's mail, and watch commercials during our evening TV viewing. One study estimates that the average man is exposed to more than 1,500 advertising impressions a day.

By its very nature, advertising clamors for our attention, so that we are more aware of it than we are of clothing manufacturing, for example, even though that industry's products are as close to us as our skin.

Little wonder, then, that advertising attracts critics in numbers and vociferousness beyond what the facts justify. Out of some 30,000,000 published ads a year, and 100,000,000 radio and TV commercials, we can expect a few questionable ones in this imperfect world of ours.

Indeed, the surprising thing is how few bad apples there are in the ad barrel. Of more than 1,000,000 ads examined by the Federal Trade Commission, only 3 per cent even required further study. This speaks well for the industry.

But if we find advertising a ready target when it makes a mistake, too often we overlook its positive contributions to our economy, our culture, and our free way of life.

What is it that distinguishes the American economy from others? The chicken-and-egg combination of mass production and mass marketing. We may not know which came first, but we do know that one cannot exist without the other, and that advertising is the *sine qua non* of mass marketing.

Advertising makes possible volume sales, which enable manufacturers to take a very small profit margin per unit and still operate their businesses successfully. Without advertising, the consumer would, in many cases, have to pay higher prices.

This is contrary to the folklore of the economically illiterate, who cite the "huge" $12 billion-a-year advertising budget of American business as if it were something taken away from the consumers. Simple division will show that if this expenditure were instead rebated to consumers, it would amount to the "magnificent" sum of $66 each over a year's period.

In practice, however, this would be a green mirage. Lacking the ignition of advertising, our economic engine would run at a slower pace if it didn't stall out altogether. Some of us would lose income, or jobs, valued at many times $66. And we would pay more for products as volume dropped.

We would lose other values in addition to the economic ones in a world without advertising. The magazine you are now reading exemplifies some of those values. Advertising revenue makes it possible for the publishers to bring you the cultural satisfactions of its editorial content, without charging a prohibitive subscription price. It performs a similar function in the case of newspapers, and underwrites the entire cost of your radio and TV entertainment and information.

And the most sophisticated reader of *SR* will, I am sure, admit that he finds personally enjoyable and useful its book and record advertising. In broader perspective, advertising by book publishers and record manufacturers can claim a significant share of credit for the cultural renaissance taking place in this country. Book sales are twice the 1955 total. A record manufacturer cites an 80 per cent increase in sales of classical discs within a recent one-year period.

Advertising can also be an important vehicle of free speech. In many one-newspaper towns, the publisher considers it his responsibility to keep the news columns open to all points of view. But in some instances paid advertising is the best means of stating a position or expressing a viewpoint, and it is often fortunate for democracy that this channel is available. You will find this especially prevalent during political campaigns.

If the enemies of advertising should concede its economic and social benefits, it is equally incumbent on its friends to concede and try to correct its occasional lapses.

There is still too much offensive and misleading advertising, and any amount of such advertising is too much. But it is reassuring that the advertising industry itself subjects such operations to a heavy and continuing barrage of criticism.

THE advertising man who does his job properly is performing a public service, and can be proud of his contribution to the national economy. Advertising is an essential mechanism for moving goods in any modern industrial society—even the Soviets are spending tens of millions of dollars, or, rather, their equivalent in rubles, for advertising. As Soviet economist S. V. Serebriakov puts it, "The gradual widening of knowledge of buyers about goods by means of well-supplied advertising renders a positive influence on the simplification of merchandising."

If advertising is necessary even in an economy where the state is supreme, how much more vital is it to our system, where the consumer is king! Advertising widens the average man's freedom

(*Continued on page* 81)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NUMBERS GAME

JOSEPH WECHSBERG'S "How to Decode a European Menu" [*SR*, Mar. 16] offers much good counsel in cryptanalytic gastronomy but errs in an important historical citation: ". . . de Gaulle once said quite rightly you should be patient with a nation that is divided into 450 different cheeses."

Wechsberg's paraphrase, while achieving the rare feat of numerically topping de Gaulle in specifying the extent of the glory of France, fails to capture the authentic flavor, the *bouquet légèrement pourri*, of the original, more accurately rendered as: *"Comment voulez-vous gouverner un pays qui a 246 variétés de fromage?"*

You must admit it's a good question. And, like so many posed by de Gaulle, virtually unanswerable.

WARREN G. FUGITT.
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE INTERNATIONAL SET

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL SET featured in Geoffrey Bocca's "The Young Grandees on Tour" [*SR*, Mar. 16] is more ephemeral than fashionable and hardly any guide to where to go or how to travel in the world.

If *SR* readers are the sophisticated travelers I think they are, Bocca's boys and girls are about as interesting as models to be followed as Liz and Dickie might be on a tour of a stamp museum. Somehow I get the feeling that Mr. Bocca's article got into your pages by mistake and that what he wrote is better suited for a movie magazine engaged in peddling dreams and fantasy.

It's more than laughable to read that the New International Set (whatever it is) never, never flies Air France. For the record, please let your readers know that Air France just the other day chalked up its 5,000,000th passenger aboard its Caravelles alone. I daresay that among this vast group were some of the most sophisticated travelers to be found anywhere, and certainly scores of the fashionable, the witty, and the poised. . . .

NORMAN READER,
Manager of Public Relations,
Air France.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Bocca replies: "Who said that the boys and girls in the International Set were interesting? I thought I had indicated clearly in my article that they were irresponsible, indolent, illiterate, antisocial, and only occasionally, and usually unintentionally, funny."*

LITERARY LAMENT

BABETTE BLAUSHILD, how I envy you! I don't mean merely that you have risen from the ranks of the unrewarded scribblers and have become a published writer ["Confessions of an Unpublished Writer," *SR*, Mar. 9], but that you have written anything at all. Writing is one of the things I never quite get around to. I plot short stories while mopping the bathroom floor; characters are given flesh and spirit over the ironing board; diaper folding and dishwashing are particularly conducive to dialogue construction.

I have even, occasionally, taken the lid off the typewriter and attempted to evoke the muse who sang so enchantingly but an hour earlier while I was running the vacuum cleaner. Then my four-year-old is bumping my elbow ("Let *me* make the periods for you, Mommy"), another aluminum company telephones to offer me fantastic savings on storm windows, and I remember a promise to my husband that I'd have all the buttons on at least one shirt by tomorrow for *sure*. Exit Muse.

Mrs. Blaushild has learned to endure—nay, even to enjoy—committee meetings and dinner parties because she swallows them whole, like raw oysters, and they nourish her creativity. My committee meetings and dinner parties are so few in number that I'd starve if I had to depend on them, but through the profusion of dirty dishes and diapers (the end of which is never sighted, and compared to which even the dullest dinner partner appears to scintillate) I attempt to live a little of what I conceive to be the intellectual life of a writer—seeing, hearing, analyzing, synthesizing, planning, plotting, developing, creating.

Fantasy? Purely. But Mrs. Blaushild has broken into print and, come to think of it, Mrs. Harried Housewife has at last committed a few of her ramblings to the discipline of the 8½ x 11 sheet. Perhaps the spell is broken for both of us . . . but there goes that phone again.

CAROLYN M. SMRCKA.
East Elmhurst, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Why don't you just print a retraction, Mr. Zenger? After all, you can't fight city hall."

SEQUEL

IN LESS THAN A YEAR since your editorial by Hallowell Bowser [*SR*, Apr. 21, 1962] on the Peace Hostage Exchange plan for massive rotation of NATO and Soviet bloc citizens and relatives of leaders, just a few of the facts of our progress speak loud and clear for the individual responsibility *SR* encourages.

To date, my wife and I have put our messages into more than 400 publications, arranged many broadcasts and telecasts, received thousands of letters, obtained hundreds of pledges from Peace Hostage volunteers, including the daughter and son-in-law of Governor Rockefeller and nuclear physicist Freeman Dyson. We have also received statements of encouragement written by such men as Robert M. Hutchins, Father Thomas Merton, and Steve Allen.

As these commitments to the plan grow, there is at least a chance of beginning these massive exchanges which could help to alleviate some of the fear and suspicion which slows disarmament progress. And imagine what we can do if only a few others, willing to add their efforts and financial support to ours in constructing this mandate for citizen action, will communicate with us at the Peace Hostage Exchange Foundation, Inc., Box 2737, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

STEPHEN D. JAMES, President,
Peace Hostage Exchange Foundation.
New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Broadway on Brecht

THE Broadway premiere of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage* is a happily adjusted artistic synchronization of Brecht's 1939 play, Eric Bentley's revised translation, and a production conceived and acted with American techniques and theatrical traditions.

While this version of a play, which is probably the best of the current season, inevitably misses some of Brecht's revelation of the ironies and contradictions that attend mankind's acceptance of war, it does play smoothly, and enough of the original comes through for us to be able to follow its montage of scenes in which the small-time war profiteer, Mother Courage, undergoes all the experiences it should take for her to detest war, but continues to live off it, losing her three offspring and ending up blindly moving on with a wagonful of war merchandise. This wagon possesses her, not she it.

Because this play was originally designed as epic theatre, it may strike the American theatregoer as redundant and unsuspenseful. However, once we adjust ourselves to this new form, we see that the play's very point is that the human being *doesn't* learn from the repeated demonstrations of history, even when that history is translated into the most drastic personal terms. And it is Brecht's hope that we will leave the theatre resolved to do a little more about preventing another war.

As for the production itself, Jerome Robbins has achieved a visually splendid result that is not a copy of the famous Berliner Ensemble production. And his scene designer, Ming Cho Lee, has fashioned a remarkably beautiful giant earth-colored screen broken vertically with a few irregular lines. At the beginning of many sequences, Mr. Lee projects against the screen photographs of more recent disasters, such as the Hungarian uprising against its Soviet-directed government, to remind us that the Thirty Years' War that decimated Europe between 1616 and 1648 is not as remote as it may seem. And his supply wagon, which is slightly more angular in appearance than the original, has as much personality as any of the characters. Motley's stylishly grimy costumes and Tharon Musser's sensitive lighting also make a considerable contribution to the proceedings.

As for the acting, Mr. Robbins appears to have made little attempt to use the Brechtian approach. Rather, the actors seem to use the techniques they know, although they do resist the obviously sentimental or romantic.

Anne Bancroft plays the hardened old Mother Courage with sufficient suggestion of old age, and with the same sort of driving insistence upon facing basic realities that marked her performance in *The Miracle Worker*. Indeed, she makes the character so shrewd that we can scarcely believe that she can remain as unaware as she must of the play's lessons. Every so often we also recognize a drop of her special brand of candor that leads to a charming moment of suddenly recognized arrival at a degree of trust unusual in most human relationships. Brecht, of course, is on record as being against "touching" or "charming" theatre, but one suspects he might have welcomed these manifestations provided they were entertaining and didn't last long enough to lead us into the faulty assumption that a character was intrinsically noble or the mouthpiece of a single correct doctrine. Perhaps Miss Bancroft is at her best when, near the end, in a moment of intense grief she turns gratefully to the people who are going to bury her daughter. She starts to give them a few coins of her hard-earned money and then instinctively reduces the amount by putting part of the sum back in her wallet. This is the point of the play. Mother Courage, who lost two sons through her conditioned frugality, is still incapable of change.

In the role of the prostitute, Barbara Harris lets a little of her own style of delivery creep amusingly into the dialogue, but she also shows us the vulnerability of a carnal woman and her renditions of two Paul Dessau songs remind us of her great and as yet relatively unexploited talents as a singer. Zohra Lampert is eloquent as the mute daughter, and Mike Kellin droll as Peter Piper, a conscienceless seducer to whom sex means so little that he doesn't even bother to take his pipe out of his mouth.

One might well complain of the many things this production of *Mother Courage* has not achieved, or even tried to achieve, but I think a Broadway audience will find it an impressive theatre event that is large without being pretentious, beautiful without being synthetic, and one that manages to leave us with some of Brecht's more essential objectives carried out, if not in the late playwright's own way.

—HENRY HEWES.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Art of the Short Story

ALTHOUGH I feel sorry for them, I can after a fashion understand those people who say they can't read fiction. I find it harder to understand the person who reads novels with satisfaction but won't read short stories. Since I share a home with a member of the species, I have opportunities to discuss the problem. She feels cheated, she says, by short stories. She has just begun to be interested in a story's characters, she tells me, when they vanish from the page, and she wishes she hadn't bothered to make their acquaintance "But," I say, "one can take so much pleasure in the way a story is told." "That's my point," she replies; "it's just a literary exercise."

But, of course, though I have never convinced her of this, a good short story is much more than an exercise. There is a tremendous satisfaction in analyzing the way in which a master makes just the impression he wants to make, in studying his technique for its own sake; but technique is only a means, and what is important is the revelation that is its end. For the good short story always is, I think, a kind of revelation. It is an attempt to make the reader share in a unique moment of insight. It rises, as John Galsworthy once said, to a spire of meaning, but the meaning can never be stated as a proposition; it can only be felt.

I have been thinking about all this as I have been reading an anthology, an original paperback, *Twenty-three Modern Stories* (Vintage, $1.95), edited by Barbara Howes. Here, for instance, is a story by Alex Comfort that I have never seen before, "The Martyrdom of the House." It describes a company of soldiers, and we soon realize that they are French and that the time is the fall of France. The company rapidly falls apart, its disintegration being chronicled coolly and objectively. Finally the remnant comes to a house that has only recently been abandoned and that still has the smell of life in it. After the men have rested a little and eaten a little, one of them abruptly throws a plate into the fireplace, and instantly they are all engaged in an orgy of destruction. And the sense the reader has of their frustration and despair is overpowering. "That was the martyrdom of the house," the narrator concludes. "I cried over it for days in the prison camp." One believes him.

There is Katherine Anne Porter's "Holiday." The woman who tells the story, who is having problems, wants to find a quiet, inexpensive, secluded place for a vacation, and she goes to stay with a family of German farmers in Texas. It is a large family, with the wives of sons and the husbands of daughters and all their progeny. These "solid, practical, hard-bitten, landholding German peasants" live according to the old ways, their whole lives governed by unquestioned customs, so that the family has a kind of impregnable solidarity. There is, however, one alien —a crippled servant girl, Ottilie, who can't talk. As the narrator learns something of the mystery of Ottilie, she has a chance to explore the nature of loneliness, and she concludes, "Well, we were both equally the fools of life, equally fellow fugitives from death." What one remembers, however, is not this statement of the theme; it is the image of Ottilie.

"The Light of the World" is one of Hemingway's less familiar stories but, according to Miss Howes, one of his own favorities. Like that much more famous story, "The Killers," it tells of a stage in the education of two boys. (They might be the same boys.) Nothing could be more casual. The boys drift into a railroad station, where some lumberjacks and some prostitutes are waiting for the arrival of a train. There is talk, and in particular two of the prostitutes talk about a prizefighter. The boys leave, but they are not quite the same.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to say why each of these stories has the effect that is has, and that is why I have chosen to talk about them. None of them stops when the story ends, for they have sequels in the imaginations of their readers. A kind of reverberation is created that goes on and on. A moment of insight has been communicated, and the insight continues to operate in the reader.

There are numerous anthologies in which one can find stories that have this quality, but Miss Howes deserves commendation for selecting so many good stories that are relatively or absolutely unfamiliar. As she has chosen

(*Continued on page* 80)

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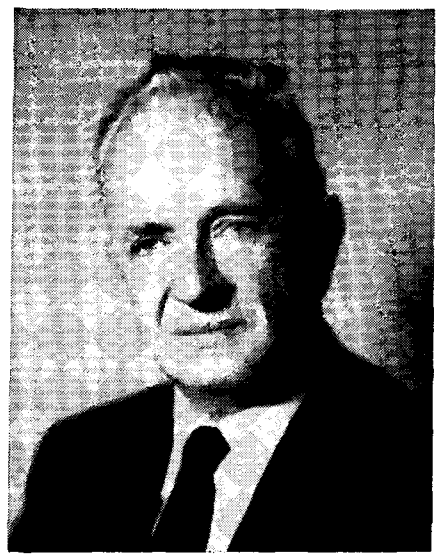
SR Anisfield-Wolf Awards, 1963

For the past twenty-nine years Saturday Review has sponsored the Anisfield-Wolf Award, a monetary prize given annually by Edith Anisfield Wolf for the book or books published during the preceding twelve months that have contributed most to improved intergroup relations. Last year the $1,000 award was divided between "Antislavery: The Crusade for Freedom in America," by Dwight Lowell Dumond, "Black Like Me," by John Howard Griffin, and "The Forbidden Man," by Gina Allen This year's award—increased to $1,500—goes to "Mankind Evolving: The Evolution of the Human Species," by Theodosius Dobzhansky (Yale University Press, $7.50.) A second award of $1,500,also made available through the will of the late Mrs. Wolf, will not be presented in 1963. The Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee consists of Lillian Smith, Pearl Buck, Oscar Handlin, and Ashley Montagu, who, as chairman, explains why the judges have singled out for acclaim Professor Dobzhansky's scientific study.

By ASHLEY MONTAGU

THE BOOK receiving the Anisfield-Wolf Award for 1963 is based on a series of lectures delivered under the auspices of the Silliman Foundation at Yale University in 1959. According to the terms of the Silliman bequest, the lectures are "designed to illustrate the presence and providence of God as manifested in the natural and moral world," but without the intrusion of "dogmatic or polemical theology." The choice of Professor Theodosius Dobzhansky as Silliman Lecturer in the centennial of the publication of Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* was a particularly happy one. Professor Dobzhansky is known throughout the world as a distinguished and original contributor to the science of genetics. The numerous publications of his investigations in genetics—principally, the biology and mechanisms of population genetics, the manner in which genetic changes occur within populations in relation to the environments in which they appear—are among the most fundamental studies of their kind in our time. His book *Genetics and the Origin of Species*, first published in 1937, is generally considered to be one of the most original and important published since Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*.

Both Professor Dobzhansky's investigations and his reflections on them soon brought him into contact with largely the same problems that confront the anthropologist. How do populations come to differ in the way that they do? What are the genetic and other mechanisms involved? Quite early in his career he began writing on these questions, and very soon established himself as as much an evolutionary anthropologist as he is a geneticist. His works, *Evolution, Genetics, and Man* (1955), *The Biological Basis of Human Freedom* (1956), and a little book written in conjunction with his colleague L. C. Dunn, *Heredity, Race and Society* (1946, now in its sixteenth printing), are widely used among anthropologists and by students.



Theodosius Dobzhansky—"a superorganic dimension in which man moves."

Anthropologists regard Dobzhansky as a colleague who happily happened to commence as a geneticist. We are glad he did so, for he has brought to the problems of anthropology a much needed dimensional analysis, which only the evolutionary-genetic approach that characterizes his writings could have provided. This is admirably exemplified in *Mankind Evolving: The Evolution of the Human Species.* Whereas many geneticists write on human evolution from a purely genetic point of view, Professor Dobzhansky realizes that man is something more than the product of the organic evolutionary process working upon his genes. He is fully conscious of the fact that there is a superorganic dimension in which man moves and which has played an important role in the evolution of the species. This is culture, the man-made part of the environment, the new zone of adaptation through which man increasingly adjusts to his environments. The demonstration of the interaction between and interdependence of the organic and the cultural in the evolution of man is one of the most illuminating contributions that this book makes to our understanding of the evolution of the human species.

It is sometimes said (and said by some who should know better) that evolution has ceased in man. This is about as accurate as the statement (also sometimes made) that cultural evolution has annulled the effects of biological evolution—and Professor Dobzhansky brilliantly shows why. Man is a going concern in the process of evolution. The fact that man has taken, and will increasingly continue to take, that evolutionary process into his own hands will never reduce the continuing importance of his organic evolution. It will simply alter it.

In clarifying how man, in all his variety, got to be the way he is now, Professor Dobzhansky has written one of the best accounts of the meaning of "race" available to us. And it is for this reason that the Anisfield-Wolf Committee, unanimously agreeing on the substantive contribution that he has made toward improvement of race

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Edith Anisfield Wolf: 1889-1963

EDITH ANISFIELD WOLF, donor of the *SR* awards named after her husband and her father, died in Cleveland, Ohio, on January 23, 1963. She was seventy-three. Though she was a diffident, thoroughly self-effacing person, Mrs. Wolf lived a life rich in literary and charitable activity.

She was the daughter of John Anisfield, an immigrant from Austria who became a Cleveland manufacturer and philanthropist.

Mr. Anisfield set the pattern of his daughter's life when he encouraged her, while she was still a girl, to help him administer his various charitable interests. These included a camp for underprivileged girls, a center for physically handicapped persons, and a hospital, which—contrary to then prevailing custom—was open to all persons, regardless of background.

After her marriage to lawyer Eugene Wolf, she continued active in her father's philanthropies, served for many years as a board member of the Cleveland Public Library, and helped to promote book fairs and other local literary events.

Meanwhile, she was producing a considerable body of poetry, which was collected in such volumes as *Snacks* and *Balance*.

In 1934, after long talks with her friend Amy Loveman, an *SR* editor, Mrs. Wolf decided to initiate a yearly Anisfield award in memory of her father, who had died in 1929. After Mr. Wolf's death in 1944 his name was added to the award.

Mrs. Wolf made a great point of dissociating herself from the actual judging of the awards. She even refused to attend the annual awards ceremonies, on the ground that she might seem to be putting herself forward too much.

Through the years the $1,000 prizes—among the most substantial in the literary field—have given encouragement to writers in many fields of social relations. Award winners include such distinguished authors as Sholem Asch, John Haynes Holmes, Alan Paton, Langston Hughes, John Hersey, Louis Lomax, and Julian Huxley.

Characteristically, Mrs. Wolf provided in her will that the yearly awards should be raised to $1,500 each.

It is not too much to say that Edith Anisfield Wolf's generosity and concern gave strong impetus to the literature of social relations at a time when writers in the field needed support and recognition. In years ahead the awards that bear her name will perpetuate the selfless spirit of this shy, dedicated woman. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

relations by his convincing and authoritative discussion of this much beleaguered subject, has awarded him the Anisfield-Wolf prize for 1963.

The discussion of so-called "race" differences is beset with difficulties. It is a discourse that has been marked by emotion, conflict, and disagreement. Not an easy subject to discuss at best, because it is a complicated one, it calls for considerably more than the ability to develop a hoarse voice and a sizable reservoir of malice. It requires, indeed, a great deal of knowledge drawn from many fields, a judicious and unbiased weighing of evidence, and an ability to express oneself clearly and unambiguously. All these Professor Dobzhansky has in abundance.

His contribution to the discussion of the problems of "race" will ultimately be judged not so much in terms of the facts he has uncovered, or even the correctness of his views, as in terms of its fruitfulness. As Professor Dobzhansky points out, so-called "race" differences do not imply inequalities, but merely differences in adaptation to remote environments. When, however, it comes to the significance of these "racial" differences, the best that can be offered are conjectures and plausible surmises. This is of the nature of the problem, because largely it is one of conjectural reconstruction of extremely complex events that occurred long ago. Nevertheless, experimental genetics and observation in the field render certain explanations of the mechanism of evolutionary diversification more plausible than others. It is principally with such plausible explanations, based on the best experimental and observational data available to us, that Professor Dobzhansky deals.

Cultural factors have changed and continue to change the genetic composition of mankind. This is an important fact but, as Professor Dobzhansky makes clear, there is no evidence that such changes are set into motion by genetic differences among populations, and that if any such factors are involved "it seems certain that they were not the only and not even the most potent. . . . The failure of some nations and races to evolve high cultures is often taken as evidence of their genetic incapacity. Unfavorable environment is at least as likely to be responsible. Cultural advancement is hamstrung in populations where most people are infected with malaria, hookworm, or other infectious or parasitic diseases." As the author shows, denial of equality of opportunity stultifies the genetic diversity with which mankind has been equipped in the course of its evolutionary development. On the other hand, equality of opportunity, in so far as that is achievable, permits an optimal utilization of the wealth of the gene pool of the human species.

This brave and timely book is not only the most authoritative of its kind, but also the most readable—a combination of virtues that will insure it a long life and many readers.

The Anisfield-Wolf Awards Committee

Pearl Buck

Ashley Montagu

Lillian Smith

Oscar Handlin

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Existence and Co-Existence

Man in the Struggle for Peace, *by Charles Malik (Harper & Row. 242 pp. $5), presents the political philosophy of the former President of the U.N. General Assembly. Salvador de Madariaga is the author of many books, among them, The Blowing Up of the Parthenon. His experience at the League of Nations closely resembled that of Dr. Malik at the United Nations.*

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

ONCE a philosopher-king, now a king-philosopher, Charles Malik has made good use of his leisure as professor of philosophy at the American University of Beirut to write a book in which his reminiscences as member and President of the U.N. General Assembly become the raw materials for his political philosophy. With a superb ease and mastery of the subject, he raises his existence as a delegate to the level of existentialism.

His two loves are allowed free play in successive stages: philosophy holds politics in thrall throughout the first part, politics controls philosophy during the second, and both come to an uneasy balance (politics on the whole rather on top) in the third and last.

Dr. Malik's analysis of the United Nations in existentialist terms is eloquent and acute. His mind combines the shrewdness of the West with the subtlety of the East; and a remarkable mastery of the language, served by a fertile imagination and a vigorous generation of ideas, renders these chapters profitable and entertaining even when, as it happens now and then, they do little more than neatly insert generally accepted truths into an architectural construction. But this construction is well built and well worth beholding.

The book's second part is devoted to a political interpretation of the United Nations. Its two most important chapters are a strong advocacy of the U.N., and a study of the relations between the U.N. and the U.S. The case for the U.N. could not have been put with more accuracy or more reiterative force. It is doubtful whether a new argument in favor of the United Nations could be found anywhere outside the search-

Charles Malik—"above prejudice."

ing survey Dr. Malik has so successfully undertaken. It is indeed so successful that one wonders whether the case *against* could be so very weak after all. For otherwise, why so many and so well-aimed gun shots?

Dr. Malik's is an essentially fair and transparently honest mind, and the delicate subject of the relations between the United Nations and the United States, is treated by him as it should be—not only above prejudice but with clearsightedness and nobility. Nevertheless, one might perhaps have wished for a little more boldness in the analysis of the evil forces within the U.S.

In his third part, a closely argued discussion of the Cold War, Dr. Malik defines the issue with commendable clarity and force. The danger of world Communism is raised to the very top of our preoccupations, where it belongs. Having drawn this situation with a masterly hand, Dr. Malik analyzes the four "solutions" that can be envisaged: Communism must win and deserves to win; nationalism will in time oust Communism; give Communism time and it will evolve out of itself; give us time and we shall destroy it by war.

The author argues that, since the first "solution" can only appeal to Communists, with whom it is useless to argue, he need not trouble about it. He easily demolishes the other three. And Dr. Malik goes on to propose his own way out: a "revolution," a change from the static to the dynamic and from the defensive to the offensive form of Cold War.

The present writer was very pleased to read in such an excellent style and from such an experienced man the views he had himself put forward in his own book broadly on the same subject, *The Blowing Up of the Parthenon.*

> The West [writes Dr. Malik] is prepared for war and not for peace: for war through its armies, bombs, and rockets; and not for peace because it does not appear to carry the banner of some revolution.

This observation, which Mr. Malik declares to be the deepest he or anyone can make about the present world situation, is so central in my own book that its German translation bears the title *The West: An Army Without a Banner.*

I would, however, venture a dissent: Dr. Malik does not appear to lay enough emphasis on freedom, although he does not, of course, forget it. He explicitly mentions it. But too often, it seems to the present writer, he writes *peace* where one should have expected *freedom* or *Cold War* (as, for instance, in the above quotation, where *peace* should be read *Cold War*). By polarizing his whole book, title and all, on a struggle for peace instead of a struggle for liberty, Dr. Malik is open to the reproach of having played into the hands of our common enemy.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1027

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1027 will be found in the next issue.

BKGTVL TO K SALKNLA

BKSHTQFTHS SGKOO NEKH

PTHRHLOO.

EKGTQKD.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1026

Many get the name for being witty, only to lose the credit of being sensible.

—GRACIAN.

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Long Road to Liberty

Freedom in the Western World: From the Dark Ages to the Rise of Democracy, *by Herbert J. Muller (Harper & Row. 428 pp. $8.50), the second volume of a projected trilogy, covers the medieval era, the Renaissance, and the American and French Revolutions. C. Northcote Parkinson is the author of The Evolution of Political Thought.*

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

THIS is the second in a three-volume history of freedom, of which the first had to do with the ancient world. The last, it appears, is to deal with freedom in India and China. This fact has allowed the author to concentrate, in the present book, on a rather familiar story: Part I concerns the medieval background, Part II the Renaissance and Reformation, and Part III the political experiments that led to the American and French revolutions. The chapters follow a historical outline with some emphasis on political theory. There is mention accordingly of Abelard, Aquinas, Machiavelli, Luther, Hobbes, and Locke. The author touches also on the sciences and arts, making reference to Galileo, Newton, and the Royal Society. Few aspects of history are excluded, and in none of them does the author seek to modify the accepted interpretation. Indeed, he expressly rules out "any novel theory of history" or any "drastic reinterpretation of major happenings," and even makes a merit of playing safe.

> Accordingly, I add with some pride as well as humility that there is little if anything really new in this history, except perhaps its focus. . . . The familiar periodization corresponds closely enough to the major developments in the history of freedom as I read it, if only because the issues of freedom have long been a primary concern of most historians. . . .

If there is little that is really new about this book "except perhaps its focus," we must attach a special importance to the author's point of view. For his theme is Freedom, which he defines as "the condition of being able to choose and carry out purposes." He adds to this the explanation:

> This includes the most common meaning of the absence of external constraint, or freedom from coercion; the idea of actual ability with available means, or effective freedom to do what one wishes; and the assumption of a power of deliberate choice between known alternatives, involving freedom of mind and spirit. . . .

While presently using this definition as his guide, Mr. Muller realizes that Oriental peoples have a different concept of freedom, one which he proposes to discuss in the last volume of the three.

> Only by understanding their quite different cultural traditions can one appreciate the literally extraordinary drama now going on, as men all over the world are taking to Western ideas and ideals whose growth is surveyed in this volume.

Given such a scheme, we may properly conclude that the value of this work as a whole must hinge on the success of the last volume, the finish that is to crown the whole. All that the first two offer is a new outline of that Western development which is to triumph in Volume III over the rival systems that await both analysis and annihilation. The happy ending is to be provided by the "extraordinary drama" in which the general acceptance of Western ideas is to be enacted. A history written from this angle should command a wide public in American colleges. It fully supports a theory of history with which many professors will agree. It toes what might be called the liberal party line and should receive favorable comment on every side. Spurning all idea of novelty, Mr. Muller tells his readers what they mostly want to hear.

IT is a question, however, whether the volume under review is the last word on its somewhat hackneyed theme. For the facts of daily life do not follow very closely the theories put forward by philosophers. Can the modern period of Western history be regarded as one in which freedom has actually broadened "from precedent to precedent"? The amount of freedom actually enjoyed would seem to have fluctuated considerably, increasing perhaps in some respects and diminishing certainly in others. Nor does the author go deeply into these variations as applied to apprentices, women, children, and slaves.

Dealing with the War of American Independence, rightly regarded as a crisis in the history of freedom, Mr. Muller quotes from the Declaration of Independence and says of its authors that they were claiming rights "simply as men—rights proper for all men," as the British had failed to do. But one obvious result of the Declaration was to delay the emancipation of Negro slaves by at least a quarter of a century, the British having abolished slavery in 1838. On the British side, the seamen used to sing *Rule, Britannia,* asking the rhetorical question "Who are so free as the sons of the waves?" and ending with the hopeful prediction that Britons "never, *never,* NEVER shall be slaves!" These verses were sung by sailors press-ganged into the service and living in fear of the lash. They were nearer being slaves than medieval seamen had been, but knew more freedom, possibly, than the crew of many a Yankee clipper of a later age. And what about the children in a nineteenth-century British workhouse or factory? What about the indentured servants, for that matter, on a sour New England farm? Were they more or less free than the peasants of Chaucer's time? Mr. Muller does not tell us and does not even seem to care. He outlines the opinions held by Calvin, Zwingli, and Francis Bacon, but is far less eloquent about life as it was actually lived.

It is arguable, nevertheless, that a history of freedom should include some information about the freedom which people have had or have lacked. What holidays did they have at this period or that? How far did public opinion restrict the use of such leisure as they had? What value, for that matter, do people put on freedom as opposed to security? On this whole question of effective liberty there should be more stress, surely, on technology. William Cobbett attacked the use of tea, arguing that it would make women the slaves of the kitchen fire. Women were saved, in fact, by the gas stove. But what of Sabbath Observance? What of George III's achievement in popularizing the seaside holiday? And what freedom was associated with the medieval custom of pilgrimage? Did canals and turnpikes serve the cause of liberty or of despotism? Were artisans freer under sixteenth-century trade guilds or under eighteenth-century manufacturers?

And what, above all, of the clock? For if there is one invention that has influenced freedom throughout the world, it is, beyond question, the clock,

(*Continued on page* 79)

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Master Confessor

—From the book.

View of Litchfield; on the right stands the house where Samuel Johnson was born. (From an engraving by Thomas Cook, 1758.)

Boswell: The Ominous Years, 1774-1776, *edited by Charles Ryskamp and Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill. 427 pp. $8.50), continues the cheerful confessions of a man who was "a living parody of Everybody." Biographer Hesketh Pearson's many works include lives of Boswell and Johnson.*

By HESKETH PEARSON

THERE is no point in giving the title "Ominous Years" to this latest instalment of Boswell's *Journal*. The years 1774-76 were no more portentous than the earlier or later ones. In essence Boswell's character never changed, and what happened to him largely resulted from his innate peculiarities. His behavior as described in the present volume could have been predicted from his conduct in previous years, and will not surprise us in later periods. He was a living parody of Everybody, with the further singularity that he loved exhibiting what other people would rather die than admit. His wife disliked his journalizing, saying that he was leaving himself emboweled to posterity; but he preferred to think that he would be left embalmed.

Here, then, is the same Bozzy we already know so well, a man who gives way to all his passions and then expresses his abhorrence of them, who disapproves of intemperance while getting drunk, condemns gambling while making bets, and reprobates concupiscence while enjoying copulation. Most of this book deals with his life as an advocate in Edinburgh, and there are some dreary passages. But real life keeps breaking in, and we watch him drinking a bottle of port with one friend, polishing off five bottles of claret with another, and afterwards bouncing down a flight of steps, falling "with a good deal of violence, which sobered me much." He sees no harm in moderate drinking, and having smacked his lips over a dram of gin he decides that "of all human arts I value distilling the most." His drunkenness makes him an unsatisfactory lover, and we learn without amazement that his wife is not keen on "hymeneal rites." He says that he must have a concubine and she replies that he might go to whom he pleases. He wanders about at nighttime with whores but only fondles them, possibly because "I have some fixed principles," which become unfixed further from home, when his affairs with women go beyond dalliance.

Life in Edinburgh bores him and he is seized with the rage of gaming, sometimes playing whist for nine or twelve hours at a stretch, his wife waiting up for him at home in a state of misery over his whereabouts. His domestic behavior is erratic. Once in a drunken passion he takes up the chairs of the dining room, flings them about and breaks them, beats his walking stick to pieces and throws them into the fire. His wife manages to dodge the blows aimed at her and gets him to bed, where he is excessively sick. Again he has an inclination to destroy furniture, but contents himself with pitching an egg into the fire "and some beer after it." In a trifling disagreement with his wife he actually hurls a guinea note into the flames, but retrieves it with the tongs before it is burnt. He tells her that he is "upon the whole one of the best men that ever lived," a view she may not have felt inclined to share.

His more engaging aspects are revealed in London. He takes a detached joy in the spectacle of life as seen in the streets: "I think with a kind of wonder that I see it for nothing." Everything appeals to him, and "my avidity to put as much as possible into a day makes me fill it till it is like to burst." He is kind and warm-hearted to the poor and distressed, and thinks that "no man is so bad but if we see him much hurt we will help him." He enjoys going to church and naïvely remarks: "Many of my acquaintance would not think that I am devout."

The editors of this delightful book have as usual done their work excellently; I would praise their scholarship if that word had not been applied to every dull book that issues from the press. But they have been misled by Boswell into accusing Anna Seward of "constitutional inaccuracy." Her reports of conversations are quite as dependable as those of Boswell, who never forgave her for repulsing his amorous advances and for displaying Johnson at his worst in a scene that is just as lifelike as anything in his own book. Nor did she feel "hatred of Johnson." She greatly admired his genius, but had the courage to tell him when he was talking twaddle.

Coming April 20

Saturday Review's

Annual

Spring Book Issue

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Alice Speaks for Herself

What Is Remembered, *by Alice B. Toklas (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 186 pp. $4), brings Gertrude Stein's self-effacing companion to the center of the stage. Laurent LeSage is the author of Marcel Proust and His Literary Friends.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

WHAT Alice B. Toklas remembers is a miscellany of scenes, conversations, encounters—bits and pieces of the past—that ranges from her childhood on the Pacific Coast through her long years in the expatriate art colony of Paris to that sad day at the American Hospital when she saw Gertrude Stein for the last time. This gently nurtured daughter of wealthy California pioneers, who later prided herself, at a bullfight, upon getting "the very best in the first row in the shade under the President's box," was a privileged spectator all her life. She had waved to the boys marching off to the Spanish-American War; witnessed the San Francisco fire; in Europe she was on hand for the two world wars.

But her ringside seat at these epic events is remembered with no more satisfaction than the one she occupied when the *Tout Paris* of arts and letters got together. As Gertrude Stein's companion, she was often in the presence of such notables as Matisse, Braque, and especially Picasso. It was at his studio that she witnessed a memorable party for Henri Rousseau, when Marie Laurencin, a bit tipsy, kept falling into Apollinaire's arms, and André Salmon ate the feathers off Miss Toklas's hat. She and Miss Stein received a good deal in their apartment in the rue de Fleurus, where their French guests mingled with Americans and Britishers—Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, Ford Madox Ford, Clive Bell, Carl Van Vechten, Virgil Thomson, to mention just a few of the better known.

About everyone Miss Toklas has an anecdote, a chatty confidence, a compliment, or a judgment. The value of her stories is heightened by their telling, which is so artlessly droll that, at the risk of seeming rude, the politely interested smile one has assumed at the beginning turns to giggles and finally to guffaws. Of the Infanta Eulalia, Miss Toklas says she "had the typical Spanish voice only it was royal, it was not at all raucous, and when she called her lady-in-waiting it was thrilling." Sometimes it is the slightly archaic phrasing of her *bons mots* that makes them funny. Grace Lounsbery, we learn, considered herself an esthete and a gourmet, but "Gertrude thought she was a false alarm." "Henry McBride used to say of Gertrude, 'Laugh if you like but laugh with her and not at her.'" I am not sure which we do in listening to Alice B. Toklas, whose handling of comic phrasing, timing, the terse statement, and the build-up that lets you down is so good it may be art or natural expression. But a woman who can put up with being called an old maid mermaid will not be offended at the mirth she provokes.

So, although we are keenly interested in the pictures in Miss Toklas's album, in all the celebrated friends and Gertrude Stein in many poses, it is the delightful lady herself who fascinates us. So prim (in spite of the cigarettes she apparently was already smoking at the time of the San Francisco earthquake), so genuine in her enthusiasms for beautiful things, for cookery and for gardening, so unselfish in her admiration for her famous companion. Did she never wish for a life of her own, for anything of her own? Such a question may be fatuously condescending, for her joys were doubtless greater than the ones more usually prized; surely it is indiscreet, for we are not invited to muse over things like the love letter Miss Toklas indignantly tore into shreds and dropped into the lake.

But not the least of her book's merits is that it tempts one to such indiscretions; in it, at least for once and in spite of herself, it is the admirable and adorable Alice B. Toklas who takes the stage.

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FICTION

Message from a New Dimension

***Fantastic Stories,** by Abram Tertz, translated from the Russian by Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley (Pantheon. 214 pp. $3.95), is described by its pseudonymous Soviet author as a venture into "phantasmagoric art." David Boroff teaches English at New York University.*

By DAVID BOROFF

MORE important for what it represents than for what it is, *Fantastic Stories* is undistinguished as literature, but that it exists at all is oddly reassuring. For these tales—concerned avowedly with the phantasmagoric and the absurd—help reunite contemporary Russian literature with the grand tradition of Dostoevsky, Gogol, and Chekhov, and also establish a kinship with the psychologically disheveled literature of the West. After the vast and dreary tundra of Socialist Realism, it is comforting to know that some Soviet writers employ the same disheartened and bemused idiom as their Western counterparts.

Not that Soviet ideology has embraced the absurd. Far from it. In fact, Abram Tertz—the name is a pseudonym—has had to smuggle his work out of the Soviet Union, and one may be sure that Soviet authorities are engaged in a nervous guessing game about his identity. More effectively than any anti-Communist propaganda, Tertz's tales have given the lie to the optimistic sheen of Russian officialdom. What they reveal most tellingly is that Soviet society, with its hidden discordancies, its daytime nightmares, its mixture of unease and growing comfort, is fertile soil for the absurd.

One wishes the stories were better. The rationale of the book is beyond impeachment: "Right now I put my hope in a phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose, an art in which the grotesque will replace realistic descriptions of ordinary life," Tertz writes. "Such an art would correspond best to the spirit of our time." Alas, literary principles alone do not make a viable body of work. The trouble with *Fantastic Stories* is that the elements of the grotesque lack inner coherence. Kafka's fables work because they obey a remorseless logic of their own. Tertz's stories are only fitfully successful because his imagination, rich and powerful as it is, is also untidy.

The most effective story, in fact, is less phantasmagoria than a gentle social spoof. "Graphomaniacs" deals with the passion for writing that has gripped many Russians. The story conjures up an image of a horde of busy scribblers—nastily emulous, secretive yet boastful, hooked by writing as other people are by drugs or drink. There are echoes of our own cult of self-expression when a would-be writer asserts: "Why, damn it, the state itself gives you the right to regard yourself as an unacknowledged genius." And there is exquisite comedy when the protagonist discovers that his own little boy shows unmistakable symptoms of graphomania. In the end, however, the role of the writer is vindicated in these words: "But one of us will make it. Either you or I or someone else. He'll make it, he'll get his message through."

A story that penetrates more deeply into the fantastic is "The Icicle," in which a man discovers an unwanted gift for clairvoyance. The state police seek his services, all sorts of people are eager to know what is in store for them; but all he is concerned about is the vision he has of his mistress being killed by an icicle. In "At the Circus" the show, with its conjurers and manipulators, becomes the very symbol of Russian society. The hero of this story becomes so dazzled by moral and intellectual legerdemain that he embarks on an ill-fated career of crime.

The multiple strategies of Tertz's grotesque scene-shifting—men turn out to be women, time telescopes bizarrely—will elude many readers. But few will fail to observe that the voice of all these tales is that of Dostoevsky's underground man, who, beneath his strange compulsions, was a truth-seeker. And in a bleak, unhappy way *Fantastic Stories* establishes a genuine brotherhood of the afflicted with the West.

Evil as an Anesthetic

***Habeas Corpus and Other Stories,** by Peter Green (World. 255 pp. $3.95), concerns the academic world of the author and the wars between nations and the sexes. Dorrie Pagones studied comparative literature in France under a Fulbright grant and is a former education reporter.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

THE EIGHT short stories assembled under the title *Habeas Corpus and Other Stories* leave no doubt that the author of "The Sword of Pleasure," a remarkable historical novel about the Roman dictator Sulla, and of numerous works of biography, travel, and criticism, is as comfortable in the contemporary as the classical world.

A former director of studies in classics at Cambridge University, Mr. Green has much to say about "the liberal, rational, sensible, post-Keynesian, shades-of-the-Cavendish, tight-knit, shibboleth-ridden, exotic-provincial, bitchy, gossip-tangled, scandal-hungry, Geiger-sensitive, underpaid, wine-and-car-snobbish society that was postwar academic Cambridge."

"The Tea Party," perhaps the best story in the book, concerns an acutely bookish and self-conscious eighteen-year-old, who accidentally discovers the tragic skeletons in a revered professor's domestic closet and thereby learns, to his great shock and lasting benefit, that scholarship, like any other human activity, can serve as a refuge from life.

"A Question of Dialect" is a lovely bit of nonsense about the mortal rivalry between an English scholar and his German counterpart, the only two men in Europe to know anything about an obscure Greek dialect called Arcado-Cypriot. The final confrontation between the erudite enemies, which takes place in an Arcadian cave during wartime, rivals that immortal moment when Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty, locked in a deadly embrace, approached the edge of the cliff.

THE one story that deals directly with war, "The Prisoner," is a small masterpiece about one of the emotional cripples who seem to flourish, frequently in posts of authority, during all wars. Lieutenant Blake, an efficient if peculiarly nervous young officer, who harbors the secret, shameful memory of having been bullied as a coward by

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nis schoolmates, takes an insane revenge for old humiliations on his first Japanese prisoner.

The five remaining stories are all about the war between men and women. Of these, I found the title story the least convincing, based as it is upon a double deception which never (is it meant to?) fools the reader and which forces the protagonist, an immoral Catholic archeologist, into behavior a little too idiotic to be credible. "Proof of Identity" and "The House-Hunters" are supposedly narrated by women and these, as tours de force without much substance, are successful. "VIP Treatment" is an incisive study of the conflict between hypocrisy and longing that drives an aging glamour girl, Sandra Black (the Singing Darling of the Services), into what ought to be a brutally humiliating sexual adventure. Hypocrisy, however, triumphs over humiliation, and the impervious Miss Black is last seen writing a ladylike bread-and-butter letter to her violator. Although the last and longest story, "Devonshire Splits with Cream," is occasionally sententious, it is nevertheless a sensitive and memorable portrayal of first love.

EVIL generally appears in these stories not as a force but as a lack of sensibility, a kind of emotional anesthesia to which the intellectual with his love of words is, perhaps, peculiarly subject. A device Mr. Green employs somewhat too often in making this point is that of having his characters quote rather than talk—the hallmark of the very young or the emotionally backward. As the woman in "Habeas Corpus" puts it, "When in doubt, quote. First rule in the academic *Kama Sutra*. Put up someone else's umbrella and hope to high heaven it'll keep the rain off."

It's a good notion, but Mr. Green occasionally labors it. Doubtless many a girl has been seduced by the right sonnet, but would a poem by C. Day Lewis, however fine, prompt anyone to say, "You might as well have slipped a dose of Spanish fly in my gin and had done with it"?

However, apart from the perhaps inevitable penchant of a scholar for backing up his point with too many quotations and allusions, Mr. Green's faults as a story writer are few and his virtues many. His technique is lustrously polished, he is never dull, and the best of his narrative is attended by that perfect assimilation of detail which keeps a story stamped on the memory long after it has been put down.

SKI BUMS AND BUNNIES: Oakley Hall, best known to readers of contemporary fiction for *Warlock* and *Corpus of Joe Bailey*, has turned to the American ski circuit as background for his new novel, *The Downhill Racers* (Viking, $4.75). With a clean, hard prose style that at times smacks a bit too strongly of Hemingway, Mr. Hall opens the indoor eyes of his readers to the cold, competitive world of the downhill racers, the men and women who risk their lives at sixty miles an hour down mountainsides from Franconia to Squaw Valley. His novel is built around four top amateur skiers, two males and two females, their trials on the slopes and their tribulations off them. As his foursome moves across the winter map of the United States to the crucial Nationals at Squaw Valley, Mr. Hall fills in a whole canvas of ski bums and ski bunnies, hangers-on, has-beens, rich patrons, and fading patronesses, each seeking a personal answer from the wins and losses on the slopes above them. It is a fine, fresh background, and Mr. Hall has packed it between hard covers. For that he is to be congratulated.

What he has not been able to do is to rid his novel of a certain rah-rah Frank Merriwell quality that may be a basic ingredient of all sports stories. To construct a novel around people who live in terms of competition means that there has to be scene after scene of the same event being repeated. One can cheer just so long for the hero before a the-hell-with-it attitude sets in and the reader decides to relax and not worry; the hero has to come out all right, it is that sort of book. And this is true of *The Downhill Racers*, though Mr. Hall has added an intellectual fillip in his hero's questioning of it all: what price victory if a man must turn himself into a machine to achieve it?

Where Mr. Hall really comes a cropper is in the emotional off-the-slopes story. When American ski hero gives up American ski heroine to make an honest mother of a lady about to be abandoned to nine months of shame by American ski villain, Mr. Hall's quartet goes schussing out of the snow-belt and into the soapsuds. For a long while after, *The Downhill Racers* is all uphill work. Happily, Oakley Hall is not in the position of a downhill racer who can lose all through one mistake. He crosses the finish line in fine form, and only a cad would cock a cynical eyebrow at those questionable bubbles amid the flying snow behind him.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

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A Guide to Traditional and Modern Painting. By Frederic Taubes. Viking. $6.75.

Picasso Linoleum Cuts. By Wilhelm Boeck. Abrams. $35.

Picasso's Les Dejeuners: Variations on Edouard Manet's Masterwork. By Douglas Cooper. Abrams. $35.

Current Affairs

Alliance Born of Danger: America, the Common Market, and the Atlantic Partnership. By Charles A. Cerami. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

The American Economic Republic. By Adolf A. Berle. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

The Conservative Enemy: A Program for Radical Reform in the Sixties. By C. A. R. Crosland. Schocken Books. $4.95.

The Great Fear: The Reconquest of Latin America by the Latin Americans. By John Gerassi. Macmillan. $6.95.

Man in the Struggle for Peace. By Charles Malik. Harper & Row. $5. (See page 24.)

Of Spies and Strategems. By Stanley P. Lovell. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

The Political Role of Labor in Developing Countries. By Bruce Millen. Brookings Institute. $3.50.

Rumbles Left and Right: A Book About Troublesome People and Ideas. By William F. Buckley, Jr. Putnam. $4.95.

Toward an Atlantic Community. By Christian A. Herter. Council on Foreign Relations, dist. Harper & Row. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.45.

The Trial of the Future: Challenge to the Law. By Bernard Botein and Murray Gordon. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Drama, Essays

Contemporary Theatre. Edited by John Russell Brown and Bernard Harris. St. Martin's Press. $5.95.

Friedman and Son. By Mark Harris. Macmillan. $3.

To Hell with Culture. By Sir Herbert Read. Schocken Books. $4.95.

The Water Beetle. By Nancy Mitford. Harper & Row. $3.50.

Fiction

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The Dark Mountains. By William Hoffman. Doubleday. $4.95.

Image of Love. By Creste del Buono. Grove Press. $3.95.

The Jumbie Bird. By Ismith Khan. Obolensky. $3.95.

The Land That Time Forgot and The Moon Maid. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Dover Publications. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $2.

Massacre at Tangini. By Robert Lait. Random House. $3.95.

My Enemy's Enemy. By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95. (*SR*, April 6.)

My Friend Musa and Other Stories. By Edwin Samuel. Abelard-Schuman. $4.

Never Come Morning. By Nelson Algren. Harper & Row. Paperback, $1.75. (Reprint.)

The One-Eyed Sky. By Max Evans. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

Prize Stories 1963: The O. Henry Awards. Edited by Richard Poirier. Doubleday. $3.95.

Ride West to Pueblo. By Kingsley West. Doubleday. $2.95.

School of the Sun. By Ana Maria Matute. Pantheon. $3.95.

The Summer Houses. By James Stevenson. Macmillan. $4.95.

Sunset at Noon. By Jane Oliver. Putnam. $4.95.

Typhoon and Other Tales of the Sea. By Joseph Conrad. Dodd, Mead. $3.75. (Reissue.)

Under 25: Duke Narrative and Verse, 1945-1962. Edited by William Blackburn. Duke Univ. Press. $4.50.

White Fang and Other Stories. By Jack London. Dodd, Mead. $3.75. (Reissue.)

White for Danger. By Warren Armstrong. John Day. $3.75.

History

The French Nation: From Napoleon to Pétain, 1814-1940. By D. W. Brogan. Harper & Row. Paperback, $1.85. (Reprint.)

Munich. By Keith Eubank. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.

Potidaea: Its History and Remains. By John A. Alexander. Univ. of Georgia. $5.

Roman Women: Their History and Habits. By J. P. V. D. Balsdon. John Day. $6.95.

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Boswell: The Ominous Years, 1774-1776. Edited by Charles Ryskamp and Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill. $8.50. (See page 26.)

The Decline and Fall of Lloyd George. By Lord Beaverbrook. Duell, dist. Meredith. $4.95.

The Expectant Mariner. By Shirley Deane. Morrow. $4.

The Explorers. Edited by G. R. Crone. Crowell. $5.95.

Joseph Haydn: Eighteenth-Century Gentleman and Genius. Edited and translated by Vernon Gotwals. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. (tentative) $6.

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The Restless Wind. By Peter Hamilton. St. Martin's Press. $5.

Sonny Liston: The Champ Nobody Wanted. By A. S. Young. Johnson Publishing. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, 95¢.

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Contemporary Catholic Thought. Edited by Barry Ulanov. Sheed & Ward. $6.

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Italian Women Confess. Edited by Gabriella Parca. Farrar, Straus. $4.95.

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—Compiled by Lynn Miller, *Publishers' Weekly*.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Metropolitan Auditions—Tozzi's Boris—*Arcade*

THIS year's amended procedure for the Regional Auditions Finals in the Metropolitan Opera House entitled it to compliments as the most satisfactory since these annual competitions have been supervised by the opera's National Council. Eliminations earlier in the week at the semifinal level restricted the participants in the public contest to ten young singers. From these, six were asked to sing a second time as "final finalists."

When it was all over, there was not much doubt in anybody's mind that Justino Diaz, a rangy young (twenty-three) basso of Puerto Rican background, was outstanding in talent and accomplishment, the one most entitled to the Metropolitan Opera contract he received (in addition to awards for study and a concert appearance). To mention the name of Pinza at this point of a young singer's career is, perhaps, to put a heavier burden on him than he should bear, but Diaz has a roll to his sound that could take him far in the footsteps of the illustrious Ezio.

Two other singers of promise were selected for half-season contracts: Junetta Jones of Baltimore, who sang "Depuis le Jour" with charming purity of sound, and Russell Christopher (New York-born, University of Michigan-educated), whose "Prologo" (*Pagliacci*) was big enough to match the surroundings. There was promise, too, in the lyric sound of tenor Michael Trimble, who shared in the new Anna E. Schoen-René Award. Though not officially encouraged by the jury, it would not be surprising if the youngest of the finalists, Jane Marsh of San Francisco, came back for high honors in the future. Her effort with "Pace, Pace," though immature, was vocally sound.

Even without Cesare Siepi, the Metropolitan's stock of bassos to sing Boris still stands at three, a consequence of the addition of Giorgio Tozzi to George London and Jerome Hines as Czar of all the Russias. His first effort with the role at the Metropolitan was preceded by an admirable effort on NBC-TV last year, thus providing an insight into the varying values of the two media. There could be nothing but praise for Tozzi's vocal effort, for the musciality and care with which he enunciated the musical line. He also bore himself well in the "Coronation" scene.

As yet, however, Tozzi hasn't settled the many problems of posture, gesture, attitude, etc., which are demanded in such surroundings for the "Clock" scene. His choice in makeup tended to make Boris look younger than is customary at this point in the role, and he was inclined to stress physical action—arm movements, lunges, etc.—to suggest mental torment and psychic distress. These have their place, but they should be supplementary to the character conveyed by voice, especially by a Boris

with the very good voice of this one. (I was not able to see his "Death" scene on this occasion.)

LIKE good colleagues, Hines and Tozzi exchanged compliments in the two performances of this week, each singing a beautiful Pimen to the other's Boris. In the earlier, with Hines as the Czar, another American tenor of quality introduced himself as Dimitri. A native of New York whose stage name is Arturo Sergi, he first gratified the ear with his excellent enunciation of the English text, then went on to distinguish himself for fluency and freedom of sound. It is rather light in color, but strongly supported through his range. Physically, Sergi is big and broad from the shoulders to the knees, and he moves well enough to satisfy the limited needs of action in this role. Janis Martin performed competently as the Innkeeper, and Margaret Roggero gave better service to the role of Fyodor than it had in earlier performances. Needless to say, these numerous changes (William Olvis was the second Dimitri of the week) didn't contribute to settling the ensemble available to conductor Georg Solti.

John Taras's *Arcade*, a ballet to Stravinsky's Concerto for piano and wind instruments, is the latest addition to the repertory of the New York City Ballet in its City Center season. To vary a cliché, it does not so much fall between two stools, as between two schools. It is obviously a response in abstract action to the suggestion of Stravinsky's score; but it feels obliged to find a "story line" which blurs the clean outline with involutions of sentiment without in the least involving the viewer with character.

So far as a first viewing could determine, the "story" would seem related to certain modal elements in Stravinsky's scoring for the wind instruments (sustained chords and ostinato figures), which suggested a Renaissance background to Taras. From this, in turn, derived the shadowy suggestions of a square (Venetian perhaps) with arcaded walks, designed by David Hays. Through them moved a procession of darkly vestmented "chaperones" for a young girl, danced by Suzanne Farrell. Comes the slow movement, and she is able to elude them long enough to join in a *pas de deux* with Arthur Mitchell. The "chaperones" reappear, the boy and girl are separated. End of story. End of ballet.

THE diffusion of focus suggested in the preceding is paralleled in the action, which spins out motion without conveying much contact with expression. It shows Taras to be fluent enough in moving his groups from point to point, or getting them on and off the stage, but only periodically in a clear relationship to the musical work he utilizes. Much of the choreography came closer to the vernacular of musical comedy than it did to the cultivated speech of ballet. It would seem that a unifying element could have been derived from the important solo role of the piano, but if such an intent was present, it was not evident in the way the work sounded under Robert Irving's direction. Actually, the unnamed pianist was not even as audible as the character of the part merited. A performance of *Orpheus* in which Violette Verdy danced Eurydice to Nicholas Magallanes's Orpheus began the all-Stravinsky evening, with *Monumentum pro Gesualdo* and *Agon* following.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

LANGSTON HUGHES

LE ROI JONES

JOHN WILLIAMS

On the problems of the Negro writer

In SR's April 20 issue

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New Monk (1963).

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

THELONIOUS MONK:
Arrival Without Departure

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

JAZZ journalists are apt to use the word "artist" with the abandon of circus ringmasters or vaudeville MCs. There is one jazzman who deserves the title as surely as such generally acknowledged possessors as Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Charlie Parker. He is pianist and composer Thelonious Monk, but it was a long time before Monk was called an artist by anybody. For years, reviewers, and musicians as well, were more apt to give his music puzzled dismissal as deliberately eccentric, or, at best, as a kind of outline which had long ago been filled in by abler men. To them, Monk apparently had ideas, but it took flashier players like pianist Bud Powell to execute them properly.

Then, about six years ago, soon after the death of Charlie Parker had robbed modern jazz of its major artistic leadership, there began a gradual rediscovery. And before it was through, jazzmen were aware that Monk had been working all along on something rather different from the rest of the modernists' work. They found that his music had continued to develop through all the years of his neglect, that it provided a highly personal summary and synthesis of fifteen years of modern jazz, and that it soundly suggested future paths as well.

Soon the public began to catch up, too. Monk's records began to sell and his appearances to draw the crowds and the higher pay that goes with them. Now, as a final step in this ascendancy, Monk has signed with a major company, Columbia, and the first release is available. Perhaps the event will be a turning point in his artistic life. Many a popular artist (and many a fine one), faced with long-awaited success, is tempted to relax, admire his laurels, and perhaps now and then pause to count the house. And during the past couple of years there has been a hint or two that even Monk may be willing, at long last, to coast a bit, too.

Monk's biographies usually say that he was born in New York City in 1920. Actually, his parents moved there from Rocky Mount, North Carolina, when Thelonious was quite young, but Monk is clearly a musical New Yorker, being a subtle descendant of the Harlem "stride" piano school, which has included James P. Johnson, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Fats Waller, and even Duke Ellington and Count Basie.

His early records show that Monk had also learned from such advanced Thirties melodists as Teddy Wilson. Those records were location jobs, made in 1941 at Minton's, and Monk is always credited as one of the participants in the jam sessions there that led to modern jazz. In 1944, Monk was a member of a Coleman Hawkins group that brought modernist ideas to the 52nd Street jazz clubs, and he was briefly pianist with the 1946 big band led by Dizzy Gillespie. Subsequently, Monk has always worked (when he *did* work) with his own ensembles, patiently making his own music in his own way. This very individual music, plus Monk's almost complete lack of interest in the niceties of music and night club business and publicity procedures, gained him a reputation for eccentricity that is only partly deserved. Monk waited, confident that an audience sincerely interested in his music would come eventually.

The laurels, as I say, are deeply deserved. One immediate aspect of Monk's music is the uncompromising emotional demands he is capable of making on an audience. There is nothing whatever reassuring or, in the narrow sense, entertaining about Thelonious Monk. Emotionally and musically, his work depends on a sense of discovery. But Monk also makes the unexpected seem inevitable, once he has done it, and we soon learn that he has the superb communicative talent and penetrating wit to involve us with him so that the discoveries seem mutual and the rewards shared. A second immediate aspect of his playing is its sparseness, its openness, its apparent (but somehow puzzling) simplicity—an aspect that inevitably leads to the question of his "technique." But far from being an inept technician, Monk is a virtuoso—a virtuoso of the specific techniques of jazz, in challengingly original uses of accent, rhythm, meter, time, and of musically expressive space, rest, and silence. It is also quite clear that he has won this expressiveness at a gradual sacrifice of conventional pianistic dexterity.

Besides its highly original rhythmic subtleties, there is the question of Monk's quite advanced harmonic ear, which has led one critic to say that he has "pushed jazz to the brink of atonality." I am not sure that the term "harmony" is accurate with Monk; he seems much more interested in sound and in original and arresting combinations of sounds than in harmony *per se*. And this aspect has also saved him from the new-Debussyan sentimentalities of many of his fellow modern jazz pianists. He takes an unlikely popular ditty like "You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart," keeps the performance fairly straightforward melodically, except for Monkish nuances of accent and dynamics, but he pivots every sound around a single tonic note. Monkian alchemy somehow distills granite from sugar water.

The best recorded introductions to Monk are probably his versions of familiar popular songs. With his subtleties of phrasing, he is not at all averse to basing his variations directly on a melodic line, and, with his fine pianistic sense, he can convert the most ordinary "tune" into a two-handed *composition* for piano—for example, his excellent brief versions of "I Should Care" and "April in Paris." In more extended performance, Monk is apt to build blocks of subtly organized melodic variations, finding eight minutes of music in, for one very good example, rephrasings of the melodic line of "Just You, Just Me."

Perhaps the masterpiece of such per-

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formances is the Monk version of "Tea for Two," which also brings his otherwise subtly penetrating but pervasive humor to the fore. Monk approaches "Tea for Two" in parody, beginning as if he were doing a wildly witty version of an old-style jazz pianist. But soon one realizes that the joke is not so much on jazz as it is on the kind of listener who thinks that the jazz pianist is someone who plays a ditty like "Tea for Two" in a corny, ricky-tik style. One also realizes that everything Monk is playing is entirely and unfrivolously musical as well. Finally, the most brilliant stroke: by the end, Monk has converted the respectful joke into a performance of dramatic seriousness and penetrating sadness.

EVEN more important is Monk the jazz composer, for he is, I think, a major jazz composer, the first since Duke Ellington. The same sensibility that leads Monk to make instrumental pieces out of popular songs leads him to compose compositions for instruments. His repertory abounds with intriguing melodies, to be sure—"Let's Call This" and "Bemsha Swing" are two—but the great Monk works are "Criss Cross," "Misterioso," "Evidence," "Eronel," "Four in One," "Gallop's Gallop," the dual-tempoed "Brilliant Corners," and, perhaps the most famous, "'Round Midnight." These latter are truly instrumental pieces, a good test being that after encountering them we do not go away whistling their "tunes" ourselves so much as wanting to hear them played again. To play Monk properly, musicians justly testify, you have to know the melody and the harmony and understand just how they fit together.

However, a jazz composition does not exist on paper or in the abstract. It lives only in performance, and it is a sign of the great jazz composer that his sense of form extends beyond written structure and beyond individual improviser, to encompass a whole performance. Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington are great jazz composers not only because of their writing, but because, in performance, composer and player (no matter how brilliant) are both partners in a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. So it is with Monk. "Misterioso," for example, is a blues. In his solo portion of the recorded performance, vibraphonist Milt Jackson proceeds to improvise blues choruses in the key at hand. That might be enough in itself, but it is not enough for Monk. Behind Jackson, instead of providing the conventional harmonic accompaniment of most jazz pianists, Monk abstracts the main motive of his theme—as if to say this is not just the blues, this is "Misterioso." The result is not only first-rate playing; it is cohesiveness and form as well. Perhaps the most brilliant performance in this respect is "Evidence," again done with Jackson. Everyone plays well, and in the end we realize that Monk has gradually developed his at first jagged, even disparate, introduction and accompaniment into an intriguing tissue of related asymmetrical sounds and, finally, a theme of classic beauty.

Morton and Ellington hold together the jazz performance, give it form, by relating written and improvised parts. With Monk there is no less form but, in his smaller groups, the form is more improvisational — the "orchestration," one might say, is extemporaneous. And the innate Monk sense of form shows everywhere. There is a nearly devastating three-minute Monk blues solo on a Miles Davis "all-star" recording of "Bags' Groove." The performance is strikingly spare, full of musical space and air, but it soon appears that Monk has brilliantly elaborated his opening phrase into a continuum of variations, turning it this way, that way, rephrasing it to fewer notes, elaborating it with more notes, hinting at contrasting phrases, but returning to the original, and all the while suggesting rhythmic patterns perhaps yet unheard. A similar but less subtle *tour de force* is Monk's first version of "Functional," nine minutes of original variations on a traditional six-note blues phrase. (And if anyone should doubt that Monk can play the blues with a feeling that is both traditional and highly personal, let him consult the pianist's own favorite among his recordings, the original version of "Blue Monk.")

With so much to Monk's credit, one may well ask if his first release for Columbia tells us anything new about him, and the question is perhaps made easier by the fact that six of the eight pieces on the LP are ones that he has recorded before. It does tell us some new things, and sustains others, but one's first attention will go to the members of Monk's current quartet.

Tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse shows himself a capable player. He was that some five years ago when he first joined Monk, and he worked hard on Monk's music at first. To settle once again for capable playing is not the way to keep up with Monk, it seems to me. Rouse's repetitiousness on "Bye-ya" is all too apparent—one phrase shows up time after time, and it is one of Rouse's clichés to begin with. A second problem is drummer Frankie Dunlop. Monk's music cries out for complex percussive interplay, beyond time-keeping accompaniment and even beyond intermittent snare and cymbal commentary that Dunlop provides.

And Monk? Well, perhaps "Bolivar's Blues" does not have the anguish of the original, but Monk's solo is something of a minor wonder, moving from tripling dissonances (quasi-amateurish

(*Continued on page* 37)

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

Old Monk (1951).

Discography

MONK'S RECOMPOSITION of "You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart" is a part of Riverside 312, which also includes an almost equally intriguing "There's Danger in Your Eyes Cherie." On Riverside 235 are "I Should Care," "April in Paris," his best performance of "'Round Midnight," and the first version of "Functional." Riverside 209, "The Unique Thelonious Monk," has "Just You, Just Me," and the superb "Tea for Two."

The Blue Note series, 1509, 1510, 1511, is basic Monk, with versions of "Criss Cross," "Eronel," "Four in One," "Evidence," "Misterioso," as well as "Off Minor," "Straight No Chaser," etc.

"Gallop's Gallop" is included on Savoy 12137. "Brilliant Corners" is the title piece of Riverside 226.

"Let's Call This" is on Prestige 7053; the best "Blue Monk" is on Prestige 7159; and the all star "Bags' Groove" is on Prestige 7109.

In the foreground of Monk's rediscovery, there was a 1959 appearance at the Five Spot Café in New York with a quartet including tenor saxophonist John Coltrane and the brilliant bassist Wilbur Ware. Three selections by this group are available on Jazzland 46, and "Trinkle Tinkle" reflects the kind of concerted power they achieved.

Monk's new Columbia album, "Monk's Dream," is CL/CS 1965.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Mose Allison: "Swingin' Machine." Allison, piano and vocals; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Jimmy Reider, tenor saxophone; Addison Farmer, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums. Atlantic 1398, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Allison's talent is unique in combining sympathy both for the newer jazz idioms and for the blues of his native Mississippi. He sings on four of the eight titles with a dryly detached humor that is distinctly engaging. A similar quality is found in his piano solos, whose firm, insistent beat is never allowed over the frontier of frenzy. Indeed, it is a kind of controlled relaxation—however paradoxical that may seem—that gives his music much of its appeal. He is well supported by the accurate Addison Farmer (recently, alas, deceased) and the stylistically individual Frankie Dunlop. The trombone and tenor play very ably throughout.
Gene Ammons: "The Soulful Moods." Ammons, tenor saxophone; Patti Bown, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Eddie Shaughnessy, drums. Moodsville 28. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: "Misty." Davis, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Wendell Marshall, George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums; Ray Barretto, conga. Moodsville 30, mono and stereo, $4.98.	The Moodsville series performs a valuable service in presenting the more mellow and melodic aspects of such fine tenor saxophonists as Gene Ammons and Lockjaw Davis (see also Coleman Hawkins below). The material consists for the most part of standards or good show tunes, and the accompaniments are usually sympathetic. In the latter respect, Ammons is better served here than Davis, who nevertheless rises above the handicap of frequently uninspired percussion. Ammons plays with his customary big tone and assurance, and produces a surprisingly musical, alto-like quality from his horn for the intriguing introduction and coda of "Skylark." More should be heard of his pianist, Patti Bown, whose clean, incisive work is an attractive feature of the record. On "Misty," the number that gives his album its title, Davis luxuriates expansively in a warm style reminiscent of that of his early mentor, Ben Webster. The comparison of the talents of Davis and Ornette Coleman in the notes is irrelevant, tasteless, and exaggerated.
Eubie Blake, Joe Jordan, and Charles Thompson: "Reunion in Ragtime." Blake, Jordan, Thompson, piano. Stereoddities C 1900, $4.98.	This reunion of three famous ragtime pianists and composers contains much of musical and historical interest. Aged eighty, seventy-nine, and seventy-one, respectively, Jordan, Blake, and Thompson had not met for fifty years, and some of their spoken reminiscences and anecdotes are included on the record. In expressing a certain pride in their ability as "two-handed" pianists, there is an implication of scorn for today's atrophied left hands. The veteran fingers remain surprisingly nimble and each man plays his favorite composition. "Memories of You" makes an admirable link with the jazz styles that succeeded ragtime, and Blake also provides musical illustrations of Jelly Roll Morton's and James P. Johnson's methods.
Bill Doggett: "Prelude to the Blues." Doggett, organ, with small group featuring Billy Butler, guitar; Clifford Davis, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Lewis, bass. Columbia CL 1942, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	This is jazz at the functional level with a strong beat for dancing and few aspirations as "art music." Doggett's group has maintained its popularity on little-publicized circuits for many years with similar and not overambitious fare. Selective listening, however, can be rewarding from a jazz viewpoint, the more enjoyable performances here being those of "Blue and Sentimental," "St. Louis Blues," and a couple of the leader's originals, "Opus D" and "All Souls Blues." The last, a slow, sad organ blues, is a minor gem. One of the most skilful and experienced organists in the field, Doggett always includes an accomplished guitarist in his company. On this album it is the resourceful and thoroughly underrated Billy Butler, whose invaluable contributions can be more readily appreciated in stereo.
Lou Donaldson: "The Natural Soul." Donaldson, alto saxophone; Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; John Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Dixon, drums. Blue Note 4108, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Apart from the fact that John Patton is a more limited organist than Bill Doggett, this album belongs in almost the same category as the one above. It consists mostly of blues swung forthrightly, and it offers further proof of the divergent tastes of today's Negro and white jazz audiences. The eccentrics of the avant-garde are acclaimed in the Village but seldom tolerated for long in Upper Manhattan, where the music heard here would be surely appreciated. Gimmicks and false sophistication are equally absent.
Art Farmer: "Listen to Art Farmer, the Orchestra." Farmer, trumpet, with big band including Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Oliver Nelson, arranger. Mercury MG 20766, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Arranger Oliver Nelson has here provided settings of great brilliance for the trumpet virtuosity of Art Farmer. Astonishing in their range and authority, they never fail to enhance the controlled, vibratoless beauty of sound that Farmer releases. Billy Strayhorn's "Raincheck" and Farmer's own sombre "Rue Prevail," with their contrasting tempos and moods, are most effectively juxtaposed, while "Ruby" was probably never so gorgeous before. Mercury, always so meticulous in listing engineering data, fails once more to name the musicians responsible for the excellent performances.
Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Hodges: "Alive at the Village Gate!" Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Eldridge, trumpet; Hodges, alto saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Major Holley, bass; Eddie Locke, drums. Verve V6-8504, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Coleman Hawkins: "Make Someone Happy." Hawkins, tenor saxophone, with the same rhythm section. Moodsville, mono and stereo, $4.98.	The three long performances that occupy the whole of the Verve album have all the advantages and disadvantages of the informal nightclub set recorded *en scène*. There is more spontaneity than is normal to the studio, but there are deficiencies in recording and in the execution of ensemble passages. The standard attained in some of the solos, however, is so high as to warrant the set's inclusion in the label's "Essential" series. The vigorous attack and swing of Hodges on "Perdido," the canny construction of Hawkins's choruses in his normal climactic spot on "Satin Doll," and the beauty of Eldridge's opening chorus on the slow blues, all are unforgettable.
Mundell Lowe: "Blues for a Stripper." Lowe, guitar, conductor, and arranger, with big band. Charlie Parker PLP-822, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	This is a striking demonstration of Lowe's versatility. His bold arrangements of ten originals do more than illustrate how effectively the guitar may be used in the context of a twenty-piece band. The playing is of a high standard, as befits the cream of New York's studio musicians, and among those heard from to advantage individually are Clark Terry in "Pattern of Evil," the late Eddie Costa in "The Long Knife," and Phil Woods in the Basieish "Coffee, Coffee."
Jimmy Rushing: "Five Feet of Soul." Rushing, vocal, with big band; Al Cohn, arranger and conductor. Colpix CP 446, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	During his career with Count Basie and Bennie Moten, Rushing did more than sing the blues. As band vocalist, he sang pop songs of the day, and he has picked some good ones from the past for this set, including the old Lunceford hit, "I'm Walking Through Heaven." However sentimental the lyrics, his swinging delivery remains cheerful, never mawkish, and on blues like "Did You Ever?" he is still in a class by himself. The accompaniments, variously driving and buoyant, are played with enthusiasm, and Joe Newman (trumpet) and Patti Bown (piano) take the individual instrumental honors. The one criticism that might be made of Al Cohn's excellent arrangements is that they allow insufficient solo space for the fine musicians in the band's ranks. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Cornelia and the Loves of Charles

By JOHN CIARDI

THE ART of the dramatic monologue demands high gifts in an uncommon combination. The actor-monologuist is one who can project passages and scenes written by others, with perhaps his own adaptations. In presenting that material, he must master a special sort of illusion. In most monologues the presence of others and the words spoken by them must be registered by the single mirroring voice of the monologuist. In others, the monologuist must be able to shift his voice from role to role and yet manage, with a minimum of props, to establish and to build his illusion. When, moreover, he is recording rather than performing to an audience that can see him, the actor-monologuist must forego costumes, scenery, props, and even his own gestures. The voice must carry it all. To carry it off is a test of talent.

The true monologuist, however, is not only a performing but an originating talent. The late Ruth Draper, for example, would have left us some short stories to rank with the best had she been able to capture on paper the lives she evoked with her astonishing voice. In much the same way, Miss Skinner could make an excellent biography of Charles II from the material she dramatizes in the Spoken Arts release of *The Loves of Charles II*, written and performed by Cornelia Otis Skinner (SA 813. Two sides. $5.95).

For *The Loves* is more than a series of dramatic sketches. It is a coherent and mounting revelation of the character of Charles, the Merry Monarch (but with the saddest eyes in England). We see Charles as reflected by six of the women who either loved him or who worked at loving him for pay.

Scene I presents his mother, Henrietta Maria, in 1649. She is in Paris, in exile, and has just received word that Cromwell has beheaded Charles I. Distraught yet patrician, Henrietta is queen and fugitive, a woman just widowed by violence, and a mother unable to learn the whereabouts of her endangered son. Miss Skinner's balance of grief, reticence, and anxiety is an act of artistic maturity. (And let me add that she has, throughout these monologues, something like perfect pitch in touching her voices with the right shade of foreign or class accent.)

Then word comes that Charles is in Paris, that he is on hand and waiting to see her. The news calls forth a flutter of exclamations, questions, impatient commands that he be brought in, laments that she has not been told sooner —and the whole flutter is cut off by one of those changes of pace for which Miss Skinner has so sure of feeling. "Charles! . . ." says the queen, breaking off the crescendo of her outpouring and changing the register of her voice. That one word. But thrilling because so charged by all we have been brought to feel of the queen's emotions.

And enter Charles, making jokes. Even at such moments he can joke. The exiled kinglet, but the Merry Monarch to be.

The other side of his sad-eyed merriness was his collector's passion for women. "Your father's wars," Nell Gwynn tells him in Scene 5, "cost less than your women."

The price of Charles's women is one of the tragic themes of the play. Scene 2 takes place in 1660 in Holland. Charles has been an exiled pauper for eleven years. The speaker is a Dutch trollop who has shown him some kindness in his poverty. Now Charles has been called back to England and visits her a last time, dressed in royal splendor. The trollop immediately works him for a small fortune in parting gifts, sending him off with the prophetic toast: "I give you the king—and he'll give you the moon if you ask for it." It is a fast-moving scene and Miss Skinner captures the throaty sexiness and avarice of the trollop with just the right touch of abandon, shrewdness, and coarseness.

The next two scenes occur ten years later. Charles is no longer an exiled pauper. He is now "that known enemy of chastity, the King of England." Which is to say that his whores are now nobler; or at least that they cost more. Lady Castelmain, the insatiable and peevish virago, demands and gets nothing less than a duchy. And even she is outdone by Louise de Queroalle, who gets not only a duchy out of her coy pretense to surrendered innocence but first manages, as an emissary of the French King, to persuade Charles to sign a shameful secret treaty.

Scene 5 (about eight years later) presents Nell Gwynn in an almost pastoral domestic scene with Charles, a sweet relief from the intrigues of the noble whores. For Nell asks nothing of Charles. She chides him lovingly, trying to rally his spirits, for she sees the sad dog's in his eyes. Miss Skinner gets a grand effect from Nell's laughingly told tale of her escape from a mob that stoned her when she was out riding in the royal coach. They had taken her to be Louise, the French (and Catholic) schemer for whom the king had betrayed them, but Nell popped her head out the window and cried, "Pray, good people, be civil—this is the *Protestant* whore!"

Cornelia Otis Skinner — "an act of artistic maturity."

And Charles, sad, manless soul that he is, with no thought for his people, finds the anecdote delicious. Yet tragic as is the undertone of the scene, Miss Skinner conveys Nell with an easy warmth and a coarse honesty that somehow makes us love her.

And so to the deathbed scene seven years later, and to the faithful but ever damp-eyed Catherine of Braganza, who comes to weep her farewell and finds her husband joking. "I admire how you can jest," she sighs. Poor Catherine, she had little enough to jest about. She had loved him, but she was barren. England was full of his bastards but she had given him no heir. Yet he had been kind to her. Charles was kind to all his stable. Poor Charles, she mourns, of all his women only two had loved him—"A Drury Lane whore and a daughter of the house of Braganza." And exit the tearful queen apologizing to the waiting king-to-be: "Forgive me, James. I did not know I had stayed so long." Miss Skinner renders her poignantly, bringing the whole action to rest in Catherine's sad sense of how much of a life had been squandered between the quips and sad eyes of the Merry Monarch.

But Miss Skinner renders them all movingly, and in just about the way a gull flies—because it was born to the air. She is the Grand One.

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Bach, Major and Minor

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

EVER since I first read about it in Tovey's essay on "The Classical Concerto," I have longed to hear the choral transcription Bach made of his own first Brandenburg Concerto's third movement. Coming to know this bit of inspired wizardry in score merely intensified my eagerness, but now the years of waiting are wiped away by Cantate's issue (651211, $6.95) of Cantata 207a. The libretto is fatuous flattery of the Saxon and Polish Elector and King, Friedrich August II, and some of the poetry sounds ugly to the very verge of Wagnerism, but the music is magnificent. In the "Brandenburg" movement, the solo violin has become a glory of four-part choral polyphony, the horn parts are ignited into the brilliance of high trumpets, and the result is altogether stunning.

The reverse of the record provides another occasional piece, Cantata 214, for the birthday of Friedrich August's queen. Both its choruses and two of its three arias are the originals of pieces more familiar from the Christmas Oratorio, into which Bach transcribed them a year later. Soloists and the orchestra and chorus of the Barmen-Gemarke Kantorei are conducted by Helmut Kahlhöfer, who makes everything sound suitably festive and splendid.

Cantate puts us further in their debt for what are easily the best records yet made of Bach's six choral motets (641203 and 641206, $5.95 each). The motets are masterworks every one, though easily muddied and befogged by the kind of singing they usually get. Not here, however, where the lines move with grace and are set against one another with transparency, and where the textures are nicely clarified by supporting instruments. Four of the motets are done by the Westfälische Kantorei under Wilhelm Ehmann, and very well, too, but it is the singing and playing of *Der Geist hilft unser Schwachheit auf* and *Fürchte dich nicht,* by the Barmen-Germarke Kantorei under Helmut Kahlhöfer, that gives special pleasure. Unfortunately, there seem to be no stereo versions available of these beautiful performances of works that in part are actually composed stereophonically. Incidentally, Cantate records are excellently produced, with fine sound, complete texts, and first-rate notes, all in German, French, and English.

For the glories of the composition itself, I welcome the new record (Epic BC 1251, $5.98) of Cantata 76, *Die Himmel erzählen die Ehre Gottes.* The work is one of Bach's richest, but not really enough comes across in this reading by some wobbly soloists, the Heinrich Schütz Chorale of Heilbronn, and the Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra. Fritz Werner directs, and it is not his first opportunity on discs to demonstrate that he is not a lively conductor, nor even exact.

Pierre Fournier has begun to record the solo cello suites, and the record (Archive 73186, $6.98) with the first two works, G major and D minor respectively, gets the project off to the best of starts. Fournier knows all about the music and all about the cello, and I particularly delight in his playing as though he had never heard of Casals. Like Landowska, that great man is not to be imitated, but most players can hardly resist the temptation. Fournier restores elegance and even intelligibility to Bach's dance rhythms, and it is in every way a pleasure to encounter this music shorn of the vehemence that has become a traditional part of its interpretation.

Karl Richter, who conducts the Munich Bach Orchestra in the first and fourth Orchestral Suites (Archive 73 181), might well take some lessons from Fournier in how to play dance music. Richter has no eccentricities and he is not subject to bouts of misplaced scholarship, but then he offers little music either. Which is to say that, especially with such familiar works, I am no longer prepared to accept a merely orderly assembly of correct pitches as a musical experience.

Arrangers of the Art of Fugue must look elsewhere for sympathy, not because I am against arrangements on principle (no sensible musician could be), but because the arrangers are always telling us that were it not for them the work could not exist in sound. Nonsense: it is Bach's last keyboard masterpiece, and that is that. There is no reason why it shouldn't be "arranged" if someone wants to do it, as Mozart, for example, arranged some fugues from the "48" for strings, but when we are offered a spiel that includes musicological wool-gathering along the lines of "As it has come down to us it was an abstract creation," then musicianship, historical knowledge, and plain common sense rebel. The quotation is from the annotations by Samuel Baron that accompany his recording of his edition of the Art of Fugue, transcribed for string quartet plus wind quintet (Concert-Disc CS-230, $5.98). For many reasons I do not find the transcription very satisfying, and I am sorry to say I have reservations about the playing as well. The New York Woodwind Quintet plays with almost pussyfooting refinement, while the Fine Arts Quartet's naturally rather nineteenth-century manner is curbed by a numbing quest for purity. The result is quite a bore.

Westminster offers a complete edition of the concerti for harpsichords, from one to four in number (WST 17016/9, $5.98 each). The collection is crowned by the great and familiar Concerto in D minor, and there are some other impressive things here and there. Mostly, however, there are routine if not downright inadequate arrangements of concerti for other instruments, and at least one piece, the D minor for three harpsichords, is incredibly poor stuff. The sound of the Pleyel harpsichords reminds me pleasantly of the clink of ice cubes against glass, and the playing of the harpsichordists, with Robert Veyron-Lacroix as top dog, is well matched to the neutral and rather nonmusical nature of the jingly machines over which they preside.

The Why of the Weather

By Robert Graves

SINCE no one knows the why of the weather
or can authoritatively forecast
More than at most twelve hours of day or night,
Every poor fool is licensed to explain it
As Heaven's considered judgment on mankind,
And I to account for its vagaries, Myrto,
By inklings of your unaccountable mind.

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Thelonious Monk

Continued from page 33

and quite humorous), through sustained splashes of sound which spread out in rings from a center (and not so incidentally echo his earlier accompaniment to Rouse on the piece), and ending in quick spurts of sound that abruptly disappear beneath the surface, leaving no trace.

"Just a Gigolo" condenses an array and range of sound into a quite brief solo performance by Monk, and again reveals, through Monk's left hand, that he belongs with the earlier Harlem "stride" players. Then, when his bass figures get a bit melodramatic, Monk kids them beautifully with a rattling tremolo in his right hand. "Sweet and Lovely," another of the totally unexpected "standards" in Monk's repertory, is perhaps better than his first version. He develops it to the point where his left hand boldly sings out an abstract of the melody line, while, above, his right hand offers glittering pianistic embellishments. On a solo version of "Body and Soul," Monk has the daring to simplify a "stride" bass to the point of apparent amateurishness, yet its effect is of a powerful, incantive, yet humorous series of sound clusters, as accompaniment to a shimmeringly original paraphrase of the theme.

"Body and Soul" is one of the two new pieces in the set, the other being Monk's "Bright Mississippi," by the quartet, composed in ultimately logical juts of sound over a standard outline ("Sweet Georgia Brown"). With an accompaniment to Rouse more melodic and less percussive and chordal than this one, but with the kind of wonderfully alert solo that Monk does offer, "Bright Mississippi" might have become a kind of conservative successor to "Evidence."

Finally, a brief "Five Spot Blues," on which an archaic triplet figure is elaborated within a traditional framework. It is perhaps a measure of Monk's talent that he is willing to undertake something so totally unpretentious. And yet in his solos, he stretches out that little triplet motif, then abruptly condenses it into half the space it is supposed to occupy, embellishes it until it is almost lost, then rediscovers it and restores its unapologetic simplicity. Almost anyone with an ear for melody and rhythm could follow him exactly, I think, yet in its small way "Five Spot Blues" is also a measure of his sense of order, of his rhythmic virtuosity, his originality, and his greatness.

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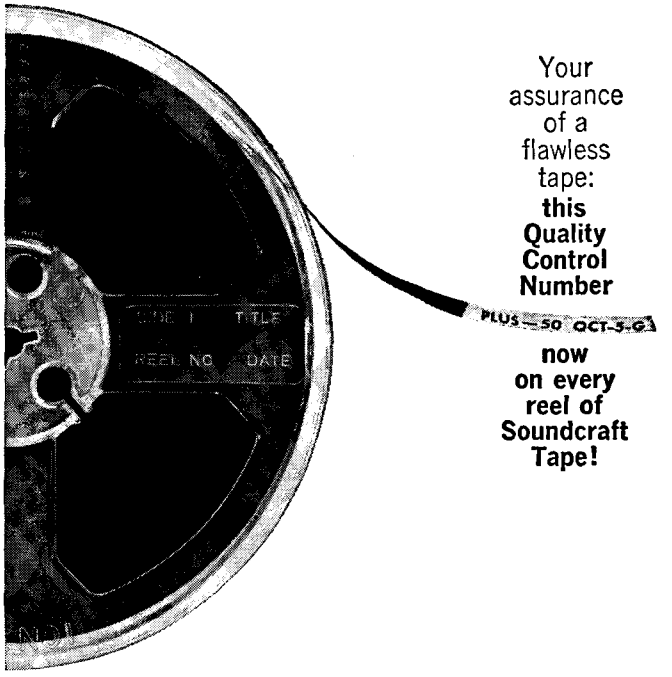

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booked for TRAVEL

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A Hotel Is Not a House

By HORACE SUTTON

IN summer, when Rome began to burn, the Roman princes went rattling off in their chariots to the Alban hills, to the cool of Frascati and Castelgandolfo. There they took their ease in their tidy little summer palaces set in enormous parks strewn with marble statuary. Up at Newport and at Long Branch, when the hoi polloi began to crowd the hotels that were once the exclusive purlieu of the few, the wealthy devotees stalked out and built their own villas. In the nation's Northeast, when summer comes, city matrons bundle the children and lease houses left by the commuters of Scarsdale and White Plains. These suburbanites, meanwhile, have removed themselves to the Cape, often to occupy houses whose occupants have fled northward to Maine. I have long had a feeling that the progression comes full circle somewhere beyond Labrador, where an Eskimo, having leased his igloo, hotfoots it for a month in Florida.

Despite the seemingly obvious advantages of checking into a hotel and chucking the chores of housekeeping, summer houses, or villas as they are more elegantly termed, especially abroad, are definitely in. Mrs. Kennedy both rents and borrows. Princess Grace, with nothing but a steaming palace on the Riviera to call her own, leases in Switzerland. But Riviera villas are at a premium that sends their summer rentals as high as $3,000 a month with staff.

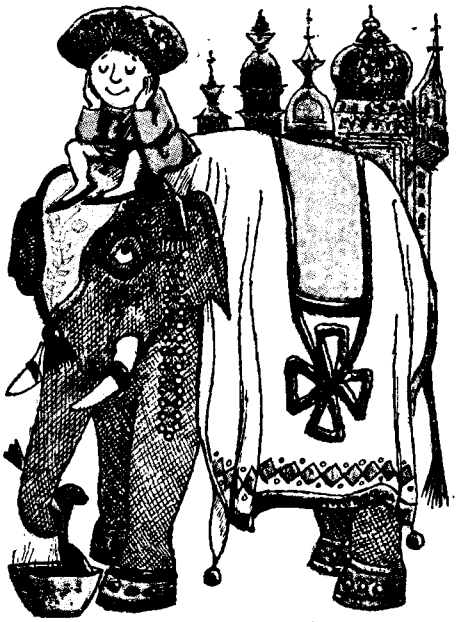
While villa renters once had to fall back on friends or on general-purpose real estate agents unfamiliar with foreign requisites, there are now a number of specialists in the field, among them the England-based Rent-a-Villa, and an American operation called At Home Abroad, Inc. Begun three years ago after its originators' unsuccessful search for a European villa, At Home Abroad lists 500 villas, bungalows, and apartments in France, Italy, and Spain. Mrs. Lee Naiman, one of its originators, sees that her listings include such vital additional information as the availability of a pediatrician, the purity of the water, the quality of the milk, and the answer to the mother's first question: Is the property safe for children? Although it once insisted on personal interviews with clients, business got so good that At Home Abroad now handles most of its transactions by mail, including such additional trivia as overseas transportation, car rentals, and hiring domestic help.

In the first flush of excitement, some house renters en route to a month or more in foreign climes fail to think that their own digs lie fallow while they are paying a double rent, a fiscal circumstance that has long been clear to the Scarsdale residents who migrate north with each July, as well as Hawaiians making their biannual excursion to the mainland. Out of a public need that seemed to occur to everyone at once, there have appeared at least half a dozen

(*Continued on page* 54)

APRIL

In April
I will go away
to far off Spain
or old Bombay
and dream about
hot soup all day.
Oh my oh once
oh my oh twice
oh my oh
chicken soup
with rice.



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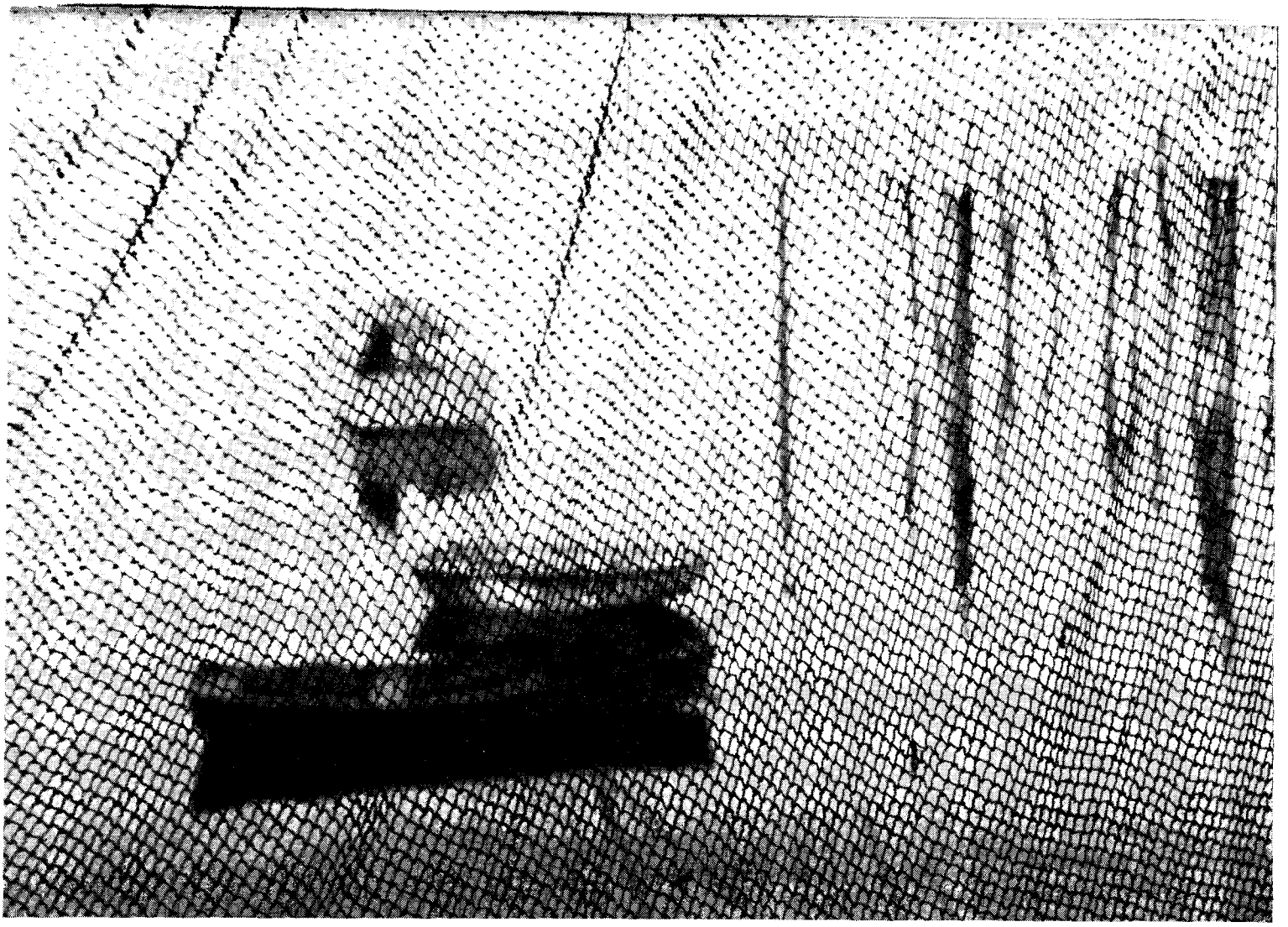

—*Erich Hartmann (Magnum).*

crickets and katydids, long ago

By MARY WALLACE

THEY were summers of the senses. Softened, muted, gentle senses that gave beauty to the eye, music to the ear, and the silken feel of sand and water to the touch. They were pockets of memory, sealed and complete in themselves, creating a lasting impression in the mind and heart of a child.

In the summers between the two great wars, Annisquam, Massachusetts, sat by its quiet cove untouched by the outside world, and when we crossed the wooden bridge every June, it was as though a door shut behind us, and we were trapped once more in the quiet magic of the place.

Annisquam lies approximately forty miles north of Boston, and four miles north along Cape Ann from the city of Gloucester. It is a small finger of land, cut on one side by Ipswich Bay and the Atlantic Ocean beyond, and on the other by a little inlet called Goose Cove. The only thing that connects Annisquam to the Gloucester road is a wooden bridge across the cove. (Or, if you must, you can wind around past the cemetery to the white-steepled church at the head of the cove, and exit there.)

When we spent our summers in the big Victorian house, the bridge was still a genuine drawbridge which was raised to let sailboats through. Where they went, I'll never know, because the cove ended scarcely a quarter of a mile beyond, but it was fun for

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children sitting on the grassy wharf to watch the bridge go up, and the boats sail through with a regal air.

Long before certain vacationers discovered the blue waters and white sands of Annisquam, it was a sleepy little village composed of three streets (that wound around and all ran into each other again), and some lovely old houses set under lovely big shade trees. Grandfather was born and brought up there, married there, and brought up our mother in the big gray house facing the cove. Mother attended the little one-room schoolhouse, and the seat carved out of the stone still sits under the tree where she sat and wept her child's heart out one day on coming home from school and finding that her mother was not there. Grandfather's house was not in the classic New England style, as most of the other homes in Annisquam were. It was strictly Victorian, and undoubtedly a show place of its time. Vivid in my recollection are the big, square, high-ceilinged rooms, the heavy walnut furniture, and the red Turkey carpets. To the right of the front door, which was never used, was the formal parlor, which was also never used. The door was kept shut, and when one opened it, the musty odor of horsehair and tightly closed windows assailed the nostrils. The fireplace was a show piece of marble, the furniture set in a rigid pattern about the room which was never altered an inch. The chairs and sofa were black horsehair; the marble-topped table was set with a fringed cover and certain unchanging pieces of bric-a-brac.

To my knowledge, Mother never allowed "the boys" in the parlor. Once or twice in the course of the summer, I was given permission to invite one friend to bring her doll and have a formal tea party there. Needless to say, it was a subdued affair; we were overcome with the magnificence of the room.

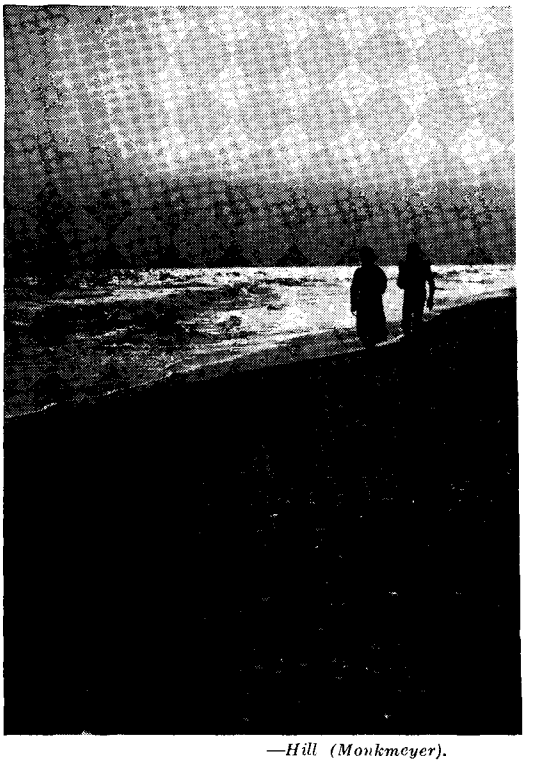
The rest of the house was big and rambling, with a wide front staircase, and a much more interesting back staircase that twisted. The huge stove in the kitchen was a wood-burning one. Once a week, on Saturday nights, Mother heated water in a kettle, and the three of us took turns standing up naked in a round tin tub while she bathed us.

The pattern of the days made up a certain rhythm in our hurried life. To an adult, no doubt, the days would have flown by. To us, each day was long in time, but sweet in sameness. When the weather was good, the days were identical. In the early mornings, we played in the yard. The front yard faced on the cove, and we were allowed to cross the little street to the stone wharf built out into the water. There were always boats moored in the cove—some sailboats, some motorboats, and some beautiful sleek yachts. The water traffic made good watching. The back yard was enclosed by a wooden fence, more than three times our height. There were unused outbuildings to explore, and a wonderful apple tree to climb. From the highest branches of the apple tree, we could reach the fence top and sit there, swinging our legs, watching the traffic of neighborhood cats up and down the grassy alley. We were also allowed to walk down the street in front of the house (River Road) as far as the Annisquam Fish Market. This was a fabulous world where the possession of a penny could force a child to spend at least fifteen minutes choosing from the succulent array of candy under the glass counter. The floor was strewn with sawdust, and it was nearly always pretty wet because of the fish. Other things besides candy and fish were sold at the fish market, but fish had a priority. It was brought in fresh all day long, and the counters were filled with pale-gray-and-white denizens of the deep whose glassy eyes seemed to look up reproachfully at a staring child. The man who stood at the chopping block, clad in his long white apron, was a master of his art. He could flip a whole fish onto the block, sever its belly from head to tail, reach in with his hand and scoop out the vitals all in one, fluid motion. A deft chop at head and tail, and in minutes the job was done, the fish was wrapped, and the grateful customer was on her way home.

When we tired of watching this, we could go out the back door, and walk carefully down the swaying gangplank to the big float below. Here the boats were unloaded, the fish still very much alive, flopping wildly about in the nets, and occasionally leaping out onto the float to be retrieved by an excited child, whose hands were then all scaly and smelly, but who felt like a hero nonetheless. There the lobsters were removed from the pots, and the wooden pegs put in their claws before they were thrown into the salt-water tanks.

By the time the boats were finished unloading, it would be time to go to the beach. We all had identical bathing suits: one piece, high-necked, short-sleeved, with horizontal stripes running around them. I had a rubber bathing cap with pink and green rubber flowers on it. I thought it was beautiful. We walked from the house to the beach with Mother. Coming out of the house, we walked up the hill to the post office square. The post office and town hall and library were all in one big wooden building. A large tree with a circular wooden seat built around its base was in the middle of the square. Hung from a branch was a creaking wooden sign which read: "Poft Office." Although Mother explained to us that it was the old-fashioned way of writing "s," I thought for years that the man who painted the sign didn't know how to spell.

Here we turned to the left, and walked along the narrow dirt sidewalk beside the white picket fences that enclosed the yards of all the houses. Across the street was the schoolhouse, and a bit farther on, where two of the roads came together in a V, was the house of our cousins, the Muzzeys. Dr. David Muzzey had a vacation from the history department at Columbia, and came to Annisquam every summer with his wife. Sometimes in the late afternoon we were taken to call on them. Dr. Muzzey's gentle wife Ina was so truly the embodiment of "a lady" that we never had to be admonished to behave while visiting there. One lift of her patrician eyebrow was enough to quiet even my brother Frederic.



—*Hill (Monkmeyer).*

Where did the big gray gulls go at night?

Next to the Muzzeys' was the big square house of the Universalist minister. Although I never actually saw them, I remember hearing Cousin Ina tell my mother that their boys were "wild," and I never passed that house again without a rapidly beating heart.

Just before the road intersected

(*Continued on page* 50)

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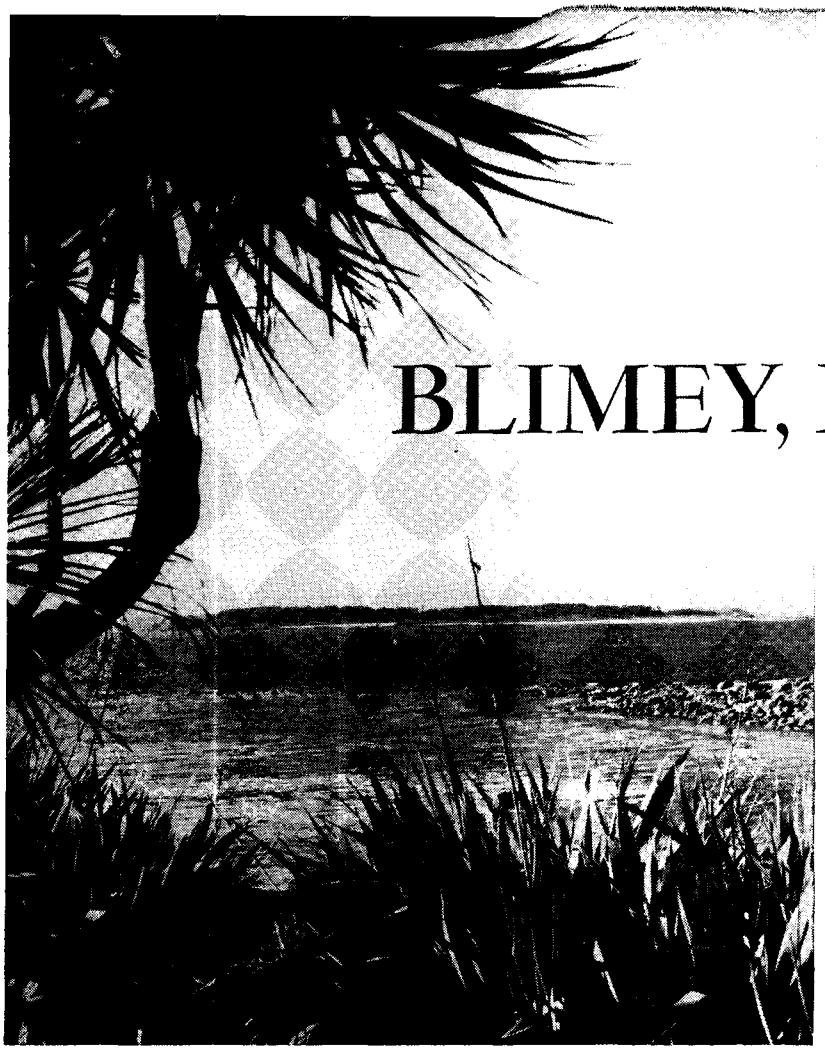

—*BTA.*

Britain's Scilly Isles—subtropical and Mediterranean.

BLIMEY, IT'S BALMY!

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

A CENTER for tin; a bushment of briars; a graveyard for ships. These have been some of the descriptions given to the Islands of the Blessed, the lost lands of Lyonesse, and the Fortunate Isles. They are names that bring together Roman and Anglo-Saxon history, Herodotus and Walter Besant, Tudor, Cornwall, and Christian legend. And sailing into Scilly the traveler can be reminded of them all.

Two hours out from the Lizard, there comes into sight a distant land mass that slowly separates into three sounds —Crow, Smith, and Saint Mary's; then, closer inshore, comes the problem of distinguishing Saint Mary's from Saint Martin's, Saint Agnes from Sampson Bryher from Tresco. Sailing into Scilly on a fine day can make every man feel a captain or a poet; but on stormy days the poetry is best found on Shipman Head looking out across Hell Bay, or in the shanties sung at the Mermaid. Here, on rough nights, Spanish crews drink Guinness, their crabbers having sought the protection of Saint Mary's harbor. The tavern walls are hung with prints and pictures of wrecks: the *Schiller,* lost with over 300 aboard on the Retarriers ledges, and the *Lady Diana,* found capsized off Tobacco-man's Point with a tame canary still singing. Both occurred within living memory.

The wealth that the early Scillonians acquired was the wealth of salvage—tobacco off Tobaccoman's Point, or Bohemian glass beads from the shores of Beady Pool on Saint Agnes. The stories of sixteenth-century captains lured to their doom by false lights set on the rocks of Scilly are completely imaginary, and the prayer of a local parson, John Troutbeck, at the end of the eighteenth century establishes the right balance between fancy and fact: "We pray thee Lord not that wrecks should happen, but that if wrecks should happen, thou wilt guide them into the Scilly Isles for the benefit of the people."

Nor were the wrecks that made the islands "Fortunate" by being graveyards the blessing that some Cornish historians have supposed. The quotation marks around "Fortunate" carry with them a certain irony, and the word bears no relation to an older title for Scilly—namely, "Islands of the Blessed."

There are no signs of derelict tin mines on Scilly, although there seems every likelihood that tin mined in Cornwall was once marketed there. This was because the ancient Britons wanted to keep the whereabouts of their mines secret. Over five centuries divide the two Greek authors Herodotus and Strabo, but both speak, in different terms, of Scilly as a place of barter for tin; and Severus Sulpicius, a Latin Christian writer who lived in Rome, refers to the islands in the singular as being Sylinancim, suggesting that they were one land mass, whereas Strabo in the first century A.D. says that there were ten islands "north of Artrabi (i.e., Finistère)." He continues: "Their people wore black garments to the ankles, and were girt about their breasts; they have staves in their hands, and lived by cattle." Between these two accounts, classical and Christian, comes the Saxon legend (echoed in Breton legend) of how Christ between the ages of twelve and thirty was brought to France and England by Joseph of Arimathea, the rich tin merchant of the Gospels. Like Glastonbury and Saint

(*Continued on page* 51)

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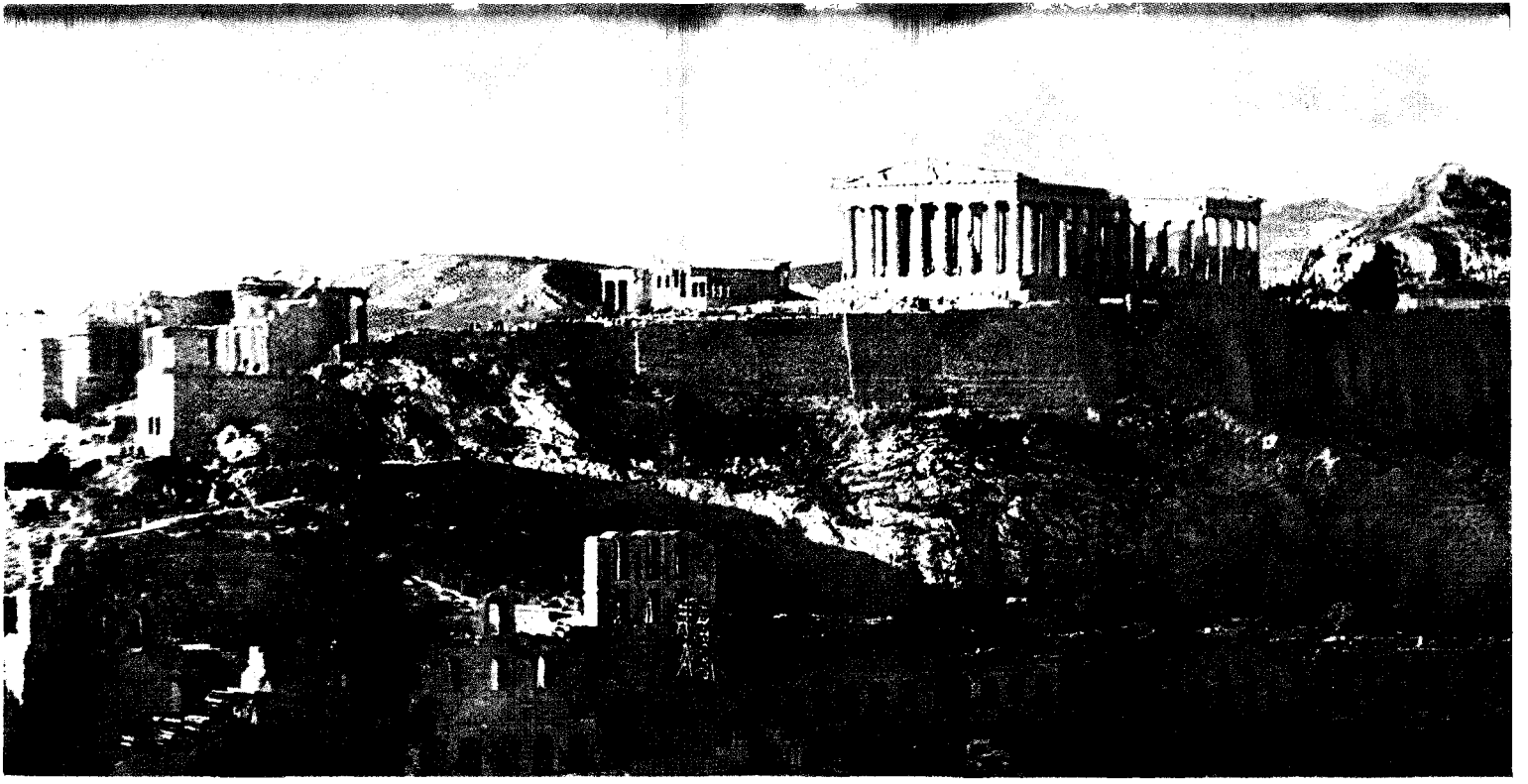

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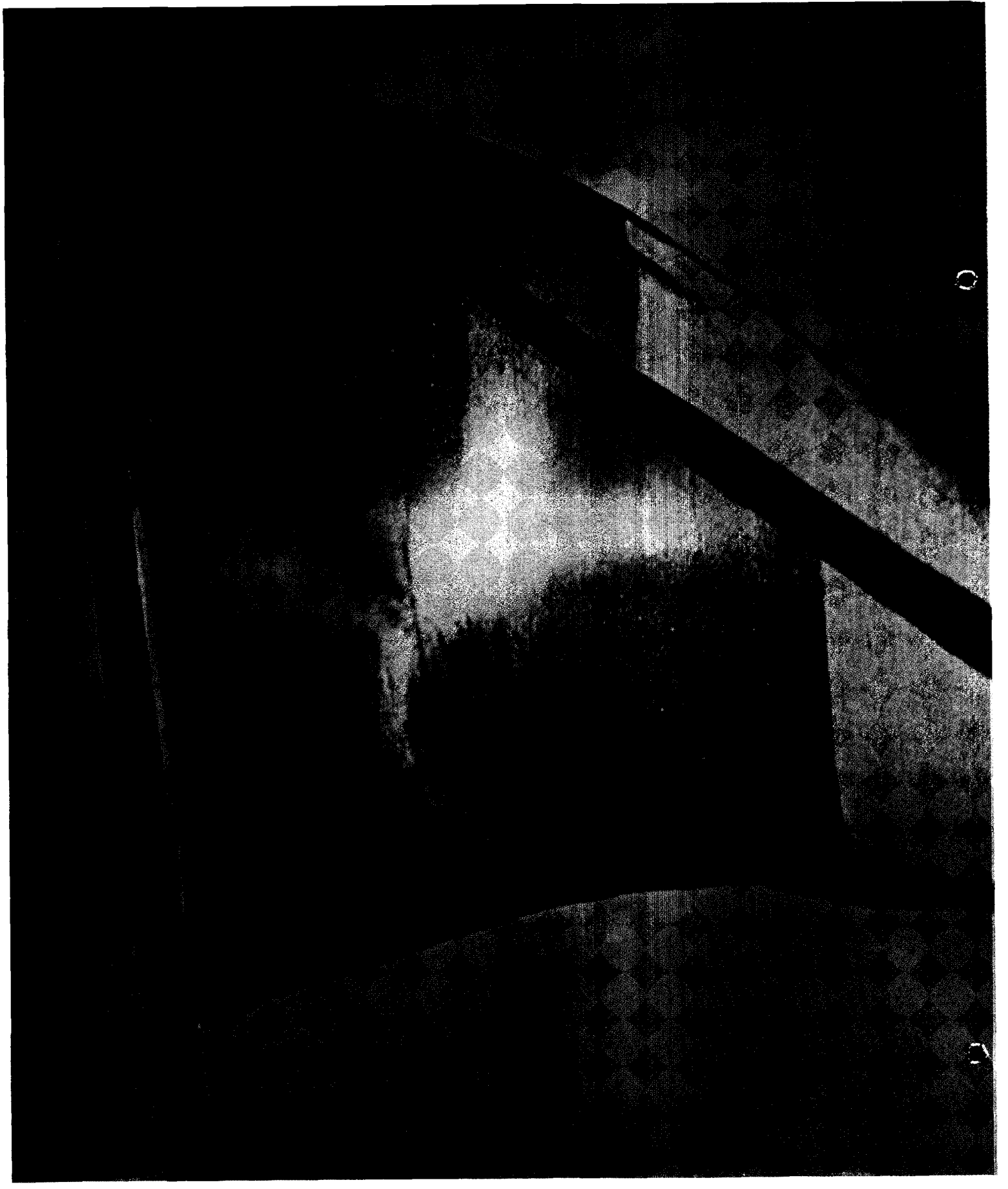

Welcome.

The Place de la Concorde is scrubbed and gleaming. The sommelier of a 4 star restaurant says it will be a great wine year. And the provinces report the geese look extra fat. For the first time since Louis left Versailles is dazzling in candlelight. And the Louvre has 26 new halls filled with dramatic antiques. We've turned a lot of picturesque castles into charming inns for you and opened a lot of new hotels. We've

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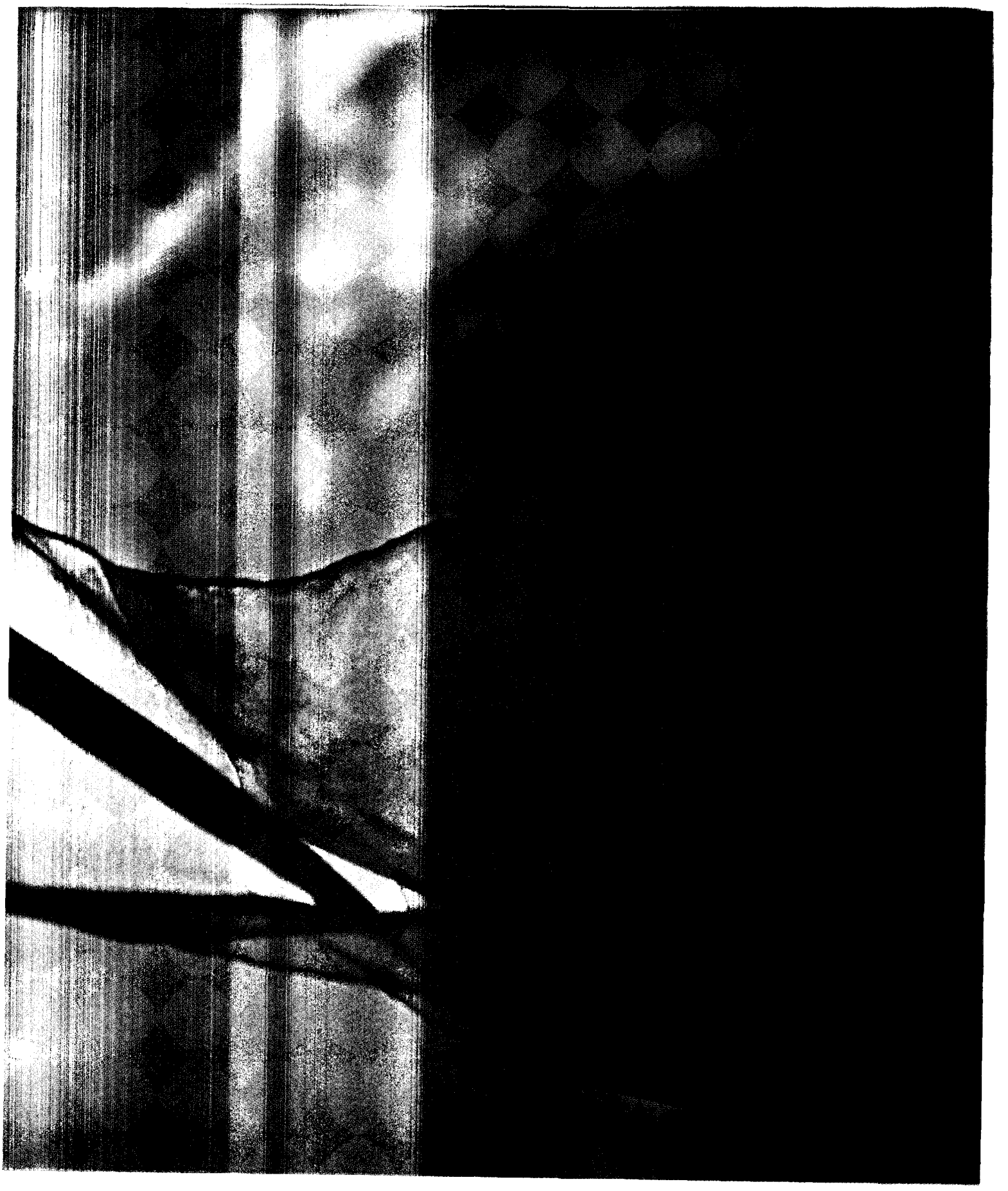

even planted flowers all the way from Paris to Nice so we'll be coming up roses. In other words, we hope you'll have a wonderful time. If there's anything we can do, any literature you need, just write Dept. SR-A, Box #221, New York 10. Or see your French Government Tourist Office in New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Miami, Montreal. Or see your own travel agent. We'll all help you in every way.

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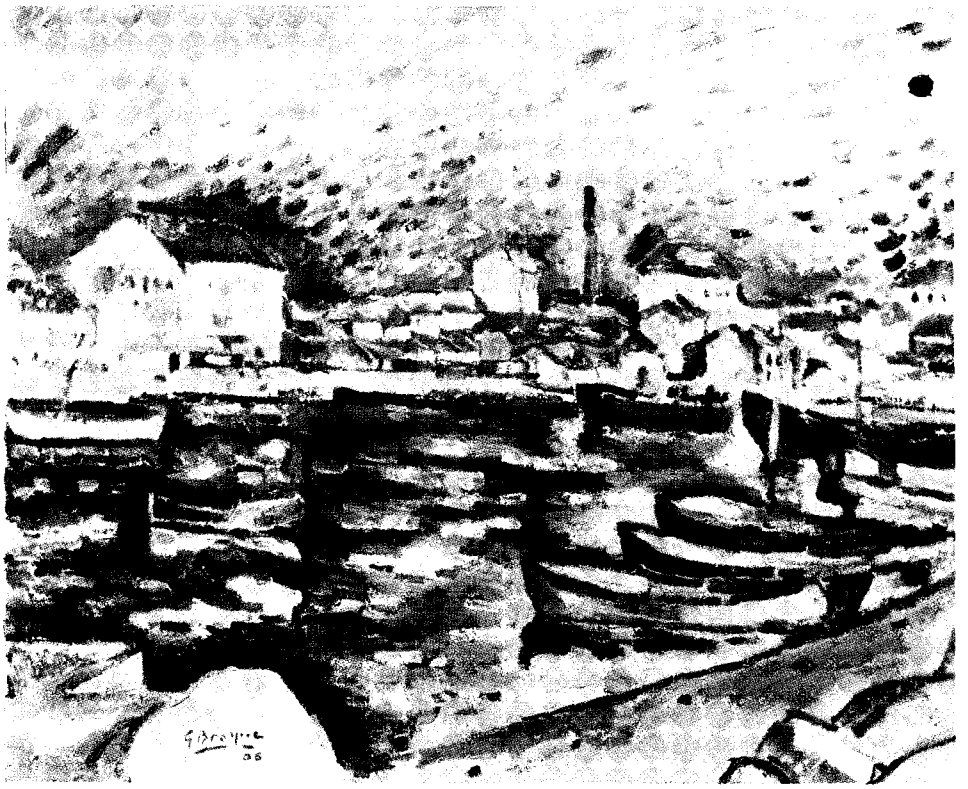
ART that inspires travel



"L'Estaque," by Georges Braque —*Galerie Maeght.*

THE names of certain artists have become synonymous with the places they immortalized. Small towns, remote islands, humble buildings which ordinarily we might by-pass are now familiar magnets only because Van Gogh, Gauguin, Utrillo, or Winslow Homer painted them. Visitors have frequently searched in Paris for those modest streets which Utrillo pictured with such probing insight that he has rightfully been called the visual biographer of that city. And how many of us have not traveled to the weather-beaten hospital at Saint-Rémy solely to examine the setting for some of Van Gogh's most touching canvases?

Specific places leave their stamp on entire movements no less than on individual artists. A century ago, the Hudson River gave its name to a school of romantic American painting that currently is coming back to favor. Nostalgic canvases by Cole, Kensett, Durand, Inman, and Church move us to explore the towns, rivers, and valleys of New York State, a landscape still memorable for its "peace and plenty."

Less as groups than individually, a number of noted artists occasionally find themselves gravitating to the same spot. Take, for example, L'Estaque. Painted at different times by Renoir, Cézanne, and Matisse, this otherwise unimportant French village near Marseilles would hold little interest for us. Now we visit it to see how divergently these famous men interpreted a common experience. Just to compare Cézanne's emphasis on austere structure with Braque's flamboyant exuberance (see painting above) is to realize that variety does not always necessitate moving from place to place. Two sets of eyes can turn the same landscape into totally different scenes.

Nor need paintings be realistic to stimulate a wanderlust. Whistler, Monet, Derain, each in turn, made London come to life, though not always in familiar terms. Whistler's London is hazy, mystic, shrouded in fog; Monet's is luminous but illusory. Only the Fauves, and especially Derain, saw it throbbing with unexpected splashes of radiance, as seen in the reproduction of his *Big Ben* on the cover (which, like the Braque above, appears in *Les Fauves,* by Jean-Paul Crespell, a New York Graphic Society art book recently made available in this country).

Three cities, above all others, have been celebrated by artists—Paris, New York, and Venice. Each offers the painter a unique challenge, Venice with its lacy architecture reflected in moving water, Paris with its mellow perspectives touched by tender light, and New York, a magnificent composite of soaring verticals. To think of Venice is to wonder whether we see it as it is, or as Canaletto and Guardi commemorated it. As for New York, a procession of men has honored this city—Stella, Marin, Feininger, Sloan, Tobey, Davis, Gatch, and Hopper. For the painter, portraits of places can be no less haunting than portraits of people.

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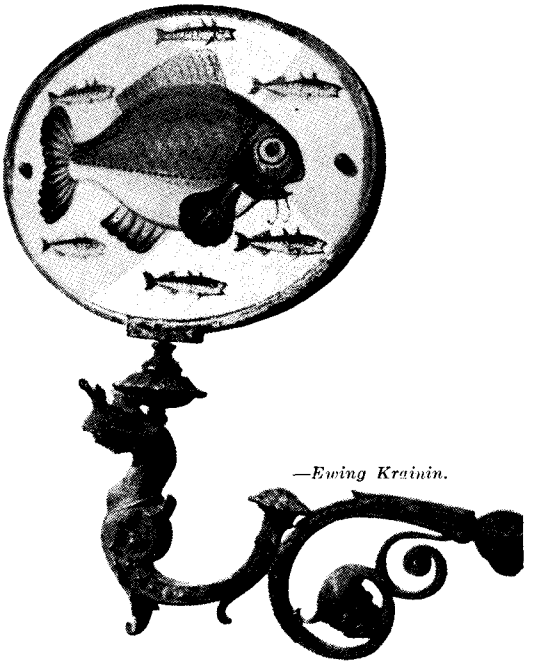

—*Ewing Krainin.*

CALORIC COPENHAGEN

By MARC CONNELLY

WHEN I first visited Denmark I was surprised to learn that one-quarter of its 4,000,000 inhabitants lived in Copenhagen. Within a few days the reason was obvious. Copenhagen has more good restaurants per capita than any city in the world. And the last instance of Danish indifference to food occurred in the eighth century, when, in Scotland, a deranged Viking was stoned to death by his starving companions for suggesting that haggis was fit for human consumption.

Throughout history the Danes have lived high on the hog. Every now and then the well-preserved body of an early native is found in a Danish moor. One, the Tollund Man, dug up in 1950 in central Jutland, had undergone little change during his 2,000 years under three yards of peat. You can see him in the city museum at Silkeborg and, considering his age, he looks fine. He was alive when he acquired his wrinkles and crow's feet; even his eyelashes are still visible. A laboratory report on his interior says he was a vegetarian. The tightness of the leather thong about his neck indicates he died by strangulation, possibly because his associates disapproved of anyone who passed up Danish meat dishes. Even so, he must have found his own favorite diet satisfying. His rounded cheeks and faint but blissful smile imply that he passed away serenely after a good dinner.

There is a general misconception that all ancient Scandinavians were driven home by conqueror's itch. Swedish and Norwegian seafarers may have been hell-bent on plunder but Danish aspirations were centered on things other than land and loot. I don't mean that the Danes backed down before troublesome xenophobes. When the cry went up among Picts and Angles, "Stash your wives, daughters, and artifacts! Here come more scourges!" and the Danes were greeted with pikes and battle axes, they fought back with all the vigor of their well-fed bodies. When the fight was over the Danes naturally instituted measures precluding further roughness. But had they known what limited hospitality was available in most ports of call, they would have planned their itineraries more carefully. What Thor-fearing Dane would have risked his neck to visit, say, the primitive English, knowing he would be doomed to consume wedges of pressed cabbage, suet puddings, and rhubarb trifles?

At home the Danes had everything bon vivants needed to make life pleasant. Nowhere could they get tastier fish and shellfood than from Danish fiords, bays, channels, lakes, and streams. The grain abundant in their fields contributed to their ample supply of tender meat and superior dairy products. Homeland orchards and gardens teemed with fruits and vegetables delightful to the eye and taste buds. The word famine was not in the Danes' vocabulary. Therefore one must conclude that the most innocent motives spurred them to poke their noses into the far corners of the earth. They were looking for recipes.

They have never stopped looking. Which is why today's visitors to Denmark are offered importations from every land. Skilled Danish cooks can whip you up anything from ackee to zabaglione, but you'll get them more quickly in Copenhagen's foreign restaurants. As you might expect, French dishes are the most popular items and are served almost everywhere.

But don't think the Danes are short on native goodies. Even while their early ancestors were beginning their studies of kitchencraft abroad, the folks at home enjoyed many indigenous dishes. If you want to know how good they were, some summer night during the annual Viking festival there drive up to Frederikssund, a half-hour's ride from Copenhagen. After the performance of a play based on ancient runes in a reconstructed Viking village, *lur* horns summon you to a Viking feast in authentic surroundings. Tankards of palatable beer brewed from a 1,000-year-old formula arrive with boiled beef garnished with shavings of raw horseradish and young potatoes and served in wooden bowls. The beef is so tender one can only conclude that that Tollund vegetarian was undoubtedly off his rocker.

If you'd like to experiment for a day on modern Danish dishes with local color all around you, have breakfast at one of the sidewalk tables of the Frascati on City Hall Square. Between you and the flower sellers on the plaza across the street, half the population flows to work on bicycles. Don't assume that the breakfaster at the next table is a lush because he's beginning with an aquavit and beer. Hardy Scandinavians have been meeting the day thus since Canute. Unless you specify the American sequence you may be served your eggs before your orange juice. The eleven kinds of Danish cheese often make natives eat a few slices at breakfast. You can sample them by ordering a native cheese omelette cooked *baveuse* and delicious. You may want some Danish pastry but

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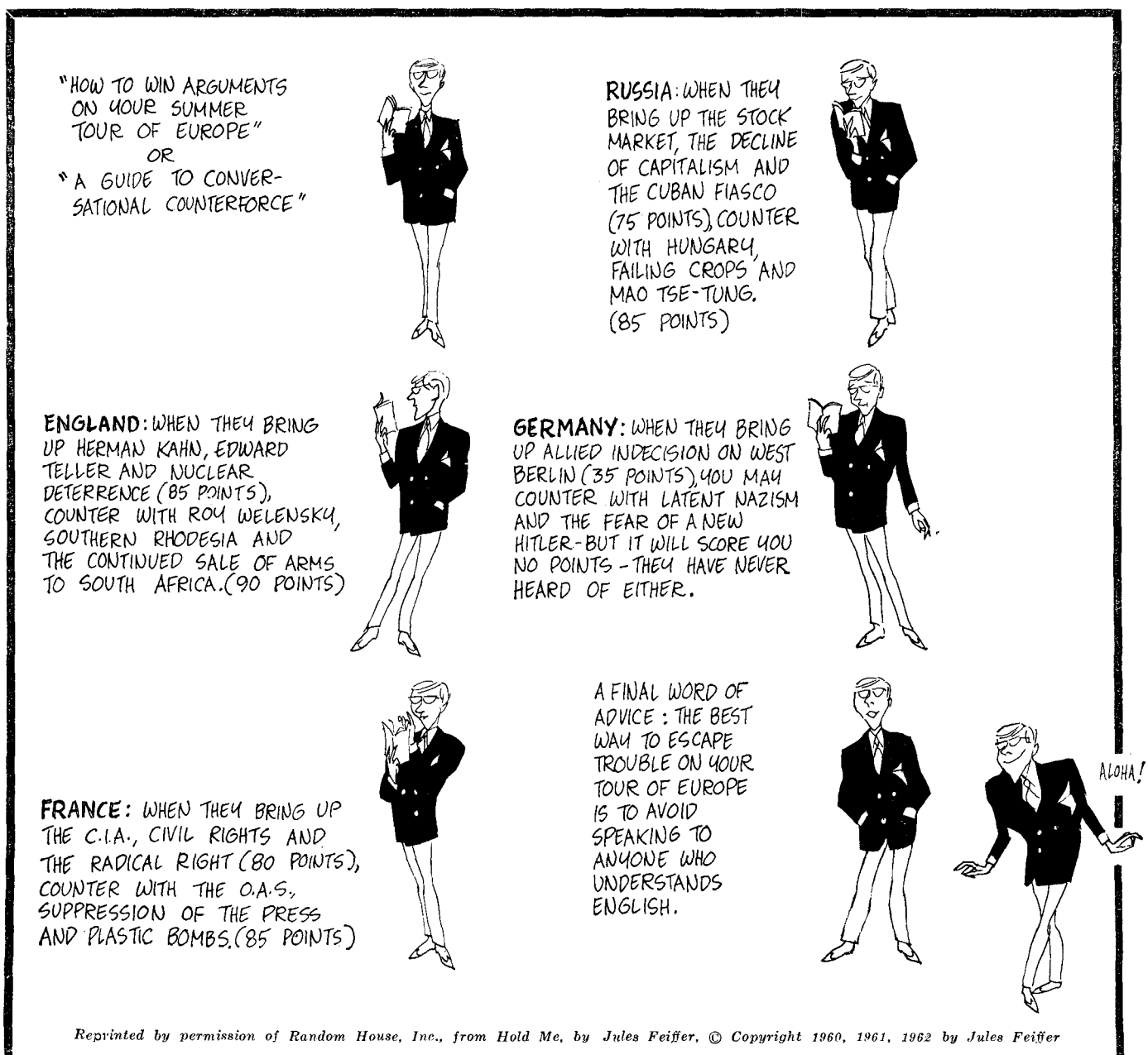
you won't get it unless you ask for *wienerbrot*. While there is nothing Viennese about it except the name, its makers politely acknowledge the possible source of their inspiration.

Denmark's most celebrated invention for the table is the open-faced sandwich. The English Earl of Sandwich immortalized himself when he put a slice of roast beef between two pieces of bread so that he could have one hand free while playing cards. A hundred years ago the second floor of the present Oskar Davidsen restaurant was a billiard hall. Unhappily, historians failed to note the name of the player who asked Mrs. Davidsen to save him time by not putting a roof on the earl's creation. If you go there today for lunch, you will be handed a four-foot menu listing the variations Mrs. Davidsen's descendants have played on the original theme. Fish, shrimp, lobsters, and crawfish are the foundation for 46. Fresh meats and poultry provide an equal number, while salt and smoked meats, eggs, salads, and cheese bring the individualized list up to 177, but as each can be had on a choice of four kinds of bread, your waiter-statistician will point out that if you came daily for two years less twenty-two days you needn't have the same sandwich twice. Visiting Americans have liked them so much that those being imported here frozen are booming Denmark's export trade.

Over the years the kitchens of Copenhagen's finest restaurants have had their own Escoffiers. The flower of Danish cuisine blooms at dinnertime. Many restaurants specialize in apple soup, which has the thickness of borscht but a tartly pleasant taste accented by white wine. If you're dining splendidly in the Belle Terasse, Nimb's, Divan II, Coq d'Or, the Seven Nations, or any of the other deluxe places, you'll find the personal touches of their chefs in their preparation of grilled trout with cucumber and dill butter. Next you might try a Danish pork loin, served under a sauce of red currant jelly, mustard, and onions, which will make you ask for the recipe. Danish salads have the common properties of salads elsewhere, but their decorative arrangements heighten their appeal. Danish dessert pancakes have beer in them, just enough to give the fruit rolled within an added savor. If you order more elaborate desserts in the form of cakes or ices, don't be surprised if they're served with fireworks. In the big restaurants sparklers often come in with the last course.

There's one dinner dish so good that its approximation is served in

(*Continued on page 57*)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ALOHA!

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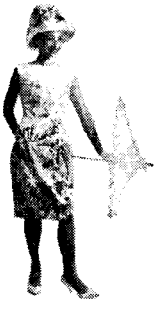

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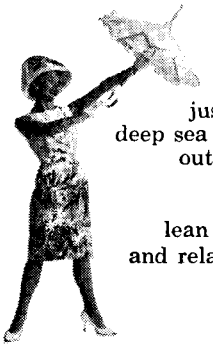

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Crickets and Katydids

Continued from page 41

again, and started to climb the hill toward the beach, was a tall, narrow white building which housed two maiden ladies. These were genteel, New England ladies who took in laundry for certain selected customers. The boys carried the laundry bundle, and we were always invited in to the tiny, immaculate parlor to say good morning. From all our personal contacts in Annisquam, I can remember nothing but gentleness and breeding. I cannot remember a voice raised in anger; or being chased out of a neighbor's yard; or feeling unwelcome anywhere we went, even though we were young children and—I'm sure—very noisy at times.

By the time we started up the shady hill it was full morning, the sun almost at its height, the front windows of all the houses shaded with drawn blinds. Crickets and katydids sang hot songs into the murmurous quiet, and we thought longingly of the cool ocean which was now just a block away. A large house was built into the side of the hill so that the basement-story windows, where the kitchen was located, were level with the sidewalk. This kitchen was staffed with genial, friendly servants whose faces we could never really see through the dim screens. But they were ready for us every morning and, opening the screens, would pass out to us samples of the baking that had been done that morning. Shadowy faces, murmuring voices, generous, outstretched hands with bits of ambrosia to delight a child!

A ninety-degree turn to the right, and up another hill, past the Brynmere—a perfect Charles Addams architectural dream. A rambling wooden structure surrounded by screened porches, ornamented with gorgeous wooden curlicues, set down on ample green lawns that rolled gently down to the water's edge. O those favored, pampered people who could afford to spend the summer at the sumptuous Brynmere! They were rich, fortunate creatures who came from another world—New York City, Boston, and Montreal—to be lapped in luxury for the long, dreaming summer. We walked past the front piazza glancing furtively at the gilded ones who rocked placidly, waiting for the noon dinner bell. (Mother admonished us not to stare.)

A few more steps and the road ended abruptly in a little circle and, from there, cracked concrete steps led down to the beach. In the middle of the little grass circle grew a wild rose bush, and I can still smell those pale pink roses as they nodded on their stalks in the hot sun. I can feel the concrete under my bare feet (we were allowed to take our shoes off now) and then the first heavenly plunge into the deep sand—so hot on the surface, so cool and delightfully moist underneath.

For the next hour or two we dug in the sand, and played in the water while Mother leaned against a rock, holding a parasol over her head. We had sand pails alike, painted red and green with matching green shovels, and because John's birthday was early in August he usually had something extra: a blue wooden sailboat with a real cloth sail, or a set of painted celluloid fish. When the tide was high, there were clear little pools of water in the rocks, and baby crabs scampered under the seaweed. They were so small that their claws couldn't hurt, and we collected several in our sandpails to become the unwilling inhabitants of the magnificent sand castles which we built.

When it was time to leave, we dressed in the steamy wooden bathhouse, plunged in the darkness after the dazzling sun and sand. We only had to walk halfway home then. Grandfather's summer gift to Mother was our midday dinner at the Motor Inn. This was across from where our laundry ladies lived, and was run by a stout friendly woman who specialized in "plain home-cooking." No name for a restaurant could have been more inappropriate. The idea of motor cars filled with tourists whizzing through Annisquam and stopping en route to refresh at the Motor Inn was then as remote a possibility as a trip to the moon in a rocket. I'm sure there *must* have been other customers than us over the years, although I can never remember seeing anyone else there except the dignified white-haired chauffeur of one of the rich summer families. He was friendly, but aloof. He never presumed. He sat at one table and we sat at another—the same tables year after year. There was no menu, and no choice, except on Sundays ("chicken or lamb?"). We were served by the same waitress, and Mrs. Rice always emerged from the kitchen at some time during the course of the meal to engage in friendly conversation.

On arriving home after dinner, we all had to take naps in the shaded, high-ceilinged bedrooms upstairs. Every afternoon after naptime, I put on a fresh dress and my white pumps with the strap and button, and white socks. How I loved putting on that sweetly smelling starched dress each day. Somehow, it made me feel that I was every bit as elegant as the inhabitants of the Brynmere.

We had a simple supper in the kitchen, and Mother gave us five cents apiece to go to Peter Piper's. The three

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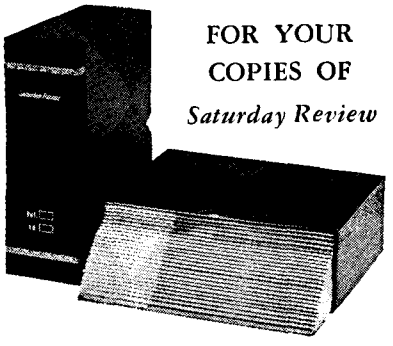
of us walked up to the road that led behind the post office. Here, set in a grove of trees, was a tiny one-room store run by a crookedy sort of man nicknamed Peter Piper. He looked like a scholar with his glasses and a stoop, but he sold penny candy and ice cream and wooden sailboats with real cloth sails. We could buy a generous ice cream cone, dipped in chocolate "jimmies," as we called them, and we walked home slowly in the gathering dusk savoring our treat.

As we fell asleep in the big double beds with the fancy walnut carvings, we were hardly conscious of the rhythm of life going on about us. We didn't think about the tide slowly receding along the shore, leaving the rocks dark and glistening with seaweed; nor did we hear the soft lap-lap of the little waves against the boats moored in the cove, as the tide silently stole back in again. We didn't wonder where the big gray gulls went at night when they ceased their swooping flights over the incoming fishing boats, nor what happened to the great orange sun as it plunged down behind the far sand dunes. We only knew that the next day and the next and the next there would be the same delightful things to do and see, and that nothing would ever change.

HANDY FILE



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Blimey, It's Balmy!

Continued from page 42

Michael's Mount, Scilly too has a claim to be considered part of the "Holy Land of Britain."

"Blessed" and "Fortunate"—these are two aspects of the Scillonian story; they are two moods, as it were, between days when port can be made within three hours of England, and days when fog cuts off the mainland or the sea whips up into forty-foot breakers. Holy day and holiday—both are governed by the Atlantic. "Mass will be at 10 on Sundays—Weather Permitting," reads one version of the notice pinned outside the Catholic Chapel in Hugh Town, the capital of Saint Mary's. Or there are the days, in any season, when the five-shilling boat trips between the islands have to be canceled. One guidebook on sale in Hugh Town makes the claim for Scilly that there are only two seasons—spring and summer. Certainly the parish magazines refer to Christmas outings spent on the beaches, and snow is unknown. But, for the traveler, the claim needs qualification.

SCILLY is subtropical. In Tresco Abbey Gardens there flourish many plants which cannot survive the ordinary English climate—pink belladonna lilies; tall blue echiums; and daisy-flowered mesembryanthemums that burst in fierce orange and magenta. Yet the gardens are primarily rock gardens, protected by Californian pines and vast outcroppings of granite. And there in a word lies the key to the whole landscape, because these isles and rocks, though warmed by the Gulf Stream, are northern and barbarian in color. At midday the sea has the azure brilliance of the Mediterranean—but not its warmth. This remains Atlantic bathing, and this paradox of contrasts between Atlantic and Mediterranean extends to the whole archipelago.

At midday the scene is flooded with golden light; the two hills of Sampson become "a bushment of briars" and bracken; the soft southern slopes of Bryher lie speckled with purple vetch and veronica; and the downs of Saint Agnes with their yellow gorse and buttercups respond to the sun. Yet as suddenly as the sun floods the landscape, the light fades and changes; the long shadows of the afternoon creep over the waves, turning all to a watery gray; the sea becomes a silver lake circled by pale blue hills over which the red eye of Round Island lighthouse and the white eye of Bishop Rock lighthouse shine through the darkness. Then, with the arrival of the morning, there appear through the early mists other landmarks set by the islanders

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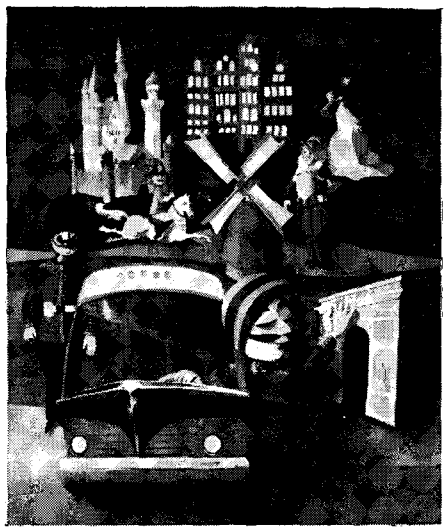

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to give the trained mariner his bearings; but to foreign ships, or travelers sailing into Scilly for the first time, there is always the legendary hope that here, perhaps, stretch out the lost lands of Lyonesse.

A cinema, two banks, and an espresso coffee bar have brought little change to the Scillonian seat of government on Saint Mary's; the capital remains much as Walter Besant pictured it in *Armorel of Lyonesse* ("A Romance of the Isles of Scilly"), published toward the end of the last century. Star Castle, built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, still dominates the town; the tradition of seeking its protection prevails, and most of the new building is restricted to the isthmus that shelters beneath it. Tregarthen's Hotel, in whose bar-parlor Armorel's hero talked with the local inhabitants, continues to ask its patrons to bring their oldest clothes "for messing about in boats . . . and picnicking," and adds the warning: "No one brings evening dress." An ex-boatman is employed as towncrier and his voice can be heard echoing along the narrow streets like his predecessor's: "Now then! Now then!" begins the familiar cry. "Tonight at eight in the Town Hall there will be lantern slides! The Isles in all their beauty! Wrecks! Rough Seas! Bulbs! Admission two shillings!" In fifty years only the price has changed. And yet how strangely that cry linking wrecks and bulbs is re-echoed in the parish church where a gilded lion from a sunken flagship is now witness to the harvest festival held in April as well as September. For in bringing together the world of Sir Cloudesley Shovell with Augustus Smith it links an eighteenth-century Lord of the Admiralty with a nineteenth-century Lord of the Isles.

An ancient right of the Chaplain of the Isles maintains that he is entitled to "a fee of ten shillings on the interment of a non-parishioner, but in the event of a body being washed ashore this fee will generally be returned." Sir Cloudesley was washed ashore alive, robbed of his rings, and murdered. It was in keeping with the piracy by which the islanders lived. For at the beginning of the eighteenth century the margin between plunder and salvage was a fine one, and it was Augustus Smith who in the next century changed an impoverished farming community (spasmodically "fortunate" through wrecks and smuggling) into a prosperous community of market-gardeners. By sending a box of narcissi to Covent Garden he began both the fame of Scilly whites and Scilly's flower trade—the islands' first "industry," now seconded by that of tourism. And between these two so-called industries there is a real bond.

"The months of February, March, and April are the best in which to see the harvesting of the daffodils and narcissi," advertises Holy Vale Guest House. Saint Mary's is the only island big enough to contain "interior" country, and faded sepia prints show Scillonians with their donkey-carts enjoying a day's picnic in Saint Mary's countryside. Today there are taxis and island bus tours. Vic's blue and cream coaches run every afternoon—and his tours (especially in bad weather when the launches are tossing badly) are an experience not to be missed. His buses draw up beside a triangular patch of green whose boast is to be the smallest park in the world, and, if Vic himself is to be the guide, then the entertainment includes gossip, history, riddles, jokes, recitations, puns about Scilly asses, songs about Sally the seal, and a great deal of quick-firing repartee. The trip takes just over an hour—although it takes a good two hours to

A Day in Late August

By Babette Deutsch

DEPTH on fathomless depth of blue, swept clean
Of all but two, perhaps three, cherubic clouds,
The sky is big and festive, like poetry.
Willow, dogwood, oak, elm, tulip tree,
Blue spruce, black walnut, match and march their greens
As in a procession stilled, on the still air.
Hilarity quivers within the grave scene.
Like hidden life beneath water.
The air has the sweetness of grass, the grass
Sparkles freshly like air.
Alien or absent, every evil thing.
The most serene month in all the twelve
Summons "the daughter of laughter": a smile, to greet
The autumn that is coming, that is near.

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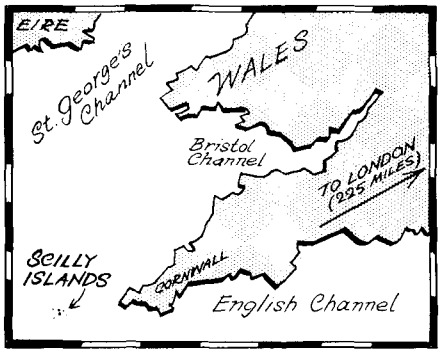
walk across the "interior" of Saint Mary's. And to follow the lanes from Rocky Hill to Holy Vale is to trace the contours of a most careful husbandry; not an inch of soil has been left uncultivated and everywhere there are windbreaker hedges of escallonia, veronica, and pittosporum to protect the flower farms; along the high ridges there are walls built of stones loosely balanced on each other, marking boundaries and ancient burial chambers. Horizons lie over the hills—and horizons offer possibilities.

ROMAN pilots sailing into Sylinancim thought of it as the *ultima thule*, whereas the Saxon tin traders sailing into Scilly sang of distant homes over the sea and far away; and these islands lying westward of Britain and Gaul answered both their needs, just as the Bishop Rock remains the last Atlantic landmark between the Old World and the New. The population, well under 2,000, is not much bigger than it was 3,000 years ago, and faces soon grow familiar. In the history of Scilly, a traveler is far more conscious of the internal struggle of the islands for sur-



vival than in their role once as a garrison for Cromwell's troops, or as a base for seaplanes during the First World War. Nor do I think that I can better illustrate this family sense of insularity than by recalling an incident concerning Mr. J. Ward, at whose Cornish Arms I spent the night last year in Penzance.

Mr. Ward is also in charge of the tea and coffee bar aboard the *Scillonian*. His son Peter Ward works aboard the Australian Orient liner *Orsova*. Last July both ships were homeward bound and passed within a mile of each other. There followed an exchange of sirens and flag-dipping in greeting. That is one traveler's tale, and I cannot think of a better to sum up a community where the Saxon ties between families of Wards, Jenkins, and Hickses prevail over all else. Twenty miles out from the mainland, in Scilly the best politics remain local politics—the mood of the sea or the means to prevent eelworms from spoiling the bulbs.

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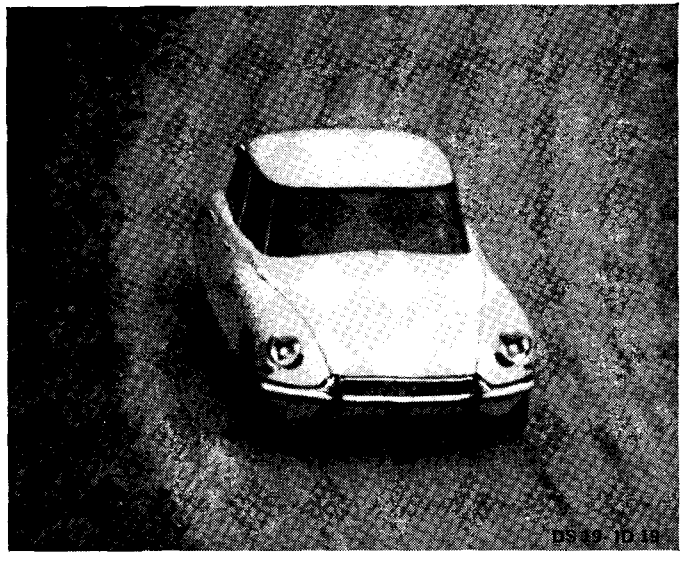

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A Hotel Is Not a House

Continued from page 39

agencies seeking to act as middlemen in temporary house trades. A party with an estate in California exchanges with an Easterner with a penthouse in Manhattan. Manhasset on Long Island Sound exchanges with Puerto Rico, city dwellers in Detroit with farmers from Ohio, Southerners from Chattanooga with Southwesterners from Nogales, New Mexico.

New York's Vacation Exchange Club charges members five dollars the first year, three dollars the second. In mid-April it sends all signatories a copy of the directory which lists houses and apartments, number of rooms, advantages, and availability. After that, members write each other directly. There are no agency fees. Sometimes exchanges can include such extra benefits as cars and club memberships. In addition to simultaneous exchange vacations, an intermediary called Exchange Associates of Kalamazoo, Michigan, is arranging the free use of house facilities by mutually suitable families. No money changes hands between the principles. Exchange Associates charges each participant $50 or twenty pounds, paid in progressive installments. Travel arrangements are left to the individuals. Most of the subscribers are in Britain, Ireland, Canada, the continental U.S., and Hawaii.

While life in a house creates a number of problems that would be noiselessly and effortlessly dispatched by the staff of a well-run summer hotel, the advantages are many. One needn't worry about meal hours, or clothes, or whether one's children are unnerving the elderly couple in the fifty-dollar-a-day suite next door. Even shopping, only a boring chore at home, can become something of an adventure afield. In such comparatively sophisticated centers as Puerto Rico and Hawaii, one can at the same time enjoy the clean efficiency of the supermarket while tasting the tang of foreign foods. Shopping in an enormous market in Bayamon the other winter, we filled baskets with local pineapples, dug into the freezer bins for wrapped *pastelillos*, which are Puerto Rican turnovers filled with meat or cheese and then fried. We learned to choose good *plántanos*, oversized green bananas which can be sliced thin and salted to make chips, or sliced thick, iced, then fried and served with drinks or dinner. Life in a rented house in an exotic community can generate some uneven comparisons with the workaday life back home in Indiana.

Shopping in the giant, gleaming supermarkets of Hawaii, for instance, has left me forever dissatisfied with the cramped, musty, undermanned markets of New York. There one could poke among the baskets of white stem cabbage, lotus root, chop suey yams, bamboo shoots, black water chestnuts, bitter melon, fresh lichees, and that gem among fruits which only Hawaii could name Chinese New Zealand gooseberries, known in Jamaica as naseberries and in Nassau as the sapodilla. We didn't even bother buying papayas; it was a simple matter to send numbs one son up a tree to pluck them at that propitious moment that lay between ripeness and ravaging by a woodpecker.

Rolling a cart among the shelves alongside greying *tutus* in their muumuus and young Orientals in shorts, one could experiment with persimmon tea, dried squid or red cuttlefish, Hawaiian coconut pudding, sweet Japanese gelatin candy, and red salted Japanese plums that are served in the local inns for breakfast. Or squirrel fish called *u u*, or Chinese sausages, or raw tuna and bonita to be eaten uncooked with shredded horseradish. If you're used to quaffing the best brews of Denmark and Germany, you will find that the selection out here includes Filipino San Miguel and Swan Lager brought clear from the western extremity of Australia.

In Nassau this winter, I bought conchs, a slippery univalve that lives in a pink whorl of crockery and despite its disheveled appearance can be creamed with sherry and served on toast, chopped with peppers and tossed into a salad or, as Nassau prefers it, fried into a fritter and served with cocktails. We shopped in the native fish market for grouper, but stopped short of parrot and goatfish and steered quite clear of the counter on which turtle meat had been piled. We quickly learned to be at the marina in the late afternoon to buy the fish caught by sportsmen and given to the charter boat crews. No wrappings here. They just cut a hole in the flank so you can hook your finger through, but then there is the advantage of knowing that it's fresh.

We flavored the fish with bunches of thyme bought in the native market piled high in midwinter with watermelons, grapefruit, tomatoes, and Eleuthera pineapples. Sour oranges make a daiquiri that few bars can equal with limes squeezed all at once the morning before. The supermarkets are hardly as grand as in Honolulu, but if one is willing to chance a slight case of apoplexy at the first look at the prices, the offerings are an adventure, too. From England there are frozen pork pies, Devon lamb pie, Lancashire hot pie, Scottish shortbread, morning tea, semi-sweet biscuits, and

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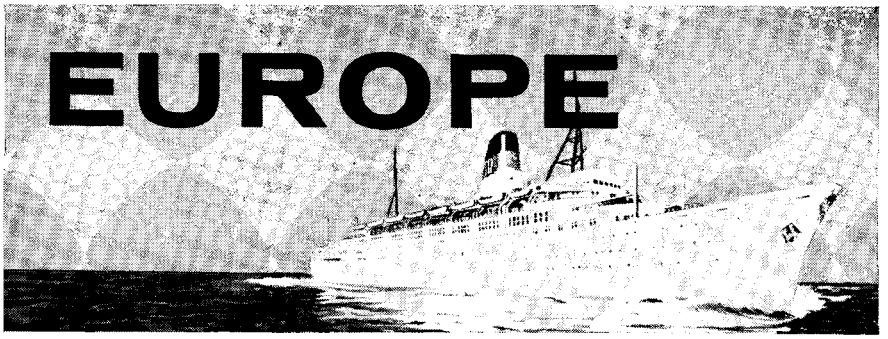
butter all the way from New Zealand.

An affable Bahamian housekeeper, in long supply at $21 a week, might make you a guava duff, or season a mess of conch, or stuff a grouper. In Hawaii at $50 a week, they are in short supply, and live by a code of ethics that is highly singular. One ancient Japanese lady, sent us by an employment agency, agreed, after a lengthy interview, to work three days a week, from nine to one. "Too old work longer," she told me. Obviously not too old accept money. When she failed to appear I called the agency. "Lady not coming," they told me with finality. "You ask for reference. Not custom here. Goodbye."

Renters of homes in Hawaii not properly briefed may indeed be startled one morning to find a Japanese with sandals on his feet, bandanna across his brow, *happi* coat on his back, and enormous knife in his hand approaching across the lawn. He would scarcely attack anything more hostile than a frangipani blossom, for he is the gardener working on a year-round contract to the owner of the house. One should not be deluded by his appearance, as I learned when I asked *our* inherited gardener one summer kindly to sweep the flower petals from the driveway. "Not in contract," he told me simply and strode off. Later I heard he had called the owner and threatened to quit. Raking falling flower petals not custom here, at least not for professional gardeners.

Our rented house in rural Puerto Rico came equipped with a six-page list of instructions for its proper operation. It also came equipped with a maid who, alas, was unequipped with a word of English. The thoughtful owner had anticipated that, too, for on a shelf I found a handy phrase book that included such useful bits as "Have you a chiropodist in attendance?" "Can you recharge my battery?" and, perhaps my favorite, "Please do not take us to any vulgar places."

Those who rent homes must be ready to put up with local idiom, local custom, local necessity, and inconvenience that in a hotel could be corrected by a phone call. In Nassau it meant buying water by the five-gallon jug. On Cape Cod last summer, it meant discovering, once we had put the children in the beach house we had rented, that the walls were made of Nabiscos. In Hawaii we twice caught fleas when the owners departed, taking their dogs with them. The fleas apparently opted to remain at home, on us. Twice we were required to take to the hills while a band of executioners with the redoubtable name of Atomic Pests, Inc., advanced with their poison gas. A delayed plane out of New York ate up five precious hours of daylight and we arrived in



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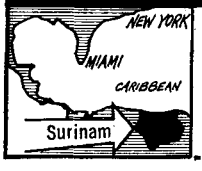

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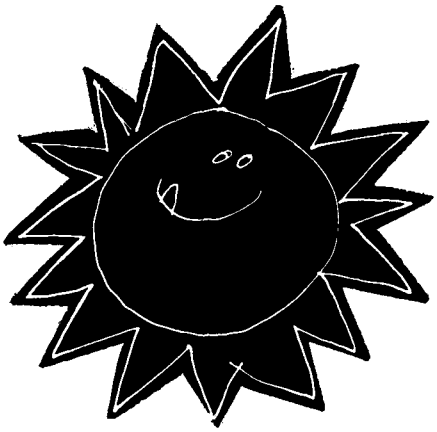
Nassau after the stores and offices had closed, with only skeleton groceries, no drinking water, no hot water, and no gas. A delayed plane the winter before landed us in Puerto Rico in similar straits, but we were told a restaurant up the block would obligingly put up food to take out. And they could, too, just the thing for Gerber-reared children—fresh pork blood sausage, boiled green bananas, and baby goat fricasseed with rice.

Secure in a hotel, the thin-wall room could have been changed, room service could have been called, bottled water ordered, late suppers arranged. Hopefully, it would have had no fleas. But then there are no hotels I know in Hawaii that serve chilled lotus root slices rubbed with ginger. And in Nassau the inns avoid the local fare as if it must surely be toxic to tourists. It's not nearly so much fun getting your hair cut in a mezzanine barber shop as it is to ride into the shopping center in Honolulu's Waialae-Kahala and have it trimmed by a Japanese lady, then stop in the florist next door and buy a handful of orchids for thirty-five cents. And where would it happen that on the day you arrived to take up a month's lease on a rented house, your neighbor would knock on the door with a welcome gift-seaweed personally plucked an hour before from the ocean bottom? At nightfall, there in the suburbs of Honolulu, I used to stroll in the gardens in back of the house sniffing for a scent of the Singapore plumeria that grew in a burst of white perfume above the pool, looking for a mynah bird who might be silhouetted on a telephone wire, raising myself up the fence to gaze at the dark hulk of Diamond Head against the late sky. "What are you doing," my wife used to ask, "surveying your estate?" And I was.



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Caloric Copenhagen

Continued from page 48

only the most epicurean restaurants in other lands. It's a fish mousse, which gained my reverence in Copenhagen two years ago. The base was trout and it was served with two sauces, one of lobster, the other containing cream and champagne. If Danish desserts merit *feu d'artifice*, the mousse should have a salute of twenty-one guns.

Of all their shellfish the Danes consume more shrimp than anything else, and in summer it is available everywhere. A few years ago the maître d'hôtel at the old Wivex in the Tivoli told me ten women were constantly employed there solely to peel shrimp. In the new Wivex Pop on the same site I imagine even more hands are needed.

THIS year the Danes have a new law for the thirsty; drinks may be sold twenty-four hours a day, and you'll find several way stations open for the all-night trade. The Danes, of course, import every kind of bottled goods but they also make a few pleasant light wines to keep company with their celebrated Aalborg akvavit, Cherry Heering, and the rival Tuborg and Carlsberg beers, two of the world's best. You may have enjoyed them in the states. In Denmark you will find them brewed in several strengths.

All Danish food is inexpensive compared with that of other countries. There are hundreds of excellent restaurants in which gourmets traveling on small budgets save enough to prolong their visits. Among the best in this group are the five KAR restaurants scattered about the city. KAR are the initials of a temperance organization, so their customers don't ask for drinks. When you visit one just keep in mind the observation of the lady who declined the cocktails offered her by the gentleman with whom she had slipped away for a weekend: "I don't believe a girl needs to drink to have a good time."

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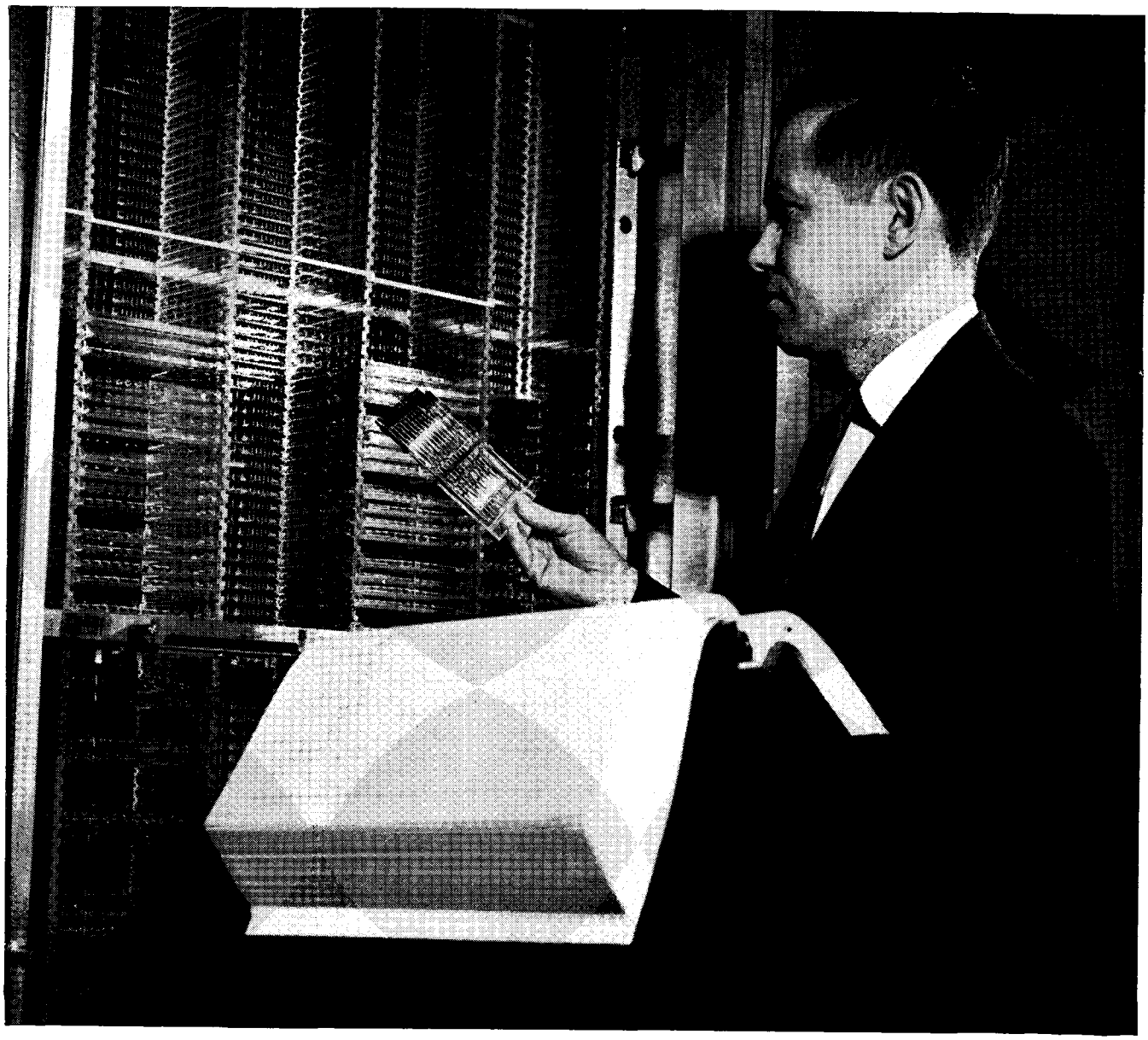

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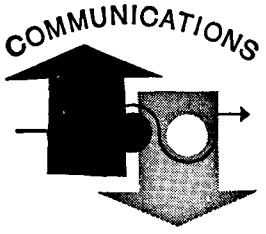

EDITORIAL
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SR's Eleventh Annual Advertising Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest begin on page 62 of this Communications Supplement.

Do Newsmen Have Special Rights in Court?

ONE of America's great dailies, the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia, has for some time been bravely attempting to protect the confidential documents and its own reporters from the subpoenas of a Philadelphia County Grand Jury investigating vote frauds, illegal influence, and other interesting intelligence about City Hall. Since the dispute is a fundamental one and, in one form or another, comes up all the time wherever newsmen dig for exclusive information, all serious journalists have a stake in its outcome and an interest in its proceedings.

This isn't the first time, of course, that reporters or the papers they work for have refused to reveal information and defied subpoenas, even to the point of contempt proceedings. Marie Torre of the New York *Herald Tribune* went to jail five years ago when she refused to name a confidential source in a suit brought by Judy Garland against CBS. Miss Torre had quoted an unidentified network executive's remarks about Miss Garland but declined to reveal the name when subpoenaed. Her stand was based on the freedom of the press guaranteed in the Constitution, but the United States Supreme Court refused to alter a lower court's ruling that "freedom of the press, precious and vital though it is to a free society, is not an absolute." The Supreme Court felt that a witness's duty to testify in court superseded even the inalienable right of all newsmen to protect their sources of information. Just last month, a court in Great Britain sent a newsman to prison for six months for refusing to divulge information involving a convicted spy. The newsman escaped prison only when the source, a press officer in the British government, came forward on his own.

The Philadelphia case is intensely interesting because it is to be the first major test of a Pennsylvania State statute of 1937 which provides that newsmen and the media they work for cannot be required to reveal news sources in any legal proceeding. Since similar laws are on the books of a dozen other states, a Supreme Court ruling in the *Bulletin* case will have national interest and importance. There was no such issue in the Marie Torre case because New York State does not have such a law. Therefore the Pennsylvania ruling will be fundamental.

Robert McLean, publisher of the *Bulletin*, told us by phone the other day that his paper feels it can render a grand jury greatest assistance through private, intense, investigative reporting to be published in its news columns as leads for legal inquiry. This is, of course, a fundamental premise of news, particularly exclusive news: to uncover misconduct in public office, in the best tradition of a crusading editor. John R. McConnell said to the Philadelphia court in his brief for the *Bulletin* that the "public policy" of the State of Pennsylvania supports the *Bulletin's* stand in declining to produce certain documents and answer certain questions.

"The privilege has been created," said Mr. McConnell, "because of the recognition by the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania that if newsmen are not allowed to protect the source of their information there is much less likelihood that information of an important public nature will be made available to newsmen and through them to the citizens, whose

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informed participation in the government is the final safeguard of our free institutions."

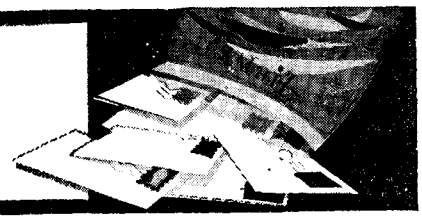
The *Bulletin* has advanced three arguments that their newsmen are not guilty of contempt in the circumstances. The three points are: 1) a newsman cannot be required, under the Act of June 25, 1937, to disclose his source of information; 2) the accepted, commonly used word "source" includes both personal informants and documents; and 3) Pennsylvania's Act of 1937 protects not only the text of source documents but also their location and identification.

The case is far from academic, to the *Bulletin* or its personnel. Either Earl Selby, the hard-hitting city editor, or Robert Taylor, president and general manager, or both, could go to prison if the decision goes against the paper. The more likely candidate, however, is Mr. Taylor himself, since to free Mr. Selby for future investigations the *Bulletin* has purposely made its general manager legally culpable. Any newspaperman with a feeling for principle and a knowledge of the mechanics of newsgathering wishes Mr. Selby and Mr. Taylor well.

The American Newspaper Publishers Association filed on February 15 an *amicus curiae* brief supporting protection of news sources in general and the *Bulletin's* case in particular. The ANPA expressed its profound interest in protecting a reporter's privilege to refuse to disclose information given him in confidence. Most newsmen will agree with the ANPA's friend-of-the-court interest in this highly important case. We feel its outcome is vital to all who earn their living in journalism and, for that matter, to anyone with honest curiosity about the world around him and a hope of making it better.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



THE PRISON PRESS

WE READ WITH RELISH the phenomenal job James F. Fixx did on the prison press article [*SR*, Mar. 9]. . . . There is absolutely no question of how much good you have done us in publishing it. Within the first two days after your magazine hit the stands, we had an avalanche of requests for subscriptions—from all over the country

WALTER J. FAHERTY, Editor
The Mentor.
South Walpole, Mass.

YOU MAY BE INTERESTED in some of the results of James F. Fixx's article "Journalists Behind Bars." Since its publication we have received numerous requests for subscriptions to the *Outlook*. They have come from such far-apart states as New York, California, Florida, New Mexico, and of course Indiana.

The Senate of Indiana, in General Assembly, adopted Resolution Number 14 commending the *Reflector* (Indiana Reformatory) and the *Outlook* (Indiana Prison) for placing among the top ten prison publications. . . .

WILLIAM R. LARKINS,
Managing Editor,
Lake Shore Outlook.
Michigan City, Ind.

I'VE RARELY SEEN such a genuine understanding or a more expertly sympathetic handling of prison writers, their problems, and their aspirations. Coming from an influential publication with the prestige of *SR*, the article should focus considerable attention on the prison press. In fact, we've already had a number of inquiries from citizens and business organizations who read the piece and wish to subscribe to the *Reflector*.

HAROLD STROUP, Editor,
The Pendleton Reflector.
Pendleton, Ind.

JAMES F. FIXX'S excellent article seems to have stimulated quite a bit of outside interest in what is going on in our nation's prisons. I have been waiting for the letters to stop pouring in so that I could give you a complete report on the response, but it doesn't look as if they are going to stop. Two weeks after the appearance of this article, we had received 153 letters.

The response is very gratifying and we welcome the opportunity to present a view of prison to your readers which, perhaps, they have never seen. We are sending copies of our golden anniversary issue to all inquirers, along with a personal reply to their letters. We only wish it were possible to include them all on our permanent mailing list.

To say that the article has given the prison press a "shot in the arm" would be an understatement. The interest which it has aroused will certainly help pave the way for a better public understanding of prisoners and their problems. When understanding is brought about, progress is sure to follow.

PAUL D. CLARK, Editor,
The Atlantian.
Atlanta, Ga.

I HAVE SEVERAL BOUQUETS and only one brickbat for "Journalists Behind Bars." Besides the excellent craftsmanship displayed in the article, the most impressive thing about the piece was your grasp of the problems confronting the prison editor. The piece was fair and informed and it served the important purpose of bringing our efforts to the attention of the kind of readers we would really like to reach.

The brickbat concerns one of those troublesome misprints that get into all magazines, ours most of all: the quotation attributed to Tom Whiteside of the Louisiana State Prison is actually mine.

LAWRENCE SNOW, Editor,
Castle on the Cumberland.
Eddyville, Ky.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR regrets the shuffled sources, is glad to set the record straight.*

THOSE RISING RATES

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial "A Dangerous Decision at a Desperate Time" [*SR*, Mar. 9], objecting to the proposed increase in leased wire service to newspapers, contains two misleading statements:

1. His appeal is based on the *percentage* increase in rates, without establishing the fact that the various present rates are arranged in an equitable pattern. Perhaps the government rate is out of line and supports more than its share of income.

2. The reference to greatly increased postal rates for second-class mail is out of order. Why should individuals pay more than the cost of mailing a letter so that advertising can be carried at a loss? The *percentage* increase may have looked big on second-class mail, but it was based on a very low previous rate and was spread over three years. The first-class rate was raised one cent—about double that of junk mail, and makes the letter-writer subsidize the advertiser.

If you feel that the Federal Government should subsidize the news media, you should lobby for a Congressional appropriation so that the post office will not

Continued on page 78

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NEWSPAPERS AND THE CULTURE BEAT

By JOHN TEBBEL

WHEN the *New York Times* appointed a "Director of Cultural News" two years ago, a collective shudder ran down the spines of newspaper veterans. What, they inquired, was the business coming to? They turned the phrases "culture beat" and "culture editor" over in their mouths with the gusto of a man biting into an unripe olive.

If he had not been a cultured man, the new Director of Cultural News at the *Times*, Joseph Herzberg, might have experienced a twinge or two himself. Herzberg had been a noted news executive on the *Herald Tribune* for many years. He had come to the *Times* as assistant city editor, specializing in the development of investigative news stories, until the day he was transplanted from the familiar rhythm of the city room to a large department, with its own copy desk, where fifty people under his direction were devoting themselves to reporting manifestations of that abused word "culture."

Despite the doubters, Herzberg and the *Times* knew what they were doing. They were treating the growing cultural activities of Americans as news, and today there is a trend among the best dailies to do likewise. In their various ways, they are making an attempt to deal with the results of what is still resolutely called "the cultural explosion," a phrase that makes most writers and editors wince.

There are skeptics who think that in this respect the newspapers are dealing with a creature of statistical fantasy. They say that the recent Gallup poll figures showing that, in 1962, 18,000,000 people went to art museums, as many attended the theatre, and another 14,000,000 heard a concert, are misleading. The rise in such attendance, say the skeptics, is not in proportion to the growth of the population, and in reality the percentage of Americans interested in these activities is small and getting smaller. They point to a rather dismaying Gallup statistic—that only 50,000,000 Americans finished any book last year, and 84 per cent could not find any recent book they would "especially like to read."

But the skeptics are misleading, too. It may be quite true that the average person does not care for culture and those who do are a minority (they always have been); nevertheless, there is a more general interest in the arts in America than in all the nation's history, as the growing activity in them proves every day. Long before Pablo Casals played at the White House and the Kennedys made culture fashionable, astute newspaper publishers were aware that culture had become news.

Not all publishers, however, by any means. A gathering of Sunday editors was asked the other day about the chances for expanded coverage of cultural news in their papers, and a spontaneous snicker rose from the group. "My publisher wouldn't know culture if it beat him to a pulp," one said, speaking for the others.

Like so many other traditional attitudes on newspapers, this one, too, is disappearing as more and more publishers come into the space age, some of them kicking and screaming. They cannot ignore the news. While the spectacle may have nauseated real art lovers, the near-riots in Washington and New York over the showing of the *Mona Lisa* was a clear indication of what is going on. Similarly, it may be *de rigeur* to sneer at the thousands who crowded into the Metropolitan Museum for a glimpse of a million-dollar Rembrandt, on the grounds that they were there for the wrong reason, but when has there been so much public excitement over a picture?

Perhaps more reassuring are the crowds one can see on any Sunday afternoon in the splendid art museums of St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and Detroit—to mention only a few of the excellent ones that dot the nation from coast to coast. Concert halls are similarly crowded everywhere. High costs may make orchestra deficits perennial, but the performances are sold out. There is a large audience for ballet, and the theatre flourishes in a half-dozen centers outside New York. Reading may not be the favorite American sport, but the number of titles published and copies sold climbs every year.

The newspapers are responding to this growth in several ways. Some, with limited staffs and only a cautious enthusiasm, are doing no more than giving a little extra Sunday space to culture. Others are printing more daily and Sunday book reviews. Some of the leaders are not only increasing daily coverage, but are expanding Sunday sections and trying to edit them in a more imaginative way. Often these

(*Continued on page 77*)

Front pages of Chicago Daily News's "Panorama" — "culture is as much news in Chicago as elsewhere."

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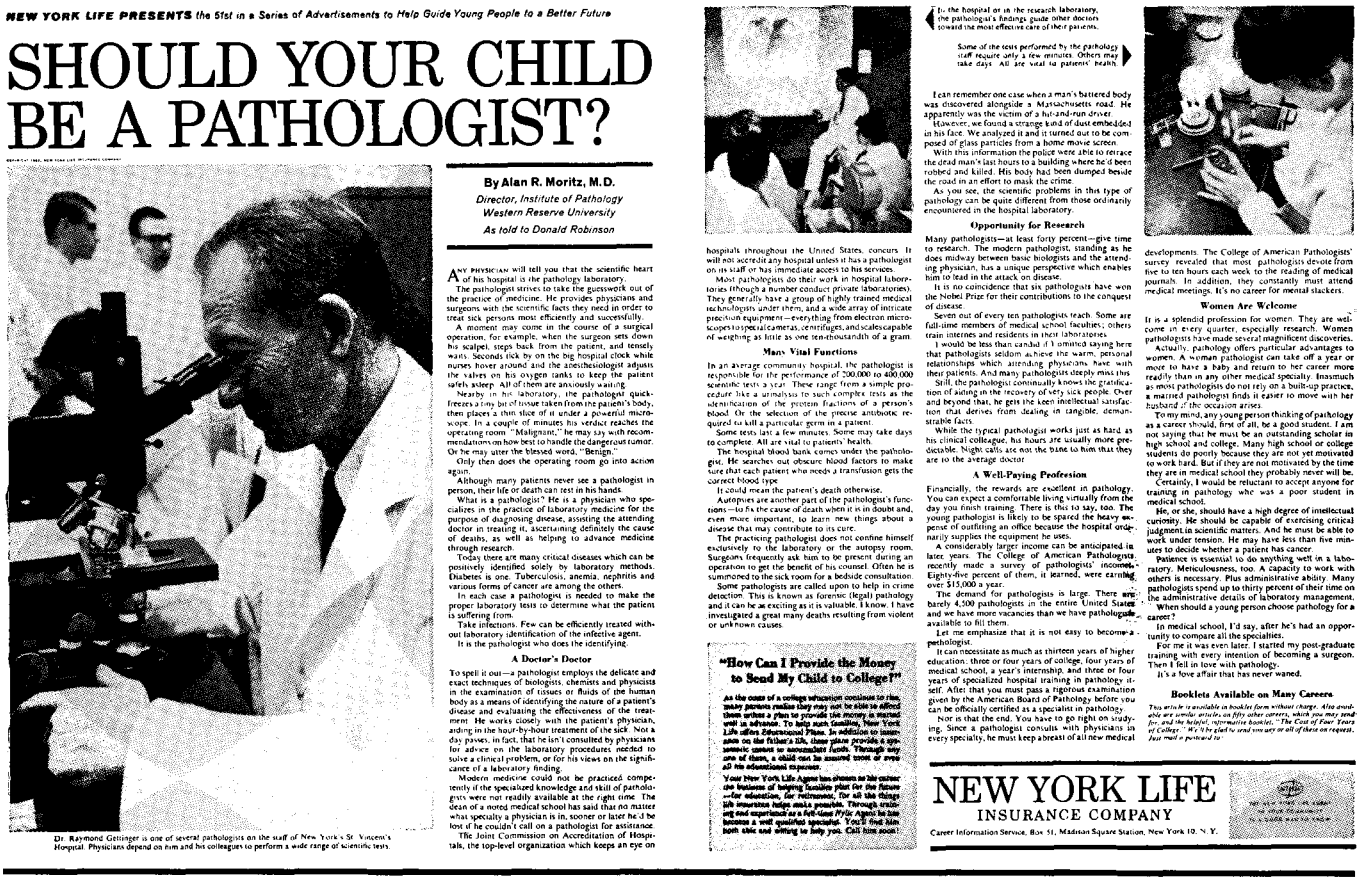

NEW YORK LIFE PRESENTS the 51st in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future

SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE A PATHOLOGIST?

By Alan R. Moritz, M.D.
Director, Institute of Pathology
Western Reserve University
As told to Donald Robinson

ANY PHYSICIAN will tell you that the scientific heart of his hospital is the pathology laboratory.

The pathologist strives to take the guesswork out of the practice of medicine. He provides physicians and surgeons with the scientific facts they need in order to treat sick persons most efficiently and successfully.

A moment may come in the course of a surgical operation, for example, when the surgeon sets down his scalpel, steps back from the patient, and tensely waits. Seconds tick by on the big hospital clock while nurses hover around and the anesthesiologist adjusts the valves on his oxygen tanks to keep the patient safely asleep. All of them are anxiously waiting.

Nearby in his laboratory, the pathologist quick-freezes a tiny bit of tissue taken from the patient's body, then places a thin slice of it under a powerful microscope. In a couple of minutes his verdict reaches the operating room: "Malignant," he may say with recommendations on how best to handle the dangerous tumor. Or he may utter the blessed word, "Benign."

Only then does the operating room go into action again.

Although many patients never see a pathologist in person, their life or death can rest in his hands.

What is a pathologist? He is a physician who specializes in the practice of laboratory medicine for the purpose of diagnosing disease, assisting the attending doctor in treating it, ascertaining definitely the cause of death, as well as helping to advance medicine through research.

Today there are many critical diseases which can be positively identified solely by laboratory methods. Diabetes is one. Tuberculosis, anemia, nephritis and various forms of cancer are among the others.

In each case a pathologist is needed to make the proper laboratory tests to determine what the patient is suffering from.

Take infections. Few can be efficiently treated without laboratory identification of the infective agent.

It is the pathologist who does the identifying.

A Doctor's Doctor

To spell it out—a pathologist employs the delicate and exact techniques of biologists, chemists and physicists in the examination of tissues or fluids of the human body as a means of identifying the nature of a patient's disease and evaluating the effectiveness of the treatment he's using closely with the patient's physician, aiding in the hour-by-hour treatment of the sick. Not a day passes, in fact, that he isn't consulted by physicians for advice on the laboratory procedures needed to solve a clinical problem, or for his views on the significance of a laboratory finding.

Modern medicine could not be practiced competently if the specialized knowledge and skill of pathologists were not readily available at the right time. The dean of a noted medical school has said that no matter what specialty a physician is in, sooner or later he'd be lost if he couldn't call on a pathologist for assistance.

The Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, the top-level organization which keeps an eye on hospitals throughout the United States, concurs. It will not accredit any hospital unless it has a pathologist on its staff or has immediate access to his services.

Most pathologists do their work in hospital laboratories (though a number conduct private laboratories). They generally have a group of highly trained medical technologists under them, and a wide array of intricate precision equipment—everything from electron microscopes to special centrifuges, and scales capable of weighing as little as one ten-thousandth of a gram.

Many Vital Functions

In an average community hospital, the pathologist is responsible for the performance of 200,000 to 400,000 scientific tests a year. These range from a simple procedure like a urinalysis to such complex tests as the identification of the protein fractions of a person's blood. Or the selection of the precise antibiotic required to kill a particular germ in a patient.

Some tests last a few minutes. Some may take days to complete. All are vital to patients' health.

The hospital blood bank comes under the pathologist. He searches out obscure blood factors to make sure that each patient who needs a transfusion gets the correct blood type.

It could mean the patient's death otherwise.

Autopsies are another part of the pathologist's functions—to fix the cause of death when it is in doubt and, even more important, to learn new things about a disease that may contribute to its cure.

The practicing pathologist does not confine himself exclusively to the laboratory or the autopsy room. Surgeons frequently ask him to be present during an operation to get the benefit of his counsel. Often he is summoned to the sick room for a bedside consultation.

Some pathologists are called upon to help in crime detection. This is known as forensic (legal) pathology and it can be as exciting as it is valuable, I know. I have investigated a great many deaths resulting from violent or unknown causes.

I can remember one case where a man's battered body was discovered alongside a Massachusetts road. He apparently was the victim of a hit-and-run driver.

However, we found a strange kind of dust embedded in his face. We analyzed it and it turned out to be composed of glass particles from a home movie screen.

With this information the police were able to retrace the dead man's last hours to a building where he'd been robbed and killed. His body had been dumped beside the road in an effort to mask the crime.

As you see, the scientific problems in this type of pathology can be quite different from those ordinarily encountered in the hospital laboratory.

Opportunity for Research

Many pathologists—at least forty percent—give time to research. The modern pathologist, standing as he does midway between basic biologists and the attending physician, has a unique perspective which enables him to lead in the attack on disease.

It is no coincidence that six pathologists have won the Nobel Prize for their contributions to the conquest of disease.

Seven out of every ten pathologists teach. Some are full-time members of medical school faculties; others train interns and residents in their laboratories.

I would be less than candid if I omitted saying here that pathologists seldom achieve the warm, personal relationships which attending physicians have with their patients. And many pathologists deeply miss this.

Still, the pathologist continually knows the gratification of aiding in the recovery of very sick people. Over and beyond that, he gets the keen intellectual satisfaction that derives from dealing in tangible, demonstrable facts.

While the typical pathologist works just as hard as his clinical colleagues, his hours are usually more predictable. Night calls are not the bane to him that they are to the average doctor.

A Well-Paying Profession

Financially, the rewards are excellent in pathology. You can expect a comfortable living virtually from the day you finish training. There is this to say, too. The young pathologist is likely to be spared the heavy expense of outfitting an office because the hospital ordinarily supplies the equipment he uses.

A considerably larger income can be anticipated in later years. The College of American Pathologists recently made a survey of pathologists' incomes. Eighty-five percent of them, it learned, were earning over $15,000 a year.

The demand for pathologists is large. There are barely 4,500 pathologists in the entire United States and we have more vacancies than we have pathologists available to fill them.

Let me emphasize that it is not easy to become a pathologist.

It can necessitate as much as thirteen years of higher education: three or four years of college, four years of medical school, a year's internship, and three or four years of specialized hospital training in pathology itself. After that you must pass a rigorous examination given by the American Board of Pathology before you can be officially certified as a specialist in pathology.

Nor is that the end. You have to go right on studying. Since a pathologist consults with physicians in every specialty, he must keep abreast of all new medical developments. The College of American Pathologists' survey revealed that most pathologists devote from five to ten hours each week to the reading of medical journals. In addition, they constantly must attend medical meetings. It's no career for mental slackers.

Women Are Welcome

It is a splendid profession for women. They are welcome in every quarter, especially research. Women pathologists have made several magnificent discoveries.

Actually, pathology offers particular advantages to women. A woman pathologist can take off a year or more to have a baby and return to her career more readily than in any other medical specialty. Inasmuch as most pathologists do not rely on a built-up practice, a married pathologist finds it easier to move with her husband if the occasion arises.

To my mind, any young person thinking of pathology as a career should, first of all, be a good student. I am not saying that he must be an outstanding scholar in high school and college. Many high school or college students do poorly because they are not yet motivated to work hard. But if they are not motivated by the time they are in medical school they probably never will be.

Certainly, I would be reluctant to accept anyone for training in pathology who was a poor student in medical school.

He, or she, should have a high degree of intellectual curiosity. He should be capable of exercising critical judgment in scientific matters. And he must be able to work under tension. He may have less than five minutes to decide whether a patient has cancer.

Patience is essential to do anything well in a laboratory. Meticulousness, too. A capacity to work with others is necessary. Plus administrative ability. Many pathologists spend up to thirty percent of their time on the administrative details of laboratory management.

When should a young person choose pathology for a career?

In medical school, I'd say, after he's had an opportunity to compare all the specialties.

For me it was even later. I started my post-graduate training with every intention of becoming a surgeon. Then I fell in love with pathology.

It's a love affair that has never waned.

Booklets Available on Many Careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are similar articles on fifty other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just mail a postcard to

NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Career Information Service, Box 51, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

Dr. Raymond Gettinger is one of several pathologists on the staff of New York's St. Vincent's Hospital. Physicians depend on him and his colleagues to perform a wide range of scientific tests.

"How Can I Provide the Money to Send My Child to College?"

As the cause of a college education continues to rise, many parents realize they may not be able to afford them unless a plan to provide the money is started well in advance. To help such families, New York Life offers Educational Plans. In addition to insurance on the father's life, these plans provide a systematic contract to accumulate funds. Through any one of them, a child can be assured some or even all the educational expense.

Your New York Life Agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience as a full-time New Agent he has become a well qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you. Call him soon.

NO. 1 AD OF THE YEAR: Reproduced above is what *SR*'s Eleventh Annual Advertising Awards Committee judged to be the most distinguished public interest advertising campaign of the year. This advertisement of the New York Life Insurance Company is typical of an outstanding series that discusses the qualifications, rewards, and prospects that various careers represent for youthful aspirants in America's changing society and economy. Each advertisement is written by an established authority.

SR'S ELEVENTH ANNUAL ADVERTISING AWARDS

IMAGE OR MIRAGE?

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

ONE problem of advertising today is that too many of its partisans deny there are any flaws that need correcting.

Another problem is that too few of its critics admit it has any virtues worth preserving.

Such uncompromising friends and foes are both wrong. The real problem, the visible challenge, is to achieve a constructive accord, whether in the halls of government, education, or business, on what needs improvement and what deserves saving. For advertising is like electricity: it can either shed light or give you a dangerous shock. It depends on how it is used.

The confused crush of opinions, emotions, and contradictions that characterizes much of the public dialogue about advertising today among government officials, scholars, citizen-consumers, and advertising practitioners should not be permitted to obscure or minimize certain important truths about this extraordinary medium of communication.

Advertising, first of all, for better or for worse, is probably our most pervasive reading, listening, and viewing matter. In an economy of abundance, in which consumers must constantly make multiple free choices every day, advertising is an essential engine in the complex process of enabling consumption to keep pace with our annual production of $578 billion in goods and services. And advertising, in the words of Professor David Potter of Stanford University, is a powerful social instrument—like the church, government, or the press—that shapes the tone and texture of our society. Our national investment in advertising last year was about $12.5 billion, equal to our investment in research and development (see editorial on page 18).

No wonder advertising intrigues scholars as well as business leaders, concerns officials of government as well as the public, and stirs the critics as well as the creators of advertising to ardent, animated debate.

Too important to ignore, it sometimes seems too subtle to understand. Advertising, as its critics sometimes fail to recognize, does not stand apart from the American system of values. Good, bad, or indifferent, it is part of that system's peculiarly American mixture of pragmatism and ethics.

In our economic democracy the pragmatic philosophers of business have come to realize that the survival as well as the prosperity of an industry or corporation will ultimately depend not only on its productivity, but on its performance as a socially responsible

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institution. In 1928 Walter S. Gifford, then president of American Telephone & Telegraph, said, "We must have a satisfactory financial condition if we are to go forward. In addition to that, we must at all times have public approval because certainly in the United States you can't, no matter what your intentions, succeed in the long run without public approval."

Out of this conviction has gradually developed the use of advertising by great corporations to explain their policies as well as sell their products, their ideas as well as their services, their social goals as well as their production quotas. This process has been described by public opinion analyst Elmo Roper as "perhaps the most significant corporate story of the century."

It is this story, this corporate communications role of advertising, that has long interested *SR* because of the concern of its editors with the communications patterns through which public attitudes and actions are influenced in this country. It was this concern with the impact of "idea" advertising on the American public that led *SR* eleven years ago to establish its annual awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest.

CRITICS of such advertising have said that a corporation that decides to use advertising to rebuild its image has "decided less on a change of heart than on a change of face." The implication is that such advertising represents appearance rather than substance, that it is not an image portraying reality, but a mirage reflecting semantic manipulation of reality. In the opinion of *SR*, both Elmo Roper and Walter Gifford are much closer to the truth in their judgment that public approval is essential to corporate survival and that this approval can finally be built only on the truth about a corporation.

In a forthright reference to the increasingly sophisticated standards with which the U.S. public reads advertising, John Crichton, president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, said recently:

"Every piece of research we have seen makes it clear that advertising is received much more skeptically by the better educated among our population. This is wholly natural. The heart of our educational discipline is to teach people to think analytically—to take ideas, processes, principles, and examine them critically.

"In the light of the future audience for advertising we shall have to be prepared to interest an audience which reads faster, gets ideas quicker, makes decisions more rapidly. Also, it will be

1963 AWARDS COMMITTEE

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Elmo Roper, *Public Opinion Consultant, Elmo Roper and Associates*
David C. Stewart, *President, Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*

ELEVENTH ANNUAL *SR* AWARDS: There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-five campaigns that won *Saturday Review's* Eleventh Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies that prepared the winning advertisements:

COMPANY	AGENCY
American Dairy Association	*Campbell Mithun, Inc.*
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Armour Chemical Industries	*Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
California Oil Co.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Employers Mutuals of Wausau	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
IBM	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
International Paper Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Investor-Owned Electric Light & Power Cos.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Newsweek	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
North American Aviation, Inc.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Parke-Davis & Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Republic Aviation Corporation	*DeGarmo, Inc.*
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Shell Oil Co.	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)	*Needham, Louis & Brorby, Inc.*
Tennessee Gas Transmission Co.	*Reach, McClinton & Co., Inc.*
Westinghouse Broadcasting Company	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
SPECIAL MENTION:	
The Advertising Council: U.S. Travel	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
The American Cancer Society	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*

Because of the closeness of voting in the Committee of Judges, nine runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Chrysler Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
First National Bank of Chicago	*Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
First National City Bank of N.Y.	*McCann-Marschalk Co., Inc.*
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Humble Oil & Refining Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
New York State Department of Commerce	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
New York Stock Exchange	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Union Carbide Corporation	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
Warner & Swasey Co.	*The Griswold Eshleman Co.*

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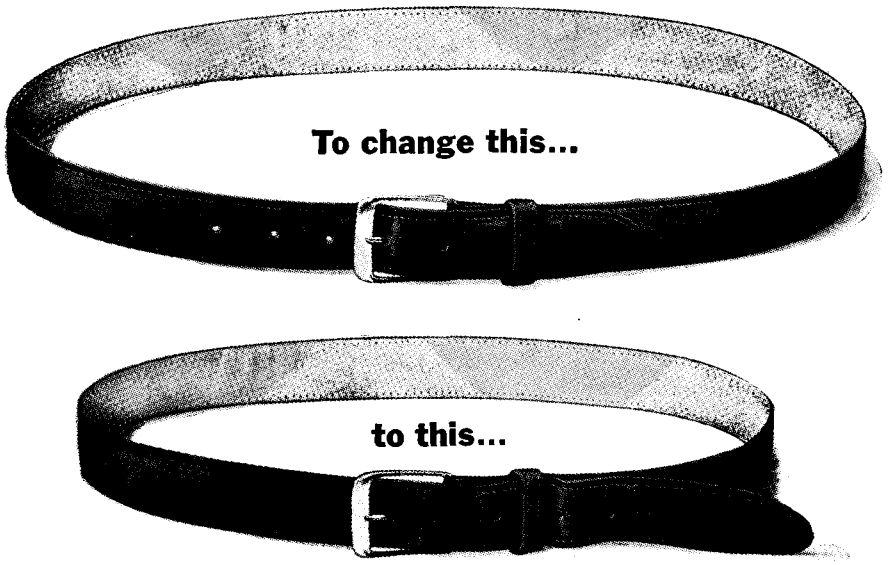
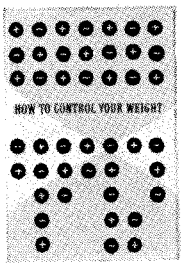


try this booklet from Metropolitan Life...



Perhaps you've heard remarks like these: "I'm going on a quick reducing diet," or "I'll work off this fat with some strenuous exercise." Either course is wrong and could be dangerous. A safe and sensible reducing program should start with your physician. And for these reasons:

Unwise dieting can cause complications. Strenuous exercise increases the load on a heart that may already be overworked.

So, before you do anything at all about reducing, see your doctor. Let him determine the state of your health and whether your excess weight might possibly be due to some cause other than too much food and too little exercise.

To help you carry out your doctor's advice for a trimmer figure, more vitality, and an improved outlook for better health and longer life, send for this Metropolitan Life booklet.

The medically approved reducing program it outlines could bring your weight down—*and keep it down*—once and for all.

METROPOLITAN LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life (Dept. A-112), 1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.
Send the free booklet, *How to Control Your Weight.*

Name (PLEASE PRINT)
Street
City & Zone State

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTAL CARD

LEADING PUBLIC SERVICE AD: **The awards judges named as a leading example of public service advertising the campaign of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Dedicated to the public's physical and mental health, this campaign is well represented by the above advertisement that counsels readers on the dangers of overweight, the benefits of proper diet and weight control, and the harm of undue exercise.**

PUBLIC SERVICE CAMPAIGNS: In the balloting for the over-all awards for public service advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the public service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, public relations and corporate.

COMPANY	AGENCY
American Dairy Association	*Campbell Mithun, Inc.*
California Oil Company	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Employers Mutuals of Wausau	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
International Paper Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Shell Oil Co.	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Sinclair Oil Corporation	*Geyer, Morey, Ballard, Inc.*

an audience that bores quickly, and is much more inclined to be impatient with the silly or irrelevant."

Certainly this year's award-winning campaigns seem to endorse the judgment of Roper and Gifford, and measure up to the analytical standards described by Crichton.

The 1963 awards were decided upon by a committee of nineteen judges, consisting of prominent educators, economists, editors, government officials, communicators, and business, advertising, and public relations executives. Through their collective knowledge, the role and impact of contemporary corporate advertising was measured, and not found wanting.

OUT of more than 200 campaigns of public interest advertising that appear in general magazines week after week, month after month in the United States, the field was narrowed down to sixty-two finalists this year, and then down to twenty-five outstanding campaigns chosen for distinguished achievement citations. In addition, two special public service campaigns of the Advertising Council, the nonprofit, public-service arm of the business and advertising communities, and of the American Cancer Society were cited for superior contributions to the public interest.

In recognition of the influence of television and radio in the nation's communications complex, the judges also considered eighteen programs that had sought with vigor and imagination to serve the public interest. In the end, however, they voted to cite only three programs—the smallest number in the history of *SR*'s awards. In the close voting there were seven runners-up in radio and television.

The voting throughout was closer than ever this year.

The seven advertising campaigns that received the most votes are listed below in the order in which the judges named them. It should be noted that the contest was so intense that two campaigns tied for third place, and three for fourth.

1. New York Life Insurance Company
2. International Paper Company
3. Caterpillar Tractor Company
   Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation
4. California Oil Company (Chevron)
   Container Corporation of America
   Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

Details of the various awards are

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given in the boxes on these pages. Several of the winning advertisements are reproduced. Champions and critics of advertising will find these campaigns worth studying.

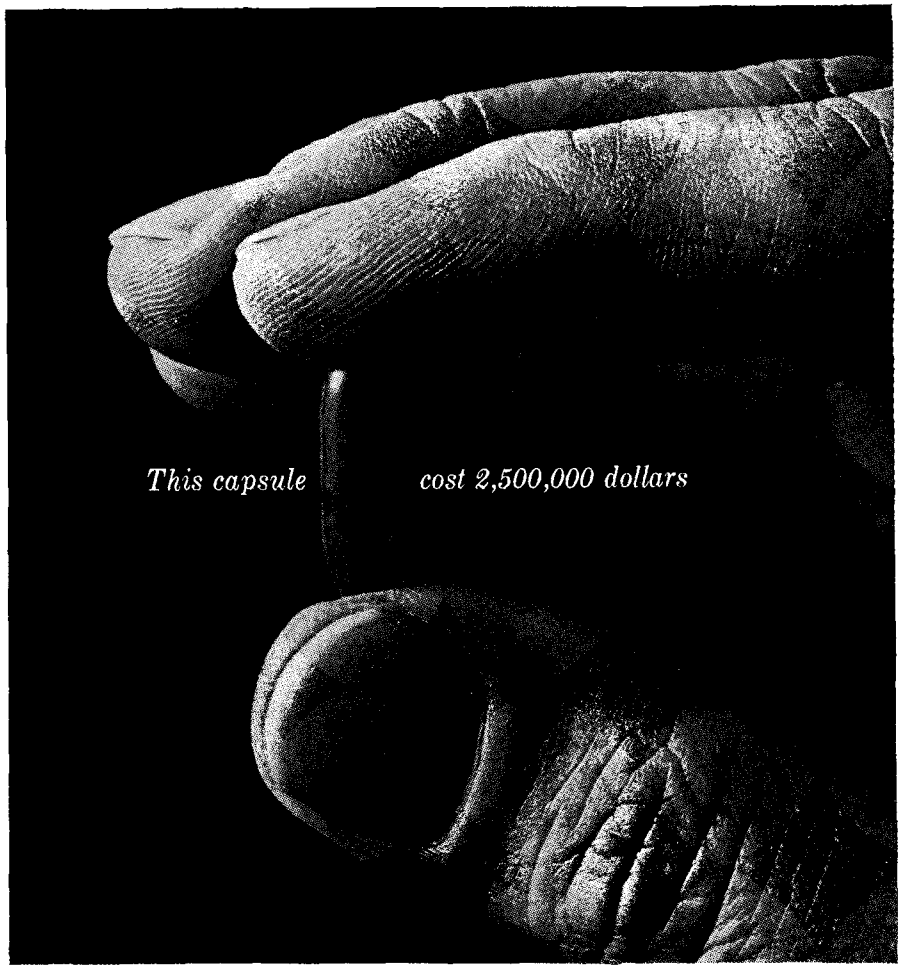
The criteria for evaluating the various campaigns, as set forth on the ballot used by the judges, follow:

"The campaigns all lie within the broad definition of public interest advertising because they provide information about a company, an industry, or some aspect of life or thought in the U.S. which it is useful for the public to know or be made freshly aware of.

"Within the broad, general framework of this definition, there are three more specific categories of public interest advertising. They are: (1) corporate advertising, which explains the continuing research, the engineering or management efforts a company makes to improve its products or services; (2) public relations advertising, through which a company or industry discusses the problems, policies, social philosophy, or economic goals of the company or industry, or illuminates some aspect of the American scene or background, or discusses the basic principles of American enterprise in a way to shed light for the reader on the economy or society in which he lives; and (3) public service advertising, which is designed to promote voluntary individual actions to solve national problems, usually problems which have been certified by the Advertising Council, such as better roads, preventing forest fires, better schools, highway safety, encouraging religion in American life, the buying of U.S. savings bonds, voting in national elections, reducing prejudice, and other worthwhile causes.

"The dividing line between these categories, while significant, is quite thin, and often elusive of precise definition. Some campaigns may conceivably fall into two or even three of these categories. At other times the category of the campaign is quite clear.

"Criteria: The following factors should be considered in evaluating the effectiveness of the campaign as a form of idea communication in the public interest: (1) Theme: the extent to which it enlarged the reader's knowledge of our American social, cultural, or economic institutions, traditions, or problems. (The judges may or may not agree with the point of view of the theme, but may agree that it is useful to have the point of view stated); (2) Text: especially style, readability, impact, objectivity, clarity, precision, and pointedness; (3) Layout: typography, artwork, and general design; (4) Overall originality: taste, freshness, and imaginativeness of conception, execution,



And six grinding years of research. It is an antibiotic, used against infection.

When doctors prescribe this drug, it costs less than 50 cents a dose. But it takes only a few doses, and a few can save a life. The contrast between *cost to create* and *cost to use* is dramatic.

But you don't reckon the value of new drugs in dollars alone. Millions mean nothing without dedicated men. America's pharmaceutical research succeeds because there are scientists in our drug company laboratories and physicians in our medical centers who ignore clocks and even calendars in the intensity of their efforts.

They offer years of their lives to solving one facet of one small problem; then move, unwearied, to the next step. The false clues and blind alleys that are part of all research do not discourage such men. Then one day, the new medicine is found—a sick child is cured, a mother returns to her family.

Such accomplishments are the satisfactions of pharmaceutical research. They don't come every day, or every year. But they *have* come often enough in America to save millions of human lives. And the research future is even brighter.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

* Company names on request through this magazine

TOP PUBLIC RELATIONS AD: Center of a public controversy and subject of a Congressional inquiry, U.S. pharmaceutical manufacturers have used public relations advertising as one means of telling their industry's story of medical research and drug development. The awards judges voted their campaign, an example of which is reproduced above, as outstanding in the public relations category of advertising.

PUBLIC RELATIONS CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners:

COMPANY	AGENCY
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Employers Mutuals of Wausau	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Investor-Owned Electric Light & Power Cos.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Assoc.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)	*Needham, Louis & Brorby, Inc.*

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Why make computer parts smaller?
IBM scientists know that one result will be smaller computers. But they have a more important reason for making computer parts smaller: speed.
Tomorrow's computers will be able to perform a mathematical operation in billionths of a second—less time than it takes light from this page to reach your eye. When this happens, the slowest thing about a computer will be the time it takes electricity to travel from one part of the computer to another. The more this distance can be shortened, the faster the computer will operate.
One recent advance in this area is IBM's development of a way to make computer memory components that contain 135 circuit elements on a piece of glass the size of a postage stamp.
Research and engineering advances like this make possible the faster computers man needs to solve problems now beyond his reach.
IBM

LEADING CORPORATE AD: A modern corporation with its complex functions of research, development, design, manufacture, sales and service is often bewildering for the public to grasp as an integrated identity. Corporate advertising should define the central nature of this identity. Because International Business Machines' (IBM) corporate campaign does this with clarity and simplicity it was selected as the top entry in this category for its emphasis on research and development.

CORPORATE CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners:

COMPANY	AGENCY
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Armour Chemical Industries	*Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
Chrysler Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Humble Oil & Refining Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
IBM	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
North American Aviation, Inc.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation	*Doyle Dane & Bernbach, Inc.*
Parke-Davis & Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Republic Aviation Corporation	*De Garmo, Inc.*
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Shell Oil Co.	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)	*Needham, Louis & Brorby, Inc.*
Union Carbide Corporation	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*

and creative vision within the strict bounds of honesty of presentation."

In something as subtle and complex as modern advertising, it was recognized that the above criteria were more benchmarks than rigid rules for judging the campaigns, and it was also acknowledged that individual reactions must in most cases be subjective as well as objective.

The No. 1 campaign of the year is a clear example of a proper marriage of the private interest of the advertiser and of the public interest that any responsible business institution seeks to serve. The New York Life Insurance Company was cited for its campaign: addressed to parents and young people, that discusses frankly and authoritatively the requirements, responsibilities, and rewards of various careers for young people in America's changing society and economy. The guidance in this campaign has been at a consistently impressive level of informed and responsible counsel.

In second place, the highly regarded campaign of the International Paper Company has dramatized the personal and professional rewards of reading, and has underscored the importance of printed media to the cultural health of our nation. Here, too, the private interest of the advertiser and the public interest of the good society are fused felicitously.

All twenty-five winning campaigns and the nine runners-up—indeed, all the finalists—reflect the sophisticated conviction of modern management that business cannot prosper in America today without public approval.

Furthermore, in the dialogue of social aims and economic philosophies that goes on with increasing intensity here and around the globe today, an even larger contribution is made by the public interest advertising of our major corporations. This advertising helps the public to understand better our economic system; the basic, indispensable role of profits if our economic democracy is to function; and the central role of business in creating a fuller life both materially and culturally in our democratic society.

When corporate advertising discharges this high responsibility to the public interest as well as to the private purposes of the advertiser, then *SR* shares the view of Elmo Roper that this truly is the "most significant corporate story of the century" and hopes that such advertising will continue to enlist the enlightened support of our business and intellectual leaders at a time when our system of cultural, social, political, and economic values confronts such a stern challenge in this hemisphere and around the globe.

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MUST 2,000 CHILDREN BE SENTENCED TO DEATH EACH YEAR?

Leukemia is a great child-killer. Yet scientists insist this disease must be conquerable. When sixty die of cancer, one is a child. Because leukemia is so grimly fatal, the American Cancer Society diverts one out of six of its research dollars to a search for a cure or preventive for this dread malady. Will anyone say this is wrong? Out of research supported by the American Cancer Society have come temporary arresters for leukemia. Some scientists are hopeful that a vaccine against this disease will be developed. If a tiny victim can be kept alive for just a little bit longer, the "insulin" for this cancer of the blood-forming tissues may yet be developed. Your dollars help make this possible. Send them now to CANCER, c/o your local post office.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING: Two outstanding campaigns in the public service area, one poignant, one lighthearted, but both with a serious purpose, were named as outstanding by the committee of judges. Created by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., for the Advertising Council, one advertisement urged a friendly welcome for foreign visitors to this country in support of the Department of Commerce's new U.S. Travel Service program. This is only one of many public service messages from the Council that have been carried to the American public on behalf of safer highways, forest fire prevention, better schools, etc., by national magazines, newspapers, and radio and television stations that again contributed more than $225 million in free space and time during 1962. The other campaign cited especially by the judges was a heart-moving appeal McCann-Erickson prepared for the American Cancer Society for funds to fight cancer. Both ads are reproduced on this page.

Danny Kaye shows how we can help visitors from abroad enjoy their stay here

Help visitors save time.

Time is so important to travelers. Give them tips to avoid delays—how and where to get tickets to theaters and special events ahead of time; which stores have the things they want; which bus or train will take them to certain landmarks most quickly; the fastest routes.

Show where to get advice.

If you can't answer a question, chances are you can direct the visitors to the proper source of information—tell them about Travelers Aid, for example; or state and local vacation bureaus, the Chamber of Commerce and all the many free touring services available.

Add to the fun.

I'm supposed to be something of an expert in making people laugh and have fun. But there's no secret formula. I think we can all help visitors enjoy themselves if we show them we're interested in helping them find out about our way of life, humor and pastimes.

You know what I've discovered on my trips abroad? That people are planning visits to America! They are coming here on business, as students—and on vacation. I think this is great news, not only because it gives them a chance to learn what America is really like—but also because it gives us the opportunity to return the hospitality shown to Americans overseas. Even if you meet someone who doesn't speak our language, there are things you can do to make friends. The expression on your face, the tone of your voice, and your attitude can show that you want to be helpful . I use this kind of "language" all over the world.

Published as a public service in cooperation with the U. S. Travel Service, Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D.C.

SR's TV AND RADIO CITATIONS: There follow the details of the three television programs cited by SR's judges for distinguished achievement in the public interest, along with the seven runners-up in the close voting for Awards.

BRISTOL-MYERS — **NBC WHITE PAPER** — **NBC-TV**

For a significant effort to present forthright documentaries on topics of national and international interest to the American people; and especially for "The Battle of Newburgh" for a vivid, on-the-spot, provocative examination of the problems of social welfare work and unemployment relief, done with vigor and penetration.

SHELL OIL — **N.Y. PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS** — **CBS-TV**

For presenting, in prime time, concerts of classical music that were meaningful as well as enchanting for children; for proving that children are receptive to the best when pedantry is compelled to step aside for imagination, artistry, and great teaching.

CBS — **TOUR OF THE WHITE HOUSE** — **CBS-TV**

For a historic coup in presenting the White House to the American people in the biggest "person-to-person" show in the annals of broadcasting, in a personally conducted tour of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue by its present occupants.

The runners up were:

LEVER BROS. ALL-STATE BROWN & WILLIAMSON BRISTOL-MYERS	**THE DEFENDERS**	**CBS-TV**
STANDARD OIL (N.J.)	**FESTIVAL OF THE PERFORMING ARTS**	**METROPOLITAN BROADCASTING**
GENERAL ELECTRIC	**COLLEGE BOWL**	**CBS-TV**
GULF OIL CORP.	**THE TUNNEL**	**NBC-TV**
DOUGLAS FIR PLYWOOD ASSN. PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.	**DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL**	**NBC-TV**
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.	**CBS NEWS SPECIALS**	**CBS-TV**
TEXACO, INC.	**THE METROPOLITAN OPERA**	**SPECIAL RADIO NETWORK**

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TOO RICH, TOO SOFT, TOO SURFEITED?

By MARION HARPER, JR., *chairman of Interpublic, Inc., parent company of McCann-Erickson, Inc. and other marketing services.*

PRODUCERS and marketers of the nation's consumer goods today face some perplexing contradictions in the advice offered by critics and well-wishers, both in and out of government.

On the one hand, they are urged on to more prodigious effort, to greater and greater productivity, as a means of advancing national growth and improving the lot of needier nations. On the other, they are warned (often by the very individuals who shout "Onward!") that they have gone far enough —too far, in fact; that they have "saturated" the market with goods that people don't need, and through subtle persuasion are forcing more and more unneeded things all the time. Therefore, it is argued, we must find new methods, and direction, if the economy is to grow, and our people are to understand and participate in the finer things of life.

Studying the admitted paradoxes—a lagging national growth rate in the midst of unprecedented production, a stubborn level of unemployment in a time of record employment, a standard of living that daily appears in more dramatic contrast to that of most of the world—we should perhaps ask these questions:

From the sociologist's point of view, has our standard of living soared beyond what is "good" for us? From the economist's point of view, has it reached a ceiling? Is our dedication to the consumer a fatal anachronism in today's world?

These questions, and their answers, bear not only on the future direction of American society, but on our relations with the rest of the world.

It has become an emblem of chic to bewail U.S. affluence as something somehow evil, or at least suspect. Perhaps because we ourselves are inheritors of a Puritan tradition that equates austerity with virtue and comfort with wickedness, we are quick to hang our heads over material success, and to respond readily to a Toynbee call that we renounce the world and, like St. Francis, give our all to the poor.

But before such renunciation, and with rather more contemporary concern for the poor, it might be wise to examine the reasons for our embarrassment of riches. It's possible that affluence isn't all that bad.

There is, in fact, compelling evidence that our market-oriented "mixed economy" (to use a current Washington locution) is indeed "viable" (to use another); that it has served well both our material and nonmaterial needs; and that it still holds promise for ourselves and others.

Except during wars, we have always taken as our economic goal the improvement of living standards. Consumers, within the limits of their purses, have always decided what those living standards should be. Millions of families—making billions of independent buying decisions — have written their own infinitely detailed description of what they take to be the good life. Doing so, they have given specific direction to the economy.

Normally, consumers purchase over two-thirds of our national output of goods and services—three-fourths, if we add housing. Through their purchase of products, they also shape our industrial capacity. Business invests in plant and equipment largely on the basis of consumer demand.

Our concern with consumption is by no means unique in history. Economic systems have always taken as their *raison d'être* the creation of goods and services. In varying degrees, this is true whatever the production system—whether of Bourbon France or the Fourth Republic, of Czarist or Communist Russia.

What early distinguished the United States from other industrial nations was not economic methods or resources, but their extraordinary development in a world without rigid social traditions. The patronage of the few was transformed into the buying power of the many, as extremes of aristocracy and poverty merged into an expanding middle class. This 200-year experiment in "middle-classless" society, with its unprecedented social and economic mobility, undoubtedly deserves chief credit for our present living standards.

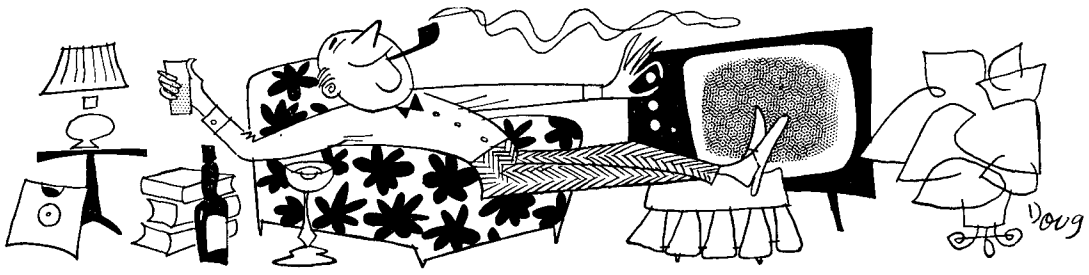
But have we mined this vein—of consumer economy—too long? Are our people too rich, too soft, too surfeited with goods? Before making final judgments, let us review the evidence.

First, consider the purely economic notion of "saturation." Are American markets literally saturated? What markets? At what income levels?

Too many houses, perhaps? The American home market is "saturated" in the sense that almost every family has a roof over its head. But the latest census records that nearly a fifth of all U.S. dwellings are "dilapidated or lacking one or more plumbing facilities." That's nearly four out of twenty.

We are building dwellings at the rate of 1,400,000 a year. But we are adding *households* at the rate of 900,000 a year. That means we have only 500,000 houses available for upgrading the supply. And by the early 1970s the rate of family formation will have almost doubled.

Or, too many cars? True, ownership



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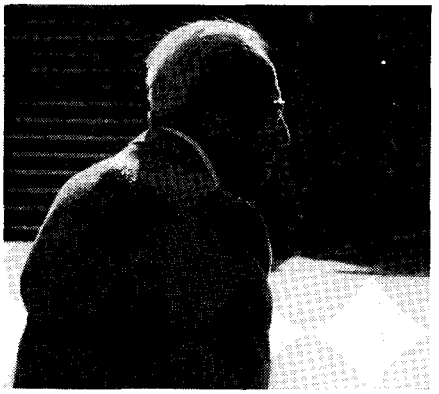
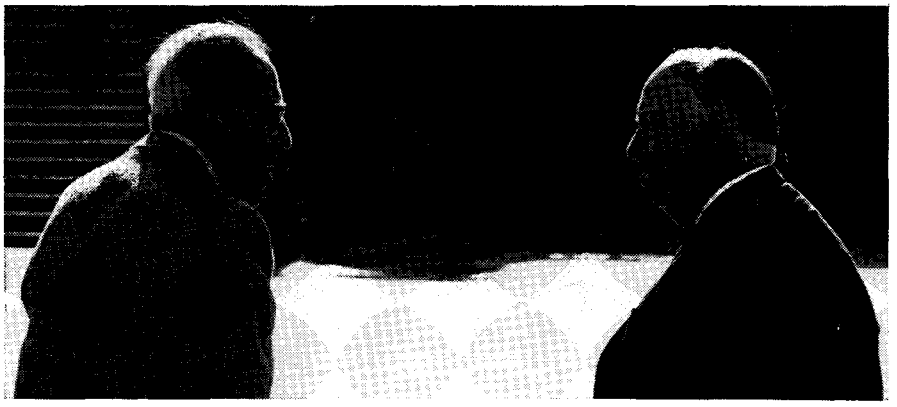
[ALFRED HITCHCOCK]



[FREDRIC WERTHAM]



[REDBOOK GOT THEM TOGETHER]

It's the latest in a series of spontaneous dialogues between some of America's most famous and most fascinating figures. This time the famous director and the noted psychiatrist discuss subjects of common interest—fright and violence. Redbook plugged in the tape recorder and printed the transcript in the April issue. *Hitchcock:* Children know what make-believe dead is. *Wertham:* This is what concerns me: not that violence scares children, but precisely the fact that it doesn't. *Hitchcock:* Hansel and Gretel for example—the old woman is pushed into the oven! *Wertham:* How do you become interested in the themes that recur in your movies. . . . can it have any connection with your own life? *Hitchcock:* You would be the best person to answer this. *Wertham:* If a crime is studied properly, it can illuminate a whole community. I was in England after the Dr. Crippen case, and there is a murder case that tells you as much about England at the time as any history book.

Two people talking. Knowledgeable, articulate people, with strong opinions. Redbook gets them together. Elsa Maxwell and Harry Golden did it. Harry Belafonte and Anthony Quinn did it. Margaret Truman and Margaret Mead did it. And many more. Along the way, Redbook's Young Adult readers gain a unique kind of insight into the working of the minds of some exciting people. This respect for the literacy and purposefulness of its Young Adult readers has made Redbook circulation grow faster than that of most magazines. And advertising linage grows apace, climbing at a rate rarely exceeded by others.

REDBOOK

230 Park Avenue, New York—Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Philadelphia. Circulation Base Effective August 1963: 3,750,000

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is widely distributed: Nine out of ten families with incomes over $5,000 have a car. Yet a surprisingly large proportion of American families—about 22 per cent—are without a car.

About 5,000,000 automobiles are scrapped every year because they no longer have value as transportation. But almost 900,000 households are formed each year. Simply to maintain our present level of ownership, we would need almost 6,000,000 new cars a year.

Further, one of every three cars on the road is eight years old or older; and many should be replaced for reasons of safety, apart from performance.

In a country as dependent on individual transportation as ours is, with three carless families out of ten, and another three with relics of years ago, we can hardly have a finding of "saturation."

WE are often described as the happy slaves of mechanical appliances. But ownership of these conveniences is by no means universal. Only one in twelve American families has a dishwasher, only one in five an air conditioner.

Moreover, our present supply of such appliances is being exhausted in use at a rate almost equal to all current production. We are thus faced with a replacement demand, as well as the potential of a latent market.

Again, the label of "saturation" is inaccurate in economic terms. As used currently, the word is often charged with emotional powder, and usually represents a value judgment of the commentator. A sewing machine, an air conditioner, a clothes washer, an automobile may be one person's "saturation" and another's freedom from drudgery, and opportunity for study, recreation, or travel.

Much criticism of our consumer-goods abundance can be summed up in expressions like "things people don't need," or as Professor Toynbee has put it, "material goods that we should never have dreamed of wanting had we been left to ourselves." But who is to say what people "need" beyond the means of survival? Most of the good things of civilization have not been necessities—universities, for example.

The prophet of "saturation" ignores the reality of a new world. It would seem that some time ago he should have put his foot down against the stove, tap water, printing, antibiotics, lipstick, and possibly the wheel. But he didn't; and now in shouting "enough" he is implicitly calling not only for a freeze in the production of goods, but in the living standards of highly mobile income groups.

Perhaps while the critic takes the measure of our abundance (adjusting the automatic spacer of his typewriter); and writes at white heat of our effete ways (turning up his air-conditioner); and castigates our popular culture (against a stereo background of "Music to Condemn By") he may ask himself how many things that "people don't need" he himself exacts as a condition of modern living.

If he is a student of history, he knows that thriving trade has strongly propelled developments in politics, science, and the arts. If he is a student of biology, he knows that the factor of waste is a cipher in the triumphs of evolution.

It is still the consumer, in our society, who determines what is "enough" or "too much." This of course runs counter to the stereotype of a docile public, subject to the hypnotizing powers of advertising, and an easy mark for every new product inducement. Any practitioner of mass persuasion can testify that consumers show remarkable resistance to products that are not to their liking. Advertising and publicity failed to sell the sack dress or the Edsel; and much more massive promotion apparently fails to persuade East Germans that they have inherited the earth.

Consumer choice, of course, doesn't guard against frivolity, ostentation, or vulgarity. It never has. But such excesses were formerly confined to a small, economic elite. Perhaps we should regard it as a misfortune that we have produced rather more plutocrats—millions more, in fact—than many critics would like to see; and enfranchised a broader exercise of taste than they would care to endorse.

BUT the critical question remains: Is our consumer-goods economy a force of decadence? Is it a hindrance to desirable goals of maintaining peace, educating the young, creating full employment, or conserving our natural resources?

It should be remembered that no economy can be praised or blamed outside its competence, which is to perform well and equitably in providing for the material welfare of its adherents. Its relationship to nonmaterial purposes is permissive, rather than formative. If it functions well, it may help free its supporters to make the best use of their talents, and provide an environment in which philosophers, teachers, artists, and statesmen can flourish.

Our present economy—of abundance with some waste, of affluence with some vulgarity—has enabled us to give help and hope to many nations beyond our boundaries; to provide the chief support for international peace efforts; to create and sustain the revolutionary idea of universal education; to make history's most successful assault on poverty and disease.

That is not enough to satisfy us; but it is substantial—and perhaps sufficient, for the moment, to justify an economy based on the principle of more for everybody—with everybody having a vote in what it produces and provides.

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18,000,000 Books Nobody Reads

By REYNOLDS GIRDLER, *vice president for public relations and advertising at the Sinclair Oil Corporation.*

ALONG with the singing of birds and the voice of the turtle another vernal sound is being heard in the land this week. It is the scrape, crunch, plod, and plop of the nation's weary postmen, patiently delivering 18,000,000 copies of corporate annual reports to the stockholders of 6,000 publicly owned companies.

Some $9,000,000, countless hours of grueling and exasperating work, and miles and miles of good intentions have gone into the making of these many books. But for all the cost, and for all the earnest endeavors of those who wrote, edited, and approved these publications, and for all the importance of the subject matter, nobody—or almost nobody—will read them.

Time was when the annual report of the average American corporation was a brief and blunt affair indeed. It was often four pages at best, and disclosed little more than the earnings for the year along with a congealed and restricted balance sheet.

But after the 1929-32 crash, there arose an outcry for full disclosure in all matters corporate and financial. The Securities and Exchange Act of 1934, as amended (the present law), commands every company with shares listed on a public stock exchange to make public a yearly accounting of its business and finances. The law even specifies the topics to be included in the report. The New York Stock Exchange also requires the companies whose shares it admits to trading to report regularly and in some detail to their shareholders. Few corporate executives of today find these requirements onerous. Indeed, the overwhelming majority of companies go far beyond the letter of the law. They genuinely want their stockholders to be well informed, and to have an intelligent grasp of the company's position and finances. They rightly consider their annual report to be the principal communication with their stockholders, and they hope mightily that all stockholders will read every word and study every figure.

But all the evidence clearly proves they are failing. Citing a study of stockholder readership of annual reports by Opinion Research Corporation, the *Wall Street Journal* says that stockholders find the reports a "confusing jumble." Some 37 of every 100 stockholders don't even try to read them.

A massive and detailed study made some years ago by the then Controllers Institute is even more dismaying. Commenting on its own dismal discoveries, the Institute said, "But when it comes to reading financial tables and forming his own conclusions about the soundness and prosperity of the company in which he owns stock, the typical stockholder loses interest—and his bearings!"

And then the Institute, elaborating on this point, chooses a curious word. "He [the stockholder] is *oppressed* by the complexity of financial data and frightened by what seems to him the incomprehensibility of accounting language. So, while he feels somewhat guilty about his lack of enterprise and in some instances tends to magnify the amount of attention he does devote to the subject, the typical reaction of the average stockholder to the fancy brochures he receives annually from companies, ranges from boredom to cursory interest."

So, say the controllers (who themselves have much to do with the contents of every report), the poor stockholder is not just baffled or puzzled or bewildered by the communication devices—he is "oppressed." He feels crushed, trampled down, and even burdened as by an abuse of power or authority. This is a sad plight indeed for the fellow who each year is asked to sign a proxy favorable to management.

What are the barriers that today separate management from a clear and complete understanding with the stockholder?

There are many. In the first place, few investors have ever learned even the ordinary words of the corporate world. Few, according to Opinion Research Corporation, can define the term "subsidiary." (Some even confuse it with that evil governmental practice, the subsidy.) Such terms as "deferred charges," "debentures," and "paid-in surplus" are, quite understandably, just pure Greek to the average investor, man or woman. So the corporate executive who wants to write intelligibly to his shareholders finds that he must use what seems to him a kind of babytalk, or include a glossary on every page.

Then too, there is the problem of the language described by Rudolph Flesch as the "special interest." By this term, Flesch means the language that builds up into a kind of shorthand in every trade. Thus, show people can read *Variety* with pleasure, though to others it is a flip kind of jabberwocky. It is natural for, say, a man in the steel business to think in terms created by the steel industry, and thus to express himself. If his writers try to describe a given situation in non-trade terms, the executive feels uncomfortable. Unconsciously, he wonders what his peers will think of him when they study his report and encounter this unsophisticated language. So he reverts to his shorthand and his women stockholders draw a blank.

But the most grievous wound inflicted on the annual report as a com-

(*Continued on page* 78)

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Madison Avenue: New View, Old Street

By LAWRENCE VALENSTEIN, *chairman of the Executive Committee of Grey Advertising, Inc., which he founded in 1917 at the age of eighteen.*

CRACKS are beginning to appear in the foundation of the Madison Avenue myth.

The myth, as I envision it, is a two-towered structure. One tower has been built by advertising's critics, who profess to see Madison Avenue as the root of all evil in our society.

The other tower has been built, over-defensively, by advertising men, who counter the critics by crediting advertising with every benefit of our free enterprise system.

This twin-towered myth is a post-war structure, and, like some other edifices of the period, is not of the soundest construction. Its attractiveness lay in its being the latest, the smartest, the most fashionable. It was "in."

It may now be on its way out.

There are no longer reputations to be made—for insight, for scholarship, for profundity, or even for cleverness—by the now-overdone approach of blaming Madison Avenue for everything.

Neither can an adman any longer make headlines—even in his industry's trade press—by proclaiming the prime role of advertising. He can, however, make headlines by *minimizing* that role, as I shall shortly illustrate.

My first exposure to the counter-trend came several months ago at a dinner party. The guests were just warming up to the sport of attacking advertising (as small groups will do on learning an adman is in their midst), when they were stopped dead by the comment of a serious young lady:

"Oh, this is silly," she said. "Madison Avenue is not the right villain."

Asked to explain this comment, she expounded at some length the position that advertising is merely a method used by corporations to sell goods. It was not the *root* of anything. If there were complaints about our industrial society, they should be aimed at industry.

This set off an argument, to be sure. But what remained was the feeling that the young lady was a step ahead of the crowd. She had found a position that was infinitely more conversation-stimulating than the wilted "It's all the fault of Madison Avenue."

What was going on here? Was it about to become Newer Than New to proclam that Madison Avenue *isn't* a villain at all?

About two years ago the advertising industry was so concerned about the public's opinion of Madison Avenue that it called in specialists. Hill & Knowlton, a top public relations firm, was retained to do a study on "the image" of advertising.

Hill & Knowlton thereupon surveyed "thought leaders," for it was said that what "thought leaders" thought about advertising filtered down and eventually became what the mass thought.

The phrase "thought leader" was somewhat vague, but I promise you that the young lady at the dinner party qualified.

Question: Where did this thought leader get this new thought about advertising?

I questioned her, and sure enough she had a source. It was an article written for the *Partisan Review* by Robert Brustein, an assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

I was enough interested to track down the article. One line from it will give you the gist: "To criticize the techniques of Madison Avenue is only to badger the salesman for policies approved by the company and necessary to its survival."

Consider Brustein's stance now in relation to some recent words by John Crichton, president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies. Said Crichton: "It may be worthwhile remarking here that an industrial economy is not necessarily either comfortable or esthetic. A great many people, particularly intellectuals and writers, are appalled by an industrial society, and their revulsion works its way into print. "Advertising, as one of the most apparent symbols of that society at work, naturally catches a great deal of that criticism and resentment. It does so because it is the obvious and intrusive element of an industrialized society – and in many cases it is the industrialized society, not advertising itself, to which the objection is really addressed."

Brustein objects to the industrialized society itself. And he is honest enough to state his real objection instead of pussyfooting around with the Madison Avenue myth. Indeed, with hammer and chisel he goes at the foundation of the myth's first tower—the one the critics built.

He is not likely to demolish it alone. But I can't help feeling, from the reaction of the dinner party guests, that an approach that strikes such a chord of interest will not long remain unplumbed. How many editors, after all, would do more than yawn at another article lashing out at that frayed villain, Madison Avenue? How much more provocative and original to call

"Have you given up speed reading?"

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Madison Avenue, as Brustein does, a "victim" of industrial society. We may disagree, but we will not be bored.

The second tower of the Madison Avenue myth, as I said earlier, is the construction of the admen themselves. They (we) tried, in designing it, to make it so tall that it would dwarf the critics' tower. It didn't build that way. It came out the same height, and the same distended shape.

We have attributed to advertising almost all of the benefits of our industrialized society. It is advertising that makes our economy grow, that creates jobs, that lowers prices, that raises our standard of living, and so on. That all of these things happen better, or faster, or cheaper because of advertising is undeniable. (The moment a better, faster, cheaper way than advertising is found, advertising will be discarded.) But advertising is not The Source of it all.

This adman-built structure can only be toppled by admen themselves. And the job is already under way.

Several months ago the respected trade journal *Advertising Age* gave a full page to reprinting a speech by Melvin S. Hattwick, director of advertising for Continental Oil Co.

The reprint was in turn reprinted by a New York advertising columnist. Up and down Madison Avenue (and Park, and Third, and Fifth) admen were talking about "Hattwick's speech," and embracing its content as finally cutting through years of misconception. And what did he say?

". . . Let's say with truth and directness: Advertising's great contribution is that it is a tool of unparalleled efficiency used by business to tell our many publics about America's wonderful products and services.

"And there lies its justification . . . its reason for being . . . and its great contribution. Such a statement is true, unexaggerated, unambiguous, and believable . . . and probably acceptable even to our many critics.

"But above all, it places advertising in its true perspective . . . a tool of the business man."

I said earlier that this sudden minimizing of advertising as The Source (of either All Evil or All Virtue) may become the Newer Than New.

But really, it's not a discovery, but rather a reaffirmation.

In the early years of this century, before broadcast media, a famous copywriter named John Kennedy (no relation) said, "Advertising is salesmanship in print."

And it is precisely back to that unencumbered, fuzzless, simple, and comprehensive definition that the destroyers of the myth are steering us.

Can we do anything but cheer?

All Not Well With Red Comrades

FEW in the West would dispute the fact that Nikita Khrushchev has a lot of cheek, but many are beginning to wonder if he will continue turning the other cheek to Mao Tse-tung.

The Chinese Reds' attacks on the Soviet Union have in recent weeks grown steadily more bitter and more pointed, but the Soviet premier, whatever his private reaction, publicly keeps brushing them aside.

Refusing to take the bait, Khrushchev continues to preach the glories of unity within the Communist World and to predict the joint victory of the Russians and the Chinese over the Capitalist West.

But strong though Khrushchev's practical instincts may be, he must have been sorely irritated this week by Red China's roughest blast in the Communists' intramural controversy.

While Khrushchev in Moscow was berating and threatening the Capitalist West and extending the Soviet nuclear umbrella to cover Red China, in Peking he was being roundly condemned in an editorial in Jen Min Jih Pao, the official organ of the Chinese Communist Party.

The abusive nature of the editorial surprised many Western observers, who in the last few days had been predicting a possible mending of the rift between Peking and Moscow. These predictions were based on the fact that the Soviet Union had been systematically seeking out top Chinese officials for pledges of friendship and cooperation.

But it is apparent now that these Soviet peace overtures were systematically rejected by the Chinese Reds.

There is no way to interpret the Jen Min Jih Pao editorial other than as evidence that Mao will accept nothing less than complete acceptance by Khrushchev of Peking's "hard line" approach to relations with the Western powers, especially the United States.

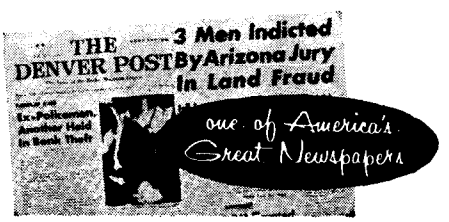
IT IS possible that the abusive editorial may foreshadow a widening of the rift between the two Communist giants. But just a couple days ago, it seemed likely that the two were patching up their differences.

If Khrushchev is willing to suffer these attacks in order to maintain at least a surface unity in the Communist World, then the Sino-Soviet rift is not likely to widen appreciably.

But, at the very least, the Chinese Reds must be making things uncomfortable for Khrushchev—and that is a small, if not necessarily long lived, satisfaction for free people to savor.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher



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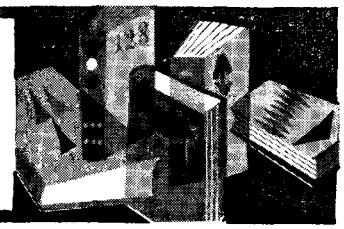
Books in Communications



Literature, Lies, and Libel

"A PUBLISHER lives by what he feels. Authors do, too, but authors are blind moles working their solitary way along their individual tunnels; the publisher is like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, piping his way along a path he wants them to follow."

Lovat Dickson's writing, whether describing the tenuous alchemy of his craft or a threat from an irascible writer, is invariably lean, muscular, and refreshingly underplayed. He doesn't shriek or orate for effect, even when his subject might justify a brief burst of windy prose. Reading him is like nothing so much as participating in a pleasantly civilized conversation, perhaps in a deep chair in front of a fire. *The House of Words* (Atheneum, $5), an account of his adventures and misadventures as a publisher, is certain not to disappoint anyone who enjoys this sort of conversation, with or without the deep chair and fire.

Dickson, director of Macmillan and Co., Ltd., the London publishing house, arrived in England from Canada in 1929 at the age of twenty-six and, largely through a chance encounter, soon became editor of *The Fortnightly Review* ("an august journal which had numbered amongst its editors and contributors some of the famous characters with whom my imagination had been busy . . ."). Although the magazine didn't flounder (it didn't exactly flourish, either), Dickson, like every good editor, was restless and dissatisfied with its influence. He began to dream of what an ideal magazine should be: "I wanted it to be as absorbing as good talk can be, when one does not necessarily want to join in, but cannot stop listening. I wanted to reproduce in the reader the feeling that one has when one comes away stimulated, one's own brain bursting with ideas, wishing that one could have spoken." Finally, in 1931, Dickson formed his own publishing house and two years later started *Lovat Dickson's Magazine*. For seven years he ran Lovat Dickson Ltd., finally selling it in 1938 to Macmillan, which he joined as an editor and where he has remained ever since.

But *The House of Words* is more than a chronological survey of a publisher's life. Above all, it is the autobiography of a man's mind, the story of thirty-odd years spent thinking about writers and writing. And it is also a leisurely anecdotal journey through the world of London letters. Once, for example, Dickson sent to George Bernard Shaw the proofs of an article on Shaw he planned to publish in *The Fortnightly Review*. Shaw's reaction was prompt and unambiguous: "If you have the impertinence to publish this article I will sue you for slander." He published it anyhow and nothing happened. But, concludes Dickson, who, like Shaw, was a member of the Garrick Club, "I trembled a little when I dived into the pool next time I saw him there, floating in godlike contemplation. . . ."

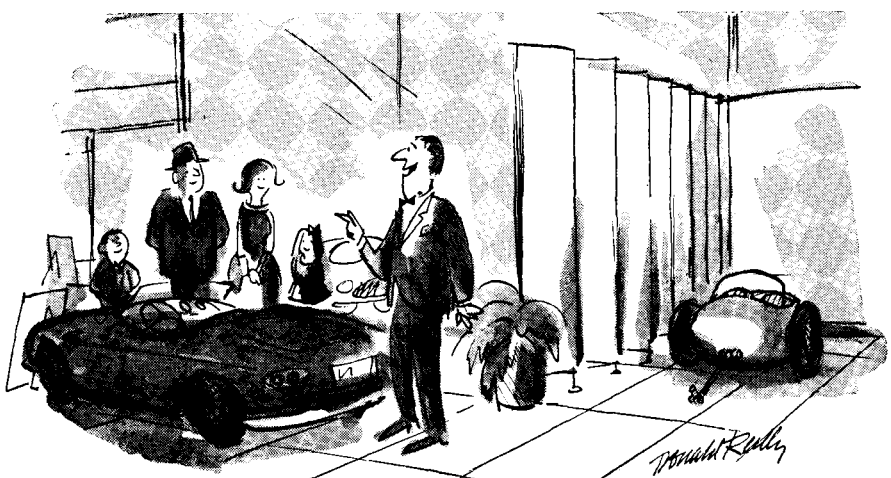
THOSE LITTLE WHITE LIES: To hack your way, week after week, through the proliferating underbrush of books about advertising, you need to be either a masochist or an adman. With only an occasional exception, advertising books tend to be curiously uninteresting, repetitive, and, when one considers that they are concerned with a trade that puts so much faith and money into words, badly written. Occasionally, however, one comes along that makes an instructive point. Such a book is Walter Weir's *Truth in Advertising* (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). Weir, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Donahue & Coe agency, argues, for example, that advertising agencies should establish an independent Audit Bureau of Criticism, modeled after the Audit Bureau of Circulations, to monitor advertising with respect to its honesty and acceptability. But the burden of his message is this:

> . . . if you wish to create genuinely successful advertising, you must stick to the facts, you must eschew exaggeration, you must avoid the little white lie no matter what your temptation to employ it. *It doesn't work.*

He may well be right. But even more interesting than the statement itself is the fact that an articulate and respected advertising man, surveying his trade and the people who practice it, concluded that the advice needed to be given in the first place.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS: In 1632 an author was brought before England's Star Chamber on a charge of libel. His specific crime was that he had expressed a dislike of actors and acting—a serious lapse of judgment in view of the fact that the Queen had recently taken part in a play. Found guilty, he was fined 10,000 pounds, sentenced to life imprisonment, and had his nose slit and his ears cut off. Over the ensuing years, life has become a bit easier for journalists, but there is still serious debate over how much freedom of the press really exists. The question is now explored, through its historical and legal precedents, in *Freedom of Speech and Press in America* (Public Affairs Press, $4.50), by Edward G. Hudon, a lawyer and librarian at the Supreme Court. Hudon's conclusions are generally reassuring. Not so reassuring is Justice William O. Douglas's observation in his brief foreword: "Freedom of press is largely in the hands of moneymakers who either editorialize the news to fit the prejudices of one segment of society or who keep their pages free of contentious issues that might alienate some."

—JAMES F. FIXX.



"Now, you're both probably thinking, 'Great, but what do we do with the kids?' "

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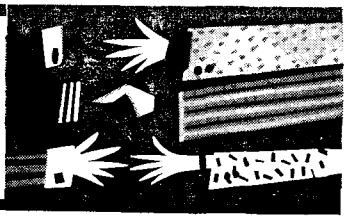
Public Relations



Company Manners

LARGE corporations with a number of branch plants throughout the country often pay too little attention to the communities in which they operate. Top executives of the companies are so far away from the local plants that public relations directors, in a great many cases, have difficulty persuading management that a plant in a small community has its own special needs.

In fact, the community relations problems of a large company in a small community are frequently much more difficult to handle than those of a large company in a large city, partly because of a company's greater visibility in a small community.

It is worth taking a look at two companies, both in the same state, both in small centers of population, both the largest employers in their areas, to see how they handle the problem. One is the W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company in Fort Madison, Iowa. The other is the Maytag Company in Newton, Iowa. The Sheaffer Company was founded in 1913 by Walter A. Sheaffer and was based on his invention of the first practical lever-fill fountain pen. The Maytag Company was founded in 1893 by Fred L. Maytag to manufacture farm implements, and now makes home laundry appliances.

Consider first the smaller and younger of the two companies, Sheaffer, whose attitude to its community has been pretty consistent since the company's beginnings. The present president is Walter A. Sheaffer II, the oldest grandson of the founder. His firm employs about 1,400 men and women in Fort Madison, almost 10 per cent of the entire population of the community. There are, however, no public buildings, parks, or monuments carrying the Sheaffer name. In fact, the policy has always been one of trying not to overwhelm Fort Madison, of refusing to be paternalistic, of backing away from giving any suggestion that it is running the community.

That policy is explained in these words by Mr. Sheaffer: "A good community relations program is, we have found, more important to a big firm in a small community than to a small firm in a large community. Because we're the largest industry and a major employer in a town of 15,000 people, there's always a chance that some of our neighbors may get the mistaken impression that we're trying to dominate or control the city's economic, social, or political life. Our community relations objective is to contribute in every way possible to the growth and betterment of Fort Madison in such a way that no one will get the idea we're throwing our weight around."

As a by-product of the Sheaffer policy, an eighteen-hole community golf course was finished last year, with $220,000—almost the entire cost—contributed by the company. For the past ten years the company's Memorial Foundation has sent a check each December to all the churches in Fort Madison. The figure for each church is based on the number of employees declaring membership in the church. The contributions have ranged from a minimum of $40 to several hundred dollars and they currently total about $5,000 a year. Since 1950, $280,000 has been contributed to Iowa Wesleyan College at Mt. Pleasant, and a recent $50,000 gift was made to the college's new Hall of Science. The company has been active in Junior Achievement, was one of its organizers in the Thirties, and still provides all kinds of help both in manpower and money. The pen company has also helped in the drive for a new wing for the local hospital and does a great deal to attract new industry to Fort Madison. In addition, as one would expect, Sheaffer is active in the Community Chest.

The Maytag Company's attitude to Newton has changed with the times. The founder of the company was a determined, powerful, dominant man who ran things his own way. On his birthday, there was a public holiday and the local citizens threw a massive birthday party. A hotel, a park, a bowl are all named Maytag. But the community relations policy has changed. The old era of beneficent paternalism is over. The 3,000 employees in a community of 15,000 people participate with the company in many activities; instead of domination there is participation.

E. G. Higdon, president of Maytag, describes the company's policy in this way: "We want our employees to respect us. If they don't, neither will the public. We want to pull our weight in the community as good citizens; to participate but not dominate. A good business reputation can't be maintained unless it is backed up by sound corporate character. We have to live right before we can sell ourselves to others. Maytag and Newton have had a long experience in dealing with the problems of a relatively large employer in a comparatively small community. It is a two-way problem, requiring attention from both parties, but I believe it is the employer who must take the initiative in determining the character of the relationship. We encourage all employees to participate fully in political and civic activities, but always as individuals, not as company representatives. The acceptance of leadership by employees on an individual basis helps keep Newton from having the flavor of a company town."

Maytag no longer picks up the entire tab on civic projects, but contributes on a matching-fund basis. Its gifts to the Newton Community Chest are equivalent to the total of all employee contributions. It also matches the contributions of employees who do not live in Newton, returning the doubled amount to their respective home towns. The company has its own charitable foundation which provides college scholarships for high school students, makes grants and awards to Newton schoolteachers, and gives financial help to educational institutions. Out of the Maytag Company Foundation's $110,000 in contributions last year, 71 per cent went for education. In addition, grants are made to health, welfare, and other social agencies in which the community is involved.

If the Sheaffer and Maytag companies' community relations activities show anything, it is that even in the specialized area of community relations for large companies in small towns, the programs not only vary, but also have to be suited to both the communities and the companies. Hard and fast rules look neat on paper; they rarely work in real life. —L. L. L. Golden.

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Audio/Video

Disenchantment

MY ATTITUDE to ratings has always been that of a faithful, unlearned believer. I have pored over the scriptures of share-of-audience and average homes-per-minute, given attention to the heretical cries of apostate skeptics, and ever returned to the priests of number in humble willingness to believe that they had something after all which I, an unmathematical clod, could not hope to understand. After following several weeks of testimony at the recent Congressional hearings on ratings, I am a liberated man. The idols continue, of course—so long as quantity as criterion for value rules the airwaves nothing can dislodge them—but they have lost their magic.

As this is written most of the rating services have been heard from, as well as many of their network and station customers. The industry that shuddered in advance at the specter of another of those government "harassments" breathes easier. There may be some wrist-spanking laws passed to clear up the outer edges of fraud among the small rating-service operators; the purveyors may be required to label their data more honestly. But the numbers game itself remains inviolate. After admitting, "I was beginning to think the whole thing was a fraud on the American people," Representative Oren Harris, the investigating committee's chairman, said to one witness: "You have changed my mind a bit. Maybe this thing can be carried on in a moral way." Maybe; but according to James W. Seiler, director of the Audience Research Bureau, one of the major rating firms, "It's not going to be a simple thing to make this much more accurate. . . . The industry has never even described what a television viewer is." Just how accurate are the ratings currently? Sylvester (Pat) Weaver, board chairman of McCann-Erickson International and former NBC-TV president, testified that absolute reliance on ratings generates a never-never-land "just one step removed from the entrails of a chicken." Some observers feel he overstated. His metaphysics had plenty of support. One House committee member charged that ratings were a religion to the industry. A New York station owner said ratings should not be worshipped. Another testified that Pulse ratings were "almost used as a Bible."

Piracy accompanied theology in descriptive evaluations of ratings by other witnesses. A Louisville broadcaster suggested that instead of small-type disclaimers now being used by services (as a result of previous Congressional hearings), warnings should perhaps be changed to "a skull and crossbones at the top." The President of Sindlinger & Company is quoted as having said, "I don't think the industry wants to figures anyway." The cavalier attitudes that mark the buying of ratings by stations seem to bear this statement out. A committee member suggested that one small Kansas City firm had manufactured a whole survey out of phone calls that were never made. It was discovered that a lady who supposedly did the telephone interviewing couldn't possibly have done it because she was in a hospital at the time—in traction. Records of surveys allegedly kept in a warehouse couldn't even be located. Interviewers were paid in cash, no receipts kept, figures from the field immediately destroyed. An alleged sample of 900 viewers was found to use the same individuals twice, cutting it down to 450, and when scrutinized further this figure was whittled down to 300. Stations bought surveys for a chosen week and then "hypoed" their programs for just that one week, attracting unusual audiences with stunts and giveaways. In a radio survey, college students collected data by standing on street corners and listening to car radios while traffic signals were red.

IN spite of all this, the statisticians will still wave the banner of gross validity. They remind one of William Jennings Bryan, the fundamentalist lawyer for the state of Tennessee in the famous Scopes evolution trial. After Clarence Darrow, for the defense, had put him on the stand and cleverly pulled his literal Scriptural platform from under him, leaving him a figure for ridicule, the great commoner stood and shouted hysterically shortly before he died, "Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus . . . etc." The broadcasters will still chant desperately, "Nielsen, Trendex Videodex, Hooper, and ARB!" But they no longer convince. The quantitative measure may linger in television, but in the end the claim that you can infer the true TV universe from a small sample must fall. Tobias Dantzig, without knowing it, described the pathos of the rate race when in his book, *Number, the Language of Science*, he wrote: ". . . this validity of inference, on which all empirical knowledge is based, may rest on no firmer foundation than the human longing for certainty and permanence."—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE OLD RAT RACE

Here, assembled by Grace Fields of Windsor, Vermont, is a group of words each of which includes the letter combination RAT. She asks you to write in the missing letters. The trap is sprung on page 80.

1. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ RAT ___	enter
2. ___ ___ RAT ___ ___	chided
3. ___ RAT ___ ___ ___	chatter
4. ___ RAT ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	brotherly
5. ___ ___ RAT ___ ___	layer
6. ___ ___ ___ ___ RAT ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	felicitate
7. ___ RAT ___ ___ ___ ___	thankful
8. ___ RAT ___ ___ ___	speech
9. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ RAT	J. F. K.
10. ___ RAT ___	blab
11. ___ ___ RAT ___ ___	claw
12. ___ ___ RAT ___ ___ ___	race
13. ___ RAT ___	Muse
14. ___ RAT ___ ___	jar
15. ___ ___ RAT ___ ___ ___	continuance

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The Culture Beat

Continued from page 61

moves have been made without a direct relation to advertising revenue, the usual motive for increased specialized coverage. In these days of critical cost problems, this requires the courage of a publisher's convictions.

One of the most striking of the new Sunday or weekend productions is "Panorama," published on Saturdays by the Chicago *Daily News* and launched this year. It is a result of the conviction shared by publisher Marshall Field, Jr., and executive editor Larry Fanning that culture is as much news in Chicago as elsewhere.

Chicago has had for many years one of the best book reviewing media in the country in the *Tribune's* "Sunday Magazine of Books," but "Panorama" is something new. It is frankly intellectual, and it is comprehensive in its coverage of the arts in and out of Chicago, including a guide to theatre, music, exhibits, films, special events, and lectures.

For anyone concerned about the state of Midwestern culture, a recent issue of "Panorama's" guide listed eight professional, three college, five community, and five "revue" productions currently on the boards. (In the old days "revue" meant burlesque; today it means social satire of the kind which made *Second City* a New York hit after it left Chicago.) Along with these productions, the music section listed, among other offerings, Chicago Symphony Orchestra concerts; a program by the Fine Arts Quartet; a new work of the contemporary composer Pierre Boulez, played by a chamber ensemble; two dance recitals; opera at Northwestern University; and visiting dancers and musicians from North India.

"Panorama" offers big names on the culture beat. In recent issues Chicagoans could read Stephen Spender on "Why I Am A Poet," Robert M. Hutchins on "What Is Education?" and Hyman G. Rickover on "Freedom Is the Answer." One issue alone contained the Spender piece, two views of Adenauer, a poem about Carl Sandburg, an article about motion pictures by the curator of films of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, an excerpt from a longer *American Heritage* piece by J. H. Plumb about George III, two pages of book reviews, two pages of art news and reviews, a music page, record reviews, and features on local amusements about town.

All this is a long way from the culture coverage of yesterday, when city editors often sent unlettered reporters to cover music and art events with instructions to report them simply as straight news, inasmuch as they were not qualified critics. Motion picture reviews on many papers were publicity handouts from the exhibitors, and books were often not reviewed at all.

The argument for such limp coverage was that public interest did not call for anything more, space was too hard to come by, and in any case there was not enough advertising to support it. Space is still a difficult problem and advertising for the arts is not in proportion to the volume of news (a twenty-four-page issue of "Panorama" carries only twelve pages on which advertising appears), but the public interest has increased to the point where a substantial number of newspapers have had to pay attention.

Culture, indeed, is now a matter of local pride. Citizens boast about their art museums and symphony orchestras as well as their sports teams. Louisville, Kentucky, stung a decade or more ago by a national magazine's reference to it as "a cultural desert," has so rehabilitated itself through the efforts of citizens' committees that "the people can hardly stand it," in the jocular words of one who helped bring about the transformation. The Louisville *Courier-Journal's* extensive coverage of the arts has been a major help here.

The idea of culture as news beyond the mere reporting of events, or even the reviewing of them, is being accepted by a good many newspapers. Books offer the best news opportunities because they are controversial on occasion and thus provide news stories off the book page. Promotion and publicity people in publishing houses think such stories help sell books because they enlist the attention of people who would not ordinarily read reviews. Whether such people ever buy books is another of those unanswered questions which plague publishing, an industry that spends almost nothing for research.

The book industry itself is news, but it has never been reported adequately by any New York newspaper, in the city where it is centered. Most have not reported it at all. The *Times* hopes to be the first to do so by having a reporter full-time in its culture department to cover the industry as a beat.

Whatever the merits of that argument, there is no question that the culture beat, in whatever struggling form it may be emerging, has added a new dimension to American newspapering which is both welcome and needed.

Where the newspapers and their people have won four Pulitzer prizes and other national journalistic awards too numerous to list. Where the newspapers' stature and integrity are epitomized by Publisher Ralph McGill, of the Atlanta Constitution, whose "The South and The Southerner", just published, has won The Atlantic's $5,000 nonfiction award.

amazing Atlanta

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The Atlanta Journal and Constitution

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Letters

Continued from page 60

have a deficit and not expect first-class mail to be the goat.

But keep in mind that advertising is not news.

S. B. Folk, Professor,
Engineering Mechanics,
Ohio State University.

Columbus, O.

THE HIGH-PRICED SPREAD

Only the public relations director of the American Dairy Association, Mr. Neu, knows for sure why his industry is budgeting an estimated $7,000,000 to advance the cause of dairy products. As he says in your letters column for March 9, a decline in butter consumption may not be an important factor in the association's programming.

But at least one observer* feels the industry's concern over the two-pound per capita drop in consumption from 1959 to 1960 is strongly related to the association's present activity. And the stability of butter consumption since that time might well be a result of that same activity.

Irving Smith Kogan,
President, Infoplan.

New York, N.Y.

WHERE THEY ARE NOW

All of us in the Class of 1917 at the Columbia School of Journalism are indebted to you for publishing John Tebbel's article "The Pulitzer Idea: Fifty Years Old" [*SR* Mar. 9].

I hope it does not detract from this expression of appreciation to point out that the description of my own activities is no longer current. My long-term association with the Hearst newspapers ended in 1958 when INS folded, and my newspaper column, "Everybody's Money," is now being syndicated independently. My eighth book on economics and national affairs has just been published as a paperback by Monarch Books under the title *The Kennedy Recession*.

SR's picture is authentic, though I must confess that in the forty-nine years since it was snapped, some of our classmates have lost hair and gained paunch.

Merryle S. Rukeyser.

New Rochelle, N.Y.

I was most interested in the description of my classmates but noted with mounting amazement that not one woman member of that 1917 School of Journalism class was mentioned. My feminist soul rebelled at this—for I am of the vintage that marched in a suffrage parade.

I would therefore like Mr. Tebbel to note that several girls were in that 1917 class, including myself, and if we did not make as big names as the boys, at least we managed to hold journalistic jobs at a pioneer stage of the game.

For your information, the feminine members of the class of 1917 are: 1) Alice Fox (Mrs. Fredric G. Pitts), Executive Secretary, American Society of Newspaper Editors; 2) Laura Millar, *New York Mirror;* 3) Hannah Mitchell (Mrs. Floyd Danskin), copy editor, the Spokane (Washington) *Daily Chronicle;* 4) Dorothy Nichols (Mrs. Jack Bryant), free-lance writer; 5) Phyllis Perlman (Mrs. Theron Bamberger), Managing Editor, *Charm* magazine; and two more are listed as housewives—Mrs. Ralph Keating and Mrs. Granger.

I was on the staff of the *New York Sun* for five years, writing signed interviews, and had a column on "Women in Politics." I also wrote free-lance articles for the *New Republic* and other magazines, and publicity for Cosmopolitan Books Corporation. I have also written a novel and poetry—alas, not yet published.

Mrs. Esther Norton Soule.

New York, N.Y.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

We cannot deny that where labor and management cannot settle their differences, the government must take steps to protect the public interest, and that eventually compulsory arbitration may be required.

The basic problem involved in this issue is a common one; individuals and groups do not assume responsibility beyond their own shortsighted self-interest. This covers the range from littering sidewalks, flaunting speed laws, defacing our nation with asphalt jungles, and destruction of our natural resources, to settling labor disputes without consideration for the general public.

It is debatable how far man can be made to be capable of self-discipline, of consideration for his fellow man and future generations. Our trend toward bureaucracy, toward giving up individual initiative and the individual sense of responsibility, is inviting, in fact forcing, government to take over to a point where we must in all honesty admit that individual freedom has been lost in many areas. It requires little imagination to realize what this trend is costing us in our ever-increasing tax burden.

The time has come to assess this trend and reverse it. A committed society with a sense of individual responsibility for the world we live in and will pass on to our children would be a much happier one than the one we have where "they" do everything where "they" are responsible. I for one believe that individuals and groups through education (schools, church, press, enlightened leadership) are capable of reversing this trend. By this I do not imply a complete reversal to a laissez-faire policy but one where individual initiative goes as far as it can and beyond this point government takes its rightful responsibilities of doing for man what he cannot do for himself. If we lack this belief, or are unwilling to work toward this end, the future for man will be most unhappy.

C. H. Parsons.

Nanuet, N.Y.

* *Business Week*, which said: "But the American Dairy Association, concerned with the 2-lb.-per capita drop in butter consumption from 1959 to 1960, plans to quote the latest AMA statement heavily in its $7-million advertising campaign. Individual dairy companies plan to follow American Dairy's lead."

Books Nobody Reads

Continued from page 71

munications device between corporate management and corporate ownership was an "awards" promotion established some years ago by a financial magazine. The motive in sponsoring judgments on the nation's annual reports was pure. An effort which would encourage companies to issue reports worthy of being judged "Best of Industry," and to receive in all humility an Oscar made of bronze and wood still appears entirely consonant with the trend toward full disclosure.

But the authors of the promotion made one serious mistake. In an understandable effort to avoid the complications that might ensue if the magazine personnel sat in judgment on General Motors or Ford, they went to the outside for their judges. And they selected, of all people, the security analysts of Wall Street. This was akin to asking Picasso to select the covers for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Security analysts are a highly sophisticated and highly specialized group of men. They want acres and acres of figures. And, once seated on the judge's benches, they set about getting them. It soon became known to company executives that they couldn't hope for Oscars unless they loaded their reports with figures in the most minute detail, and related the activities of their various departments at greater and greater length. The ultimate reward for that company successful in accounting for the last paper clip of the fiscal year was the gold Oscar.

So the reports now seeping through the mails to 18,000,000 stockholders have, for the most part, been written not to the specifications of the stockholders, but to the specifications of a precious and unrepresentative group of men. The modern annual report, so hopefully launched as the bearer of vital and comprehensive information to Main Street, has been swerved from its course.

How can it regain its original true direction and serve its avowed purpose? It will take some doing. First management must look with unblinking eyes on the facts established by competent readership studies. Second, it must break almost completely with the traditional form and language of today's report, at the same time obeying the law. Third, it must give greater leeway to writers trained, preferably, in successful magazine writing and editing. And finally, it would help if writers, journalists, and communications experts, rather than security analysts, became the judges of what is to be said to the oppressed stockholder.

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World Community

Continued from page 25

the chiming hour and the pocket watch. With that and a myriad of inventions—the musket, the cannon, the stagecoach, the thoroughbred horse—some people's freedom has been reduced, not by the tyrant's decree but by the mere nature of things. Traffic lights, curtailing liberty, mark a technical progress that can be traced back through the centuries. Each freedom gained in theory is balanced by one lost in fact.

A further doubt concerns the author's belief in progress, in the spread, more especially, of Western ideas. Are these ideas as widely acceptable as he appears to assume? It may be that the "Western" type of motion picture is well attended in Rangoon or Bangkok, but it is questionable whether this sort of entertainment represents Western culture at its zenith. In this and in other respects the author's picture of the world seem to differ too sharply from much that is known.

And this criticism applies even to things strictly historical. Thus, the final chapter or epilogue consists mostly of a comparison of the views of Jefferson and Burke, a conclusion that would be dull if it were not actually false. But what are we to make of a statement that Burke "spoke as a conservative English gentleman"? Burke was neither conservative nor English nor, for that matter, a gentleman. He was a liberal Irish journalist of dubious character and quite outstanding ability. His views are not the less important for that; but the question arises as to whether an author so mistaken about Burke's origin can be wholly reliable in defining his point of view. We are left wondering whether his assessments can be more accurate than his facts.

When all criticisms have been voiced (fairly or unfairly), the fact remains that the projected third volume could be a work of the greatest significance. For the Oriental attitude towards freedom, and especially towards that peace of mind that has been the aim of many Eastern thinkers, deserves a more careful scrutiny than most Western scholars have felt disposed to concede. It is not enough to assume that political freedom is a Western invention, characterizing a form of society which the rest of the world must imitate. For this basic freedom may be and often is accompanied by a uniformity of ideas, a nervous restlessness and a mental strain, all pointing to the need for something which Western society has so far failed to offer, something to which Oriental thought may well afford the clue. If Mr. Muller can place alongside this present volume another in which some different ideas are fairly contrasted, he will provide the world with a book that is certainly needed, one far more valuable than any narrative of how one set of ideas may be thought to have evolved. We need above all to realize that our present beliefs represent no sort of finality, and that their unquestioning acceptance by the rest of the world is not only extremely unlikely but would be a major disaster. The value of this study must depend essentially upon the way in which the concluding volume is planned.

Of the present book, considered unfairly in isolation, the reviewer might be tempted to write unfeelingly, even to the point of quoting from a ballade by G. K. Chesterton which begins thus:

> They spoke of Progress spiring round,
> Of Light and Mrs. Humphrey Ward—
> It is not true to say I frowned,
> Or ran about the room and roared;
> I might have simply sat and snored—
> I rose politely in the club
> And said, "I feel a little bored;
> Will someone take me to a pub?"

But no present-day reviewer would go so far as to quote such verses as that. The reader should forget, please, that any such possibility has even been mentioned.

Prophets, Peace, and Power

The City of Man: Prophecies of a World Civilization in Twentieth-Century Thought, *by W. Warren Wagar (Houghton Mifflin. 310 pp. $5), studies our chances of synthesizing various aspects of knowledge in order to create a global commonwealth. Stringfellow Barr wrote The Will of Zeus.*

By STRINGFELLOW BARR

THIS book discusses what the twentieth century has written about the emergent world community in which we now live. But the author wisely reviews first the earlier visions of a city of man that stirred the Orient, the Graeco-Roman world, medieval Christendom, Islam, and Europe before 1900.

Warren Wagar is not afraid of prophets. He knows that "for all his finitude, man by nature is a prophesying animal," and he approves of William Ernest Hockings's conclusion that man "cannot evade the function of prophecy." Since Mr. Wagar is philosophically competent in high degree, he can trace an idea's history fruitfully without declining to imagine a future different in quite essential ways from our present. The assumption, for example, that the nation-state is a permanent fixture in history he recognizes as " 'historiolatry,' and like many idolatries it profanes the god it worships."

He himself is peculiarly free of idolatries. The slogans of the Cold War have left him unflustered; our newest paeans to power and realism leave him unconvinced: "While to many power seems to be the most real of all things, the history of man has proved it to be the most unstable of all human achievements. . . . Let us not be afraid to aim high. Prophecies of world order may seem like exercises in sheer fantasy to the 'realistic' man, but it is the so-called realists who are the lunatics of the twentieth century. . . . The immediate political and economic problems of the Asian nations are all painfully similar; they run a common race against time, in light of which the famous Cold War seems even more imbecile than it is." And the author cites Grenville Clark's and Louis B. Sohn's estimate that the world is now spending on weapons some hundred billion dollars a year, about 8 per cent of its gross annual product. So much for a world in want.

Mr. Wagar reviews the efforts of men like H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, Teilhard de Chardin, Arnold Toynbee, Pitirim Sorokin, William Ernest Hocking, Karl Jaspers, Lewis Mumford, Erich Kahler, Erich Fromm, F. S. C. Northrop, and others to help us think coherently about the world now struggling to be born. He studies our chances of synthesizing the world's varied philosophical traditions, of discovering the common truths in the world's leading religious faiths, of integrating the so-called fields of modern knowledge, of developing in the arts insights that could illuminate our path ahead, of building a viable world economy and, finally, of creating a world commonwealth.

Although they are all concerned to integrate aspects of our world society that badly need to be integrated, the writers he discusses are themselves badly in need of working more in concert. Mr. Wagar ventures to advise them: "Speak so as to be understood and to further understanding; listen to under-

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stand. . . . The mental habits of the college debating team must be shelved, at least for the duration of the present world crisis."

In examining the views of so many writers in one modest-sized book, Mr. Wagar has a right to make a few slips, but Robert M. Hutchins may not as yet have discovered that he is "a distinguished Catholic intellectual." What really matters is that this book, replete with excellent notes (in the back where they belong), a most exciting bibliography, and a good index, is a road map for those who have kept their heads and want to know what ideas are in circulation.

Reasons for Rights

The Paradoxes of Freedom, by *Sidney Hook (University of California Press. 182 pp. $4.95), contains three lectures criticizing modern interpretation of the Jeffersonian theory of democracy. Charles A. Madison wrote Critics and Crusaders: A Century of American Protest.*

By CHARLES A. MADISON

SIDNEY HOOK's brief volume provides an incisive philosophical analysis of the basic freedoms Jefferson strove so hard to defend. The three lectures successively discuss "the Jeffersonian theory of human rights in terms of the centrality of intelligence in both political and moral spheres"; "the Jeffersonian view that the authority of intelligence must be vested in democratic political processes and institutions, and cannot be delegated to any body, judicial or not, which has power but no commensurate responsibility," and "the nature and limits of democratic resistance to democratic authority." Professor Hook is a keen and vigorous thinker and a writer of forceful eloquence. His discussion of the basic freedoms is not only backed by the authority of wide erudition but fortified by an almost irresistible logic.

Freedom-dedicated readers will readily applaud Professor Hook's defense of democracy, but not many will acquiesce in the vehemence of his criticism. For although he refers to himself modestly as "a philosopher in quest of enlightenment," he tends to argue with the prejudgment of the prosecutor. A case in point is his sharp attack on Justice Hugo Black for stating that the First Amendment freedoms were meant to be absolute. Instead of evaluating the circumstances that caused Justice Black to take an extreme defensive position and equate the fundamental with the absolute, Professor Hook insists that the authors of the Bill of Rights gave the freedoms no such finality. Yet I submit that Jefferson and Madison—and they were not "a minuscular minority among their contemporaries," as Professor Hook claims—would hold with the Justice rather than with his critic. For these Fathers knew from both history and experience that unless basic rights are hedged with the validity of the absolute, they will be subjected to abuse and violation in times of public panic or demagogic sway.

Professor Hook is on more solid ground in his criticism of judicial review, which, he rightly maintains, makes the Supreme Court "supreme not only in relation to inferior courts and subordinate legislative bodies but to the other branches of government as well." He further points out that the Supreme Court can no more be depended on to preserve and defend individual freedom than can Congress or the President. His presentation becomes moot, however, when he proposes that the Court's opinion on Acts of Congress "have nullificatory force only when it is unanimous," and that Congress be given "the power to override a unanimous Court veto by a two-thirds vote of all elected members of both houses." In theory, at least, such a Constitutional amendment is consonant with an ideal democracy; how it would work in the hurly-burly of practical politics is at best questionable.

In the final lecture, Professor Hook argues against civil disobedience to established law. He criticizes Thoreau's famous essay on the subject as "thoroughly confused and muddled," maintaining that in a democracy no citizen has the right to resist laws he dislikes. Obviously having in mind Communist opposition to the Smith and McCarran Acts, which he himself has also criticized, he asserts that in opposing a law one "cannot whine or dodge or evade or fall back on the Fifth Amendment." His position is that such behavior contradicts and violates the essentials of democracy—which to him "rests upon the freely given consent of the majority of the governed, after full, fair, and free discussion and criticism."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. penetrate. 2. berated. 3. prattle. 4. fraternal. 5. stratum. 6. congratulate. 7. grateful. 8. oration. 9. Democrat. 10. prate. 11. scratch. 12. marathon. 13. Erato. 14. crater. 15. duration.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 21

a Hemingway story that has been seldom reprinted, so she has taken a Faulkner story, "Mule in the Yard," that is a comic masterpiece but isn't one of the half-dozen tales of his to which every college freshman is exposed. From Katherine Anne Porter and Eudora Welty she has taken rather recent stories, no whit inferior to those that have been anthologized into fame.

Moreover, she has gone outside the range that the anthologists have so diligently hunted, particularly in her choice of work by British writers. She has, for instance, found a quite horribly effective story by Sybille Bedford, whom I had known only as a novelist. She has included one of Dylan Thomas's humorous extravaganzas. There is the story by Alex Comfort that I have already described. T. C. Worsley, hitherto unknown to me, has an excellent story, and so has an equally unknown (to me) Australian, Alwyn Lee.

So far as I am concerned, one of the great discoveries is a story by James Agee, "A Mother's Tale." Its basic idea seems so corny that I can hardly venture to describe it: a cow is talking to her calf and other calves about the destiny of the bovine species. But what might so easily have been a sentimental fable becomes, because of the depth of Agee's imagination, a moving and disturbing experience.

In her brief and sensible introduction Miss Howes writes: "A short story forms a sort of parenthesis closing off and italicizing aspects of life, and it is the strength of the artist's central vision that gives meaning to this small segment which is sealed off within the confines of the tale." This is true, and it is why, without in any way disparaging the novel, I speak in praise of the short story. The setting apart of a fragment of experience, to which some people object, helps to give the experience poignancy and depth. On the other hand, as I have tried to emphasize, in the imagination of the reader the experience is not isolated; it has implications of the largest sort.

Not everything Miss Howes has chosen touches me closely, but I am grateful to her anthology because it has introduced me to half a dozen short stories that I am delighted to have read and because it has reminded me that in this form, even more than in the novel, there is a large body of excellent work that goes comparatively unnoticed. It also suggests to me how much my wife is missing.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

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Editorial

Continued from page 18

of choice, recognized as a basic ingredient of democracy when we vote at the polling booth, but not always seen in that light when we vote at the cash register.

Advertising gives Mr. and Mrs. America the opportunity to choose more intelligently how to allocate their rising income. It puts before them a choice not only among breakfast cereals, but a rich selection of nourishment for the spirit. Thanks in large part to advertising, the world's great books, good music, and even fine original works of art now exert their enriching influence on the lives of millions of Americans, not just in a few metropolitan areas, but in the smallest hamlets of our land.

Yes, advertising, more often than not, has been a powerful force for both material and spiritual good in this country. Properly understood and properly applied, it can play an even greater role in enlarging our horizons in the decades ahead.

If we want the benefits advertising can bring us, I would say this to both advertisers and their audience:

"Let's use it, not abuse it."

—LUTHER H. HODGES.

SATURDAY REVIEW

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ILLNESS FORCES SACRIFICE of pet project, refitting a ninety foot motor yacht. Would make magnificent clubhouse, retirement or summer home, or finish refitting for a sea-going yacht. $5,500. Post Office Box 1345, Silver Spring, Maryland.

CAMPS

COUNSELORS, CAMP ZAKELO (Boys), Harrison, Maine. (Established 1928), requires schoolteachers for camping skills: Astronomy, Radio, Journalism, Reading Dynamics, French, Spanish, Art, Music, etc. Mature athletic coaches, all land and water sports, water skiing, sailing, crew. Director, 393 Clinton Road, Brookline, Massachusetts.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer 1, New Jersey.

CAMP RIVERDALE founded 1912 in Adirondack wilderness; running room for boys, 7-17; ½ mile lakefront (*no roads, no neighbors!*); reached by water. Sports and water skiing, crafts, canoe and mountain trips. Tutoring available. Good food, library and fellowship. Mature staff, modern facilities. Director: Hackett, Box 203, Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

RUGGED MOUNTAINEERING, SKIING, SURVIVAL, unique Aspen environment, boys 12-16, separate girls'. Ashcrofters, Aspen, Colorado.

CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance for boys *from 9-16. Small group. Summer of constructive fun.* Campcraft, trips, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, N.Y. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 443-R, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

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INDIAN HILL — Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Junior and Senior High School, Boys-Girls. All sports; Music, Theatre, Art, Dance. Olympic size swimming pool. Inquire about "Indian Hill Abroad." Mordecai Bauman, Director, 49 West 12th Street, NYC. CHelsea 2-2280.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theatre, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Gifted *boys-girls, 14-18. Cultural history, English, drama,* choral music. Hiking, swimming; carpentry, forestry, farm gardening. July 1st-August 12th. 275 acres. B.S. de Frees, North Rumford, Maine.

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CAMPS

"YES, JACK, there is a rugged camp: Saltash Mountain Camp on a wilderness lake in Vermont." No bells, no "classes." Primitive camping for 40 boys *in search of real challenge.* Axmanship, construction, forestry, natural science, canoe trips. Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING for a vital group experience for a thoughtful boy or girl, 10-17, the literature from THE ROCK might interest you. RFD, Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

THE FRENCH CAMP at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm *chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department,* Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports. International staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, non-competitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. OReole 9-6936.

CAMP HALF MOON, Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Boys 6-16 arranged by age, physical development. Special care younger campers. Individual, group activities. Riding, water, field sports. Tutoring. Nurses. Catalogue: give age of boy. Dr. and Mrs. E. I. Storey, Mathews, Virginia.

SUMMER READING-STUDY Skills Camp. Students with good potential yet underachieving. Perfect setting for a profitable summer study and recreation. Harry Purchase, Director, The Wawbeek, Upper Saranac Lake, New York.

APPRENTICESHIP IN RECREATION LEADERSHIP for 20 boys and girls of high-school age, at Winooski, a Goddard College summer program combining instruction in crafts, sports, and games with responsibility for Vermont village children's recreational activities. Adult staff includes working craftsmen and resident counselors. Headquarters on Goddard College campus. June 29th to August 23rd. Folder: write Evalyn Bates, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, *Hurleyville, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.*

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ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups. 2 private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse trips. Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Riding. Forestry; riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature counselors. 3 nurses. 38th year. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y.

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WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

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VACATIONS

LOS PINOS RANCH in the glorious pine scented mountains of Northern New Mexico. Accommodates 14 in a relaxing atmosphere. May-October. Magnificent riding country. Fishing. Write: (winter address) 1438 Santa Cruz, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

SNOWMASS LODGE, Aspen, Colorado. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

VACATIONS

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

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HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

RELAX HAPPILY . . . by the sea at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, beach. Exceptional meals. Opens June 24th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

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PEACE . . . PRIVACY . . . Martha's Vineyard! Writers, painters, naturalists especially welcomed. Housekeeping cottages available at Horizon Murals, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

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HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU arranges vacation swap details between responsible, approved people everywhere. Specialized Services, Box 5039SR, Baltimore 20, Maryland.

LA ORILLA, *Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy* living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

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VACATIONS

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Now is the time to book for the spring and summer months GREEK ISLANDS or the CARIBBEAN WINDWARD & LEEWARD ISLANDS. Weather cool and calm, comfortable craft, congenial Captains, cordial crews, conservative costs. Cable or correspond (Airmail). V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., P.O. Box 103, Antigua, West Indies.

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

EXCEPTIONAL MEALS at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, private beach, on beautiful Ogunquit headland. Opens June 24th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard College campus. Vacation home for amateur chamber musicians, painters, crafts workers, offers low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from. Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. Special opportunity for recorder players, including American Recorder Society Summer School, July 7th to 20th. Stay one week or all summer, June 30th to August 25th. Bulletin: Music and Art Center. Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. Small, rustic, delicious food, open fires, trails. Box 375ASR, Route 2, Canton, N.C.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SHAWMUT INN. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 32 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 24th. Kennebunkport, Maine.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS—Ocean Spray Guest House. Facing beach. $5 single, $7 double. Box 1558, Nassau.

AVOID THE TOURIST MOB. Do you want to get away from all those people who are getting away from it all? Vacation on real ranch. Riding, fishing. 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana.

HIGH SIERRA pack trips. Fish, hunt, study geology with skilled guide who knows minerals, too. Ralph Walton Pack Station, North Fork, California.

HONEYMOON? Bahamas Cut-Islands housekeeping cottages. Convenience and privacy amidst lush tropical foliage. $100 per week including car. Box C-83.

THE HOMESTEAD—Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Offering quiet comfort and good food to the mature patron of Tanglewood and the theatre.

VERMONT HOUSEKEEPING June and September: "Snug Harbor" (4 rooms over boathouse) or "Currier & Ives" Suite (3 rooms). Free boats, canoes, sailboats, tennis. Near golf, horses, White Mountains. Write Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th Street, NYC 10.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize-winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

THE BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER. Enjoy a vacation studying handcrafts with nationally-known instructors. Delightful surroundings. Write for brochure. Brookfield, Connecticut.

IF I WERE A PORPOISE . . . I'd swim to the clear cerulean waters off Gurney's Inn . . . on purpose. All the better fish are making it out there this year. I hear the peopling is great. Why not? Excellent cuisine, gracious hostelry, charming cottages, pampering servants. For scales of fun, write Dept. S-1, Gurney's Inn, "On the Brink O' the Beach," Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345.

TRAVEL

PHILADELPHIA (on Penn Campus in "University City"). Hear incomparable Philadelphia Orchestra at home—in the noble Academy of Music. Theatres, Art Museum, Barnes Foundation, famed Society Hill community. $5 single, $7 double, none higher, all private baths. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th, Philadelphia. 215-EVergreen 6-7100.

FLEXIBLE, LEISURELY TRAVEL by station wagon. Western Europe, Greece—groups of 4, 8, 16. High school, college. Some include language study, others student vacation centers, biking, hiking. Students Abroad. Gertrude Lange, Director, 200 East End, NYC 28, ENright 9-1395.

FRENCH LADY TEACHER in Princeton organizes yearly trips to France for 17-year-old girls. 6 weeks—object fluency through courses and travel. Enrollment limited to 8. Departure June 13th. Write for details, Box 463, Princeton, N.J.

EUROPE, June 28th, $997. An excellent tour—about 5½ weeks, personally conducted. Modern luxury boat, first class on European trains. Dr. Sharton's Transatlantic Tours, 1148 West Northshore Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois.

WANTED: 10 VENTURESOME TRAVELERS. Luxury limousine coach with leader-driver and hostess going West on 4 camping-sightseeing tours. Motels utilized through East. Excellent food and all equipment provided, all-expense basis. June 1st—21 days: Grand Circle Tour—South Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, $575. June 29th—15 days: Compact Circle—Yellowstone, Tetons, etc., $495. August 3rd—21 days: Wyoming Wind River Wilderness. Horseback and pack trip, tremendous scenery, memorable forever, $665. September 6th—15 days: Colorful Colorado—Highest mountains, Mesa Verde, $495. Write for itineraries, Modus Operandi: Murray deCamp Spear, Director, The Company of Voyageurs, 711 Valley Road, Mahwah, N.J.

PALESTINE, EGYPT, EUROPE. Brochure: Dr. Panzer, First Methodist, Sacramento, California.

HOTEL BEDFORD, New York City, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

EUROPEAN TOURS, 1963: June sailings, 28-60 days in Europe, $1,092-$1,495. Young Adults Tour, $1,375. Write Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (SR), Northfield, Minnesota.

STUDY AND TRAVEL. Live with private families 30-60 days in either France, England, Germany, Italy, or Spain—ages 11-22; from $913. Students 17-27. 60 days residence and study at Le Fleuron, Florence and tour of Europe from $1,685. Paris France Europe Association for Study & Travel, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. Circle 5-3560.

SCANDINAVIA. Conducted tours, seeing Denmark, Fairytale Land, Sweden, Dalecarlia, Norway, and fjord cruise. 22 days. Free colorful folder. Write Maupintour, Folder SDS, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17.

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL has special WEEKEND rates—most attractive package plans for luxurious two- and three-day stays. Write or call for reservations. If you're driving to New York, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll enjoy your visit because you're so near everything: theatres, shops, museums, art galleries, the United Nations. Two popular-priced restaurants offer delicious food. The Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge is delightful and commands breathtaking views of the city and the East River. Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-EL 5-7300.

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EUROPEAN Summer Adventure Tour. Congenial group. Ferero, G.W.U., Washington 6, D.C.

SEE EASTERN EUROPE, USSR, Balkans for yourself, 57 days, leave June 30th, $1,189, plus transportation. Join partial tour in Europe, $449 to $750, plus transportation. Write Slavist-escort: Alexander Rolich, 110 Morningside Drive, NYC 27.

THE NICEST WAY to see Europe! English-French-German speaking guide will drive one to five persons in roomy Mercedes. Tours planned. Reservations made. W. H. Riegler, 33 Boulevard Lefebvre, Paris 15e.

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TRAVEL

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"MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY" CRUISES offer the trip of a lifetime at amazingly low cost! Elegant Italian Line steamers—Colombo, Saturnia, Vulcania—feature unexcelled cuisine and service, thrilling ports of call, plus glamorous stay ashore in Italy. 35 to 41 days, from $595 each for room with bath. Monthly departures. For brochure, Columbia Tours, Inc., 590 Fifth Avenue, NYC 36, COlumbus 5-2600.

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ANTIGUA . . . Nelson's Old Naval Dockyard. THE ADMIRAL'S INN—small, friendly—Old world atmosphere in unspoiled setting—Temperate summer climate, spectacular scenery—Boating center of the Caribbean. Handsome 200-year-old brick buiding, modern comforts. Low summer rates. Cable or airmail Box 103, Antigua, W.I.

HOLIDAY SCHOOLS ABROAD—unique, international six-week school-camp summer programs. Coed, 14-18. Switzerland, Israel, England—$895. Write/phone: Ruth Faine, Holiday Schools Abroad, Room 3100, 11 West 42nd, NYC 36, OXford 5-1360.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Weekly and monthly rates on request. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1514

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Reversal of attitude (comp.).

B. ("Mortifying") responses of Congreve whenever he might "look long upon a monkey" *(Letter to Dennis,* 1695).

C. Exclusion by general consent from privileges, favor, etc.

D. Siliceous sandstone used in macadamizing roads.

E. Effects; orders of a state.

F. Important element of music composition.

G. Under side of a subordinate member of a building, such as an archway, cornice, etc.

H. Articulate cynic, esp. toward religion, whose activities are well described in *Psalm i* of the Bible.

I. Valve in your car incorporated in, or just outside, the carburetor, controlling delivery of fuel to the engine.

J. Danger.

K. Antonym of *anonymous.*

L. The Eucharistic wafer.

M. Self-conceit on the part of a group.

WORDS

126 155 136 173 176 130 22 39 105

43 177 107 24 8 35 97 66 62 59 146

101 10 65 14 58 171 180 133 54

86 31 12 48 113 179 40 94

109 135 172 33 192 163 30

166 55 150 27

117 165 140 169 25 51

26 114 6 41 137 75 186

13 100 49 42 78 190 23 124

83 93 15 185 148 88 196 184

168 160 106 102 158 44 91 17 123

89 191 159 142

183 188 32 53 82 138

DEFINITIONS

N. German epithet of scorn familiarized in both World Wars.

O. Light and free; loose and streaming.

P. Rainbows.

Q. Highest title of honor in Lilliput, conferred on Gulliver for carrying off the attacking fleet from Blefuscu.

R. Definitely ascribe (to) as belonging.

S. Seaport and great shipbuilding center now a part of Edinburgh.

T. Rodlike.

U. Showing characteristics of a certain anesthetic (not in WNI).

V. President, Univ. of Rochester, N.Y. for many years, the son-in-law of the first President of Smith College.

W. Exploded with sudden violence.

X. Mood of the verb which is concerned with the state of an objective fact.

Y. A fibrous, silky variety of asbestos.

Z. Birthday of the child who "works hard for a living", acc'g to the old rhyme.

WORDS

77 18 193 95 70 131 72 143 63 38 111

154 4 149 197 99 87 60

28 9 73 119 199 50

110 170 145 85 79 61

2 68 198 64 187 21 115 120 81

128 19 36 74 152

92 37 162 7 11 47 161 127 181

153 80 98 46 189 112 34 157

3 45 84 144 116

76 125 195 182 57 174 151 1 167

156 67 16 96 164 194 134 56 104 118

29 69 132 129 178 90 108 103 175 122

52 121 71 5 147 20 141 139

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 W	2 R	3 V	4 O		5 Z	6 H	7 T	8 B	9 P	10 C		11 T	12 D							
13 I	14 C	15 J	16 X	17 K	18 N	19 S	20 Z		21 R	22 A	23 I	24 B	25 G	26 H	27 F	28 P	29 Y							
30 E		31 D	32 M		33 E		34 U	35 B	36 S	37 T	38 N	39 A	40 D		41 H	42 I	43 B							
	44 K	45 V	46 U		47 T	48 D	49 I	50 P	51 G		52 Z	53 M	54 C	55 F		56 X	57 W							
	58 C	59 B	60 O		61 Q	62 B	63 N	64 R	65 C		66 B	67 X		68 R	69 Y	70 N								
71 Z	72 N	73 P	74 S	75 H	76 W		77 N	78 I	79 Q	80 U	81 R	82 M		83 J		84 V	85 Q							
86 D	87 O	88 J		89 L	90 Y	91 K	92 T	93 J	94 D		95 N	96 X	97 B	98 U		99 O	100 I							
101 C	102 K		103 Y	104 X	105 A		106 K	107 B	108 Y	109 E	110 Q		111 N	112 U	113 D	114 H	115 R							
116 V	117 G	118 X	119 P		120 R	121 Z	122 Y	123 K	124 I		125 W	126 A	127 T	128 S	129 Y		130 A							
131 N	132 Y	133 C	134 X	135 E		136 A	137 H		138 M	139 Z		140 G	141 Z	142 L	143 N	144 V	145 Q							
146 B		147 Z	148 J	149 O	150 F		151 W	152 S	153 U		154 O	155 A	156 X		157 U	158 K	159 L							
	160 K	161 T		162 T	163 E	164 X	165 G	166 F	167 W		168 K	169 G		170 Q	171 C	172 E	173 A							
174 W	175 Y		176 A	177 B	178 Y	179 D	180 C	181 T	182 W	183 M	184 J		185 J	186 H	187 R	188 M	189 U							
	190 I	191 L		192 E	193 N	194 X	195 W		196 J	197 O	198 R	199 P												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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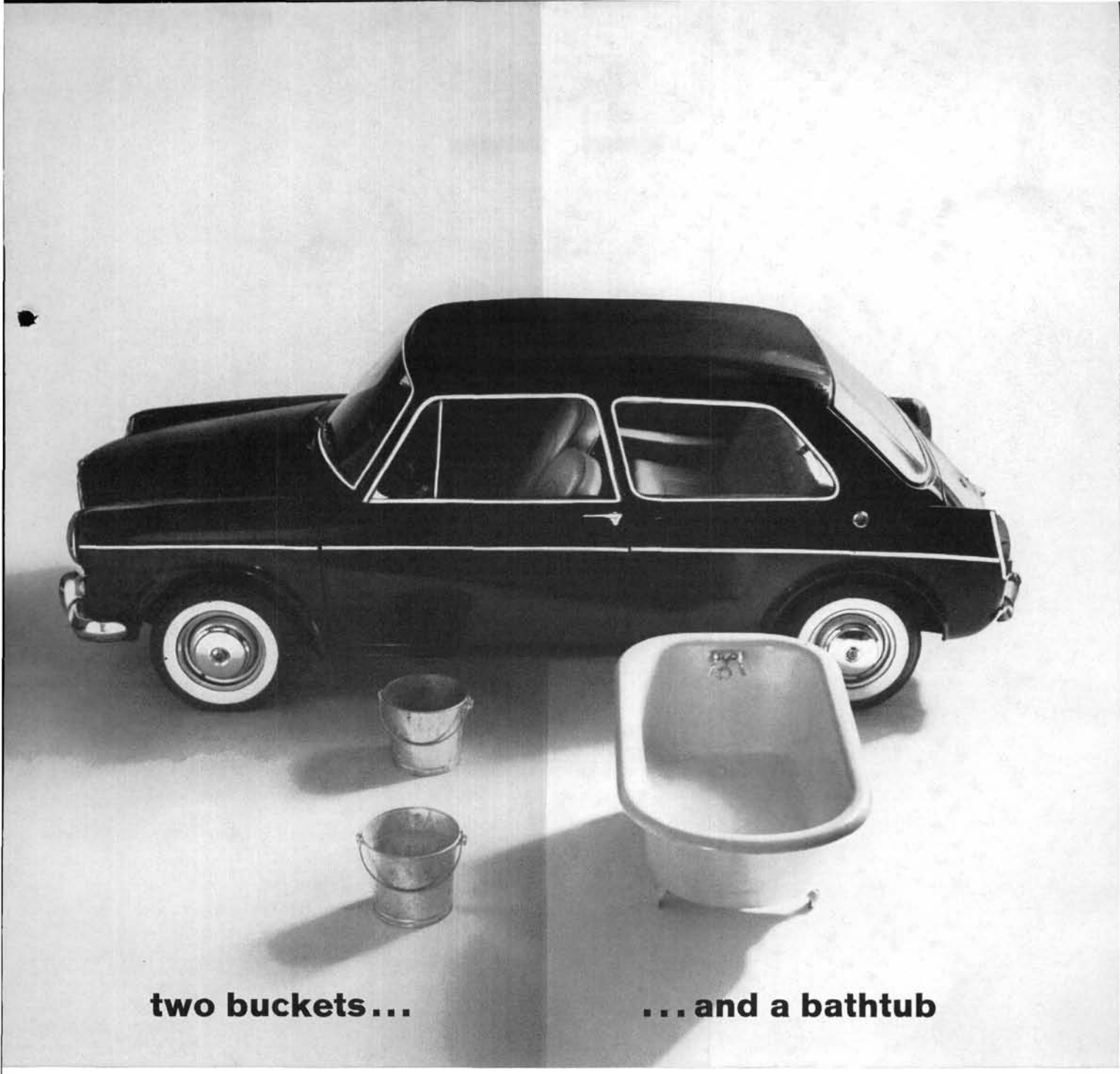

—the new MG Sports Sedan. Up front—two genuine sports car bucket seats. In back—a roomy sedan seat, as big as a bathtub—a seat that comfortably holds all the kids, all the packages, all the cats and all the dogs. Yes sir—this new MG is a true sedan—a 5 passenger sedan, with 80% of the car's length devoted to passengers and luggage. (That's because the engine sits crosswise instead of lengthwise.)

And it's got the heart and spunk of a sports car. The world's number one competitive engine — an MG engine . . . Dual carburetion . . . 4-speed stick shift . . . Crunchproof synchromesh gear box . . . Speeds in excess of 80 mph.

But in big city traffic, in stop-and-go driving, it's a true economy sedan, getting 24 to 30 mpg. And it can park in a slot. It has 2.7 times as much visibility as the best-selling import, and has curved side windows for maximum shoulder room. Service and maintenance are at an absolute minimum. It's a family sedan that'll do all the chores, make all the calls and pick up the kids at school. It's a little giant that the ladies will find obedient, faithful, quiet and unbelievably easy to handle.

Ah, but on the road . . . when you have it all to yourself . . . when you're alone and you want to know that you're really driving an MG . . . feel it flatten hills, corner like a cat, hug the road at high speeds . . . sports car braking system (disc & drum combination) gives you safer, surer stops. (Few all-out sports cars handle as well or can take as much punishment.)

This car, this MG Sports Sedan—it's not just a new model; it's a new concept—an economical family sedan of sporting character. A car with a revolutionary fluid suspension system (no springs, no shock absorbers.) A smooth-riding car with front-wheel drive—where the engine pulls instead of pushes, giving it greater stability on slippery roads and sharp turns. A car that anyone can drive with comfort and confidence. A car that's bigger on the inside than it appears on the outside, built by one of the world's oldest and most renowned automobile manufacturers, superbly designed in true British Sports Car tradition. A car that is the new size of luxury and the new look of performance. A car that is, all at once, a proper gentleman, a sporting spirit and an elegant rascal.

MG SPORTS SEDAN

$1898.00*

*Suggested retail price New York P.O.E. includes: turn signal; windscreen washer; spare wheel; tool kit; ash tray light. (heater and white-walls optional)

PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD., MAKERS OF MG, AUSTIN HEALEY, SPRITE, MORRIS AND AUSTIN CARS

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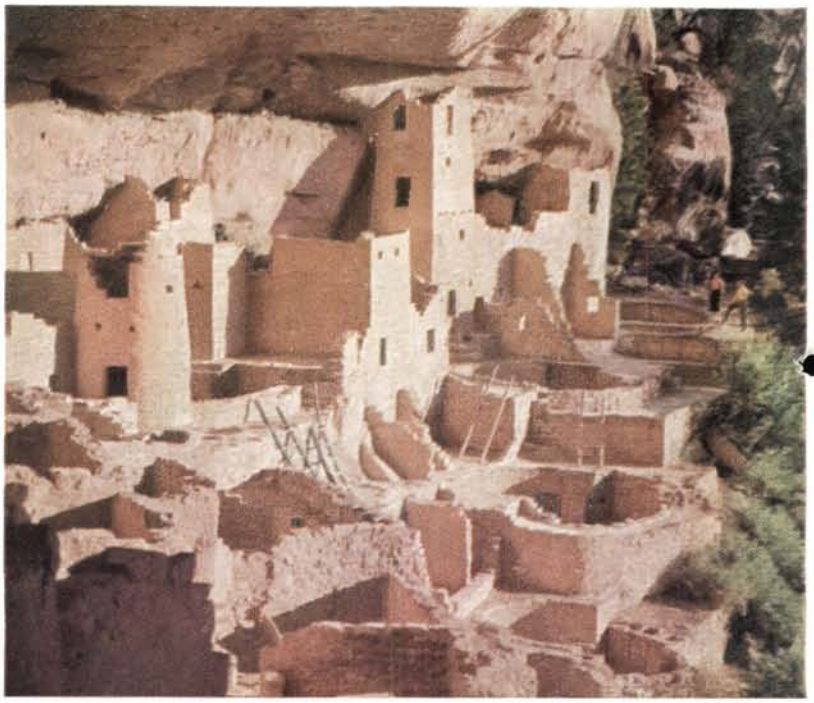
Watch but do not photograph local Navajo dances. Indian religion forbids pictures.



The Cliff Palace is one of Mesa Verde's most picturesque ruins.

MESA VERDE

where you discover the people time forgot

If you've ever dreamed of being a great explorer and discovering a "lost civilization," drive to Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado and start looking. America's first great civilization vanished here 200 years before Columbus; you might help archeologists piece its history together.

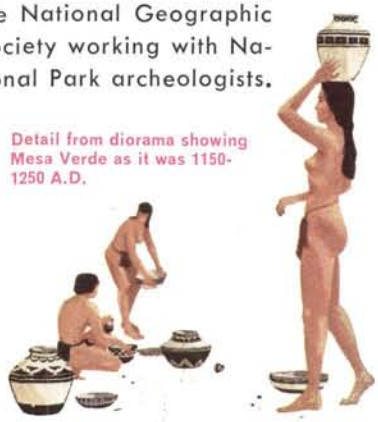
Actually, there were three cultures: the prehistoric Hunter-folk, the Basket Makers of 700 A.D., and the "Ancient Ones" whose cliff-dwellings still perch like fantastic swallows' nests on the canyon walls. Each is pictured in the museum dioramas which trace their development from savage nomads to a high culture that built 200-room apartment houses, grew corn in irrigated fields and traded for salt and jewels. Their pottery, jewelry and textiles, displayed here, are fabulous.

Age-old patterns are still woven by today's Indians on looms little changed through the centuries.

But no museum is as exciting as an actual visit to their homes, dug into the earth of the Mesa, or, like the Cliff Palace, built on the cliff faces. As you go past room after room, you half expect to meet one of the women who ground corn here, or the child whose handprint you see on the wall. In the *kivas* or ceremonial rooms, which were built underground to be near the Corn Goddess, you can almost hear the prayers for rain.

No rains came; by thick or thin rings on the "tree calendar," scientists know that a long drought began in 1276, and in a generation, this civilization withered and died. But its grandeur remains and even today, more of its history is being revealed by the National Geographic Society working with National Park archeologists.

Detail from diorama showing Mesa Verde as it was 1150-1250 A.D.



You can still see the artists' fingerprints on many ancient vases.

Within a day's drive of Mesa Verde are other historic and scenic wonders — Aztec Ruins and Chaco Canyon in New Mexico, Arches and Natural Bridges in Utah, the Petrified Forest and Canyon de Chelly in Arizona. Come and enjoy these treasures of our natural heritage set aside by patriotic conservationists for the enjoyment of all Americans.

FREE — *Recreational Guide and Vacation Planning Map of National Parks — "What to See, What to Do, How to Enjoy Your National Parks." Lists points of unusual scenic and historic interest, accommodations, facilities and recreational activities in National Parks and Monuments. Write Sinclair for your free copy.*

FREE TOUR SERVICE — *Let Sinclair help plan your trip to Mesa Verde or other National Parks, or anywhere in the U. S., Canada, Mexico. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.*

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